THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JUNE 6, 1914 — THE COPY

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP

By Walter Roscoe Stubbs
FORMER GOVERNOR OF KANSAS

PAIGE

Paige Pride In Paige Prestige

WHEREVER he may drive—to his Country Club, to the seashore, in his business circles the Paige owner knows that Paige Prestige has preceded him.

Three years ago the Paige car was comparatively unknown.

Today wherever motor cars are discussed Paige dominance in the great medium priced field is acknowledged.

And it is a significant fact that the Paige is invariably compared—not with other cars in its immediate price field but with cars costing $500 to $1000 more.

It is compared with other cars having Gray & Davis large unit starting and lighting system, and these cars are found only in the highest priced field.

It is compared with other cars having the Multiple Disc Cork insert Clutch, and this feature has never before been offered in a car even approaching the Paige in price.

It is compared with other cars having silent chain drive to auxiliary motor shafts, and these cars are all, with one single exception, in the "$2000-or-over" class.

And so on through all the essentials of structural excellence—Always the Paige is found dominantly ahead of its price class.

All these things, together with the bigness of the car itself—the comfortable roominess of the body, the richness of the finish, the remarkable completeness of the equipment—and the superb record of the car in actual service, have given to the Paige, in the incredibly short space of three years, a reputation that is recognized wherever Motor Cars are driven.

But the big factor in Paige leadership is not simply the car itself—big and powerful and underpriced as it is—the really vital element is the company back of the car. And here you find the real reason for the extraordinary value that is offered in the Paige car.

The Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company is sound financially.

It does not have to add to the price of its car to pay dividends on preferred stock or interest on bonded indebtedness. It has no preferred stock and no bonded indebtedness. It has a small capitalization, but ample capital for operating purposes. It has no heavy overhead expenses. Hence it is enabled to and actually does put excessive value into the car itself.

When you buy a Paige you pay ***only*** for the car.

Send for Paige literature—then look up Paige dealer—ask for demonstration and order blank.

Paige "36"—Glenwood Model—$1275

116-inch wheel base—left side drive, center control—multiple disc cork insert clutch—silent chain drive for camshaft, pump, generator and magneto—fully equipped, including Gray & Davis large unit electric starting and lighting system.

Paige "25"—110-inch wheel base, fully equipped, $900—with electric lighting and starting—$975.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO.
DETROIT MICH.

The comfortable way on a summer's day

The G-E Electric Way

Saves Steps, Time and Toil

Merely snap a switch—and you can snap your fingers at red-hot stoves and all the other wearisome trials of ironing day. And not only is the work easier and quicker but the ironing is better because

With the G-E Electric Iron you get "Even Heat"

At the point, in the middle, around the edge, at the heel—wherever the iron touches the goods—you get the same even, uniform heat.

Don't you see how this "Even Heat" makes better, quicker ironing? Don't you see how by saving time "Even Heat" also saves electricity? Don't you see how "Even Heat"—no spot too hot—saves wear and tear on the linen?

The cost for an average family ironing is only 15 cents

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Makes Coolness a Certainty

What other comfort can you have for such a trivial cost that will mean so much in your home?

To banish the oppressive heat of sweltering days or sultry summer nights you need merely turn the switch of a G-E Electric Fan and command breezes to blow—fast or slow as you please.

Twenty years of laboratory study and factory application are represented in the smooth-running noiseless mechanism of this perfect electric fan. It is the most popular and widely sold electric fan in the world.

Its oscillating motion

By turning from side to side all the air within its radius is silently and effectually set in motion. As to economy—depending on the size, you can run a G-E Fan three or four hours for one cent.

The sturdy construction of this fan—its perfect integrity of materials and parts—the beautiful balance of its mechanism which prevents vibration and likewise avoids noise—all assure a lifetime of satisfactory service.

To be sure of getting this fan—with all its many improvements—look always for the G-E trademark on the guards. Your lighting company or any electrical dealer will supply you.

Any desired finish to harmonize with surroundings may be ordered.

The Guarantee of Excellence on Goods Electrical

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GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Sales Offices in all Large Cities **The largest Electrical Manufacturer in the world** Agencies Everywhere

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A remarkable tribute to the quality of Crisco was received from the chef of one of the foremost hotels in the United States.

For some time he had been buying Crisco in moderate quantities. When without warning his orders were more than doubled a Crisco representative called to see what had happened. It was found that while formerly the chef had been using Crisco only for pastry and other bakery foods and had done his frying with the fat obtained from his meats, he had decided after experimenting with Crisco to sell the meat fats and use Crisco exclusively.

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CRISCO
For Frying-For Shortening
For Cake Making

because they *understand* it. They judge a food product by what it will accomplish. And they have found that Crisco accomplishes wonderful results in cooking.

Housewives can profit by their experience. If Crisco is the choice of chefs, Domestic Scientists and hospital dietitians, it is very likely to please everyone. The cook book described below will tell you how to use Crisco to accomplish the best results.

New Cook Book and "Calendar of Dinners"

This new book by Marion Harris Neil, gives 250 original recipes, is attractively illustrated, and tells many interesting and valuable facts about cooking and food products. It also tells the interesting story of Crisco's discovery and manufacture. It is free. There is also a quality edition of this book containing a total of 615 Neil Recipes and a Calendar of Dinners—365 menus of original and tasty meals. This book is bound in blue and gold cloth. The regular price of the book is twenty-five cents. To those answering this advertisement it will be sent for *five 2-cent stamps*. In writing for either book, address Department K-6, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Public Ownership of Railroads, Waterways and Water Power

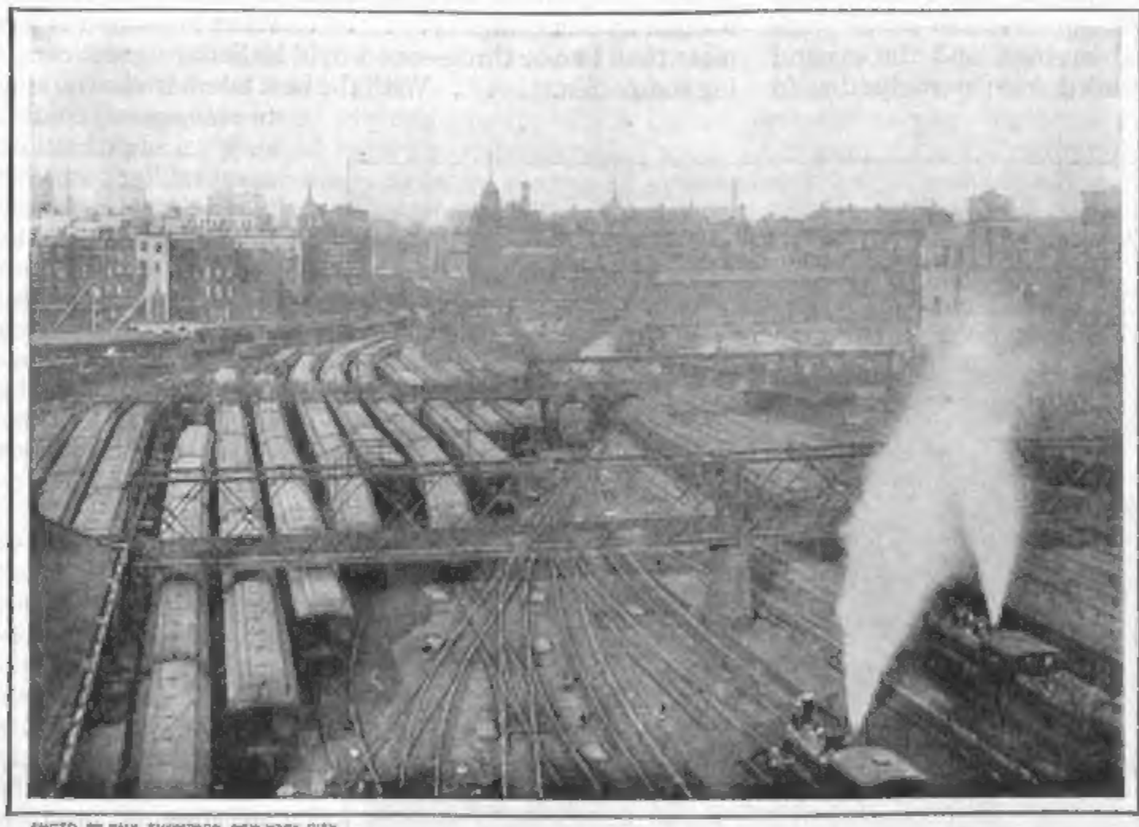

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Grand Central Terminal Yards of New York Central Lines, New York, in 1903

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Present View of Terminal Yards, Looking North From Practically Same Viewpoint

By Walter Roscoe Stubbs

FORMER GOVERNOR OF KANSAS

THE conclusions reached in this paper have been forced on me by the logic of events during the ten years last past, reënforced by practical knowledge gained in regard to the cost of building railroads and to the method used in financing and operating them. My experience in railroad construction began with driving a mule team in a grading camp and ended more than a score of years later with the completion of certain railroad construction contracts, aggregating in value several million dollars.

If any one at that time had said that I should come to believe in government ownership of railroads the statement would have seemed preposterous; but my experience as a public official during six years of service in the state legislature and four years in the governor's office caused me to make an exhaustive investigation of the whole transportation question, involving rates, service, operation and capitalization, from a public-service viewpoint; and this investigation has given me an entirely new view of the relation of railroads to government in the nation and the several states.

As a member of the legislature of 1903 I saw a big railroad system force the election of a United States senator who, as a member of the lower house of Congress, had voted with that particular railroad against a president of his own party in the settlement of obligations involving millions of dollars due the Government for aid in construction. I saw this senator fulfill a preelection agreement with another great railroad by recommending to the president of the United States the appointment of its general counsel as a judge of the United States Circuit Court, though the latter was not of his political faith. Fortunately President Roosevelt prevented the consummation of this agreement.

As speaker of the Kansas House of Representatives in 1905, I saw the same influence secure control of a majority of the Senate—a bipartisan majority, called the Senate lodge. It was not merely anti-railroad legislation that this Senate lodge fought. The same crowd that opposed the two-cent fare fought the introduction of a civil-service law into state politics; the same roll call in the legislature that opposed the law reorganizing the railroad commission opposed the law taking the state charitable institutions out of politics; the same group of men who begged the governor not to push the railroad freight bills importuned him to accept a weak primary law. Whenever the people of Kansas desired to effect a political or economic reform of any kind, whether or not the reform even remotely affected the railroads, the lobby organized by the railroads and directed by their attorneys always led the onslaught against that reform.

The state at that session witnessed a most shameful betrayal of the public trust, and after the legislature adjourned rewards began to follow. A leader of the Senate lodge moved out of a small law office into the law headquarters of the Standard Oil Company of Kansas. Another member, who came to Topeka impecunious, blossomed out as a capitalist after the session and made a grand tour of Europe and the Orient.

Whenever a Federal judge was to be appointed from the West I saw the railroad attorneys of Kansas flock to Washington to line up senators and representatives for their man. The value in cash to the railroads and corporations of a Federal judge for life, who has the corporation viewpoint, is well known. The railroads are in politics for business.

The Wall Street interests that finance the railroads and dominate their political policies have also financed the big business consolidations, combinations and trusts of the country. They are all so interwoven and interlocked that dissolution decrees of the Supreme Court of the United States now seem to help rather than hinder them, as witness the rapid rise in market value of the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust stocks when the Supreme Court dissolved them.

PHOTO. BY THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY

Washout on the P. C. C. & St. L. Ry., Three Miles East of New Comerstown, Ohio

The Federal Government can never effectively control monopolies until it controls the source of the political influence that makes unlawful combines and trusts possible.

If the political power of the railroads in the several states does not now stand between the people of the United States and a responsive representative national government, it certainly is a menace to our form of government.

The Outlook of July 30, 1910, said editorially: "The railroad question is another form of the fundamental issue between oligarchy and democracy." Every passing year makes the absolute truth of this statement more apparent.

There was a period when it seemed to me that rigid control would be better than public ownership; and, though forced by the logic of events to see that the railroads were governing the country and that the little brigandage of our state capitals was duplicated in national affairs, I still hesitated before believing that government ownership was necessary to remove this evil and dangerous influence.

It seemed that the achievements we had made in railroad building, the advance we had made in many matters of transportation over certain other countries, would warrant giving the old system further trial; but as one goes more deeply into the facts, under the surface of things, he is compelled to question the wisdom, justice and soundness of the policies and principles underlying private ownership of our railroads. Not only is the transportation question involved in this problem, but it is closely allied with many other great questions disturbing the country.

Therefore, having come through the long, slow way of circumstance and events to my present belief, it seems wise to justify that belief with such facts as investigations have disclosed and such arguments as the facts adduce. The fundamental idea of American government is that it should be conducted in such a manner as to benefit the largest possible number of people. It is a self-evident fact, and needs no proof, that anything which tends to carry out this idea is not in conflict with our institutions.

The Question

GOVERNMENT ownership of railroads means simply vesting the title of our railroad properties in the Government for the benefit of all the people alike. Private ownership of the great railroads of this country means the vesting of the title in a corporation and holding it in trust for the benefit of the few. Railroads are and always will be an actual public necessity and a natural monopoly. The question I propose to discuss is, whether it is best for the American people to have the title to our railroads held in trust by the Government for the benefit of all the people, or whether it is better to have the title to all this vast property vested in corporations and held in trust for the benefit of private individuals.

In considering the general welfare, comfort and convenience of the people, we find that only the soil on which we live is more important than is the question of efficient, economical transportation service for all persons and property on equal terms and conditions. During the year 1913 the railroad companies of the United States received in revenue $3,171,000,000. There are in this country approximately twenty million families of five persons each. The average cost of living for these families last year was approximately $625 each. Railroad transportation cost each of these families an average of $158.50, or a quarter of its total expense. President Waters, of the Kansas Agricultural College, recently said: "Last year one-fifth of the average cost of living in the United States was due to freight and expressage, or an average of $125 for each family."

Our highways of transportation, of commerce and distribution are now in the hands of private interests whose selfish welfare is opposed to the common welfare. Under public ownership the Government of the United States, acting for and representing all the people, will condemn and purchase the railroads at their true value and operate them on the basis of equal service, without discrimination between persons, cities and communities.

All the railroads need not be purchased at once. They were not so acquired in Germany and France. It is quite often assumed that all the railroads of the country—about 250,000 miles of them—would be taken over at the same time. There is no reason for such an assumption. A dozen of the greatest railroad systems of the country have a valuation of not much more than three billion dollars. Control of these roads by the Government would mean virtual control of the railroad business of the entire country. If the railroad corporations, with their record of reckless financiering and stock juggling, can sell railroad bonds and stocks and provide money to build and equip the railroads of the country, certainly railroad bonds guaranteed by the Government would find a world market if they were not all sold quickly at home.

The Government need not bankrupt itself in borrowing money to buy the railroads. Four-per-cent nontaxable railroad bonds, in denominations of one hundred dollars and multiples thereof, the principal and interest guaranteed by the United States, can be issued under authority of Congress to pay their purchase price.

National ownership and control of the means of transportation, and the exercise of the nation's power over the distribution of its population and products, will accomplish the following results:

First—Furnish an absolutely safe investment, at a reasonable rate of interest, for millions of citizens with small capital. Under private ownership the stock gamblers and speculators monopolize railroad stock and bond markets to such an extent that conservative people cannot afford to risk their small savings, and the general public is therefore largely excluded from participating in the ownership or control of the second largest and most important industry in the United States.

Second—Coördinate along natural lines a great national system of railways and waterways, and will make transportation the servant and handmaid of commerce. Instead of acting on the principle of charging all the traffic will bear, it will nourish and build up the agricultural, commercial and manufacturing industries of the country.

Third—End forever the war against water transportation that has been fought so effectively and bitterly by the railways. The proper and natural development of water transportation for heavy, slow-moving traffic—such as coal, lumber, iron, steel, and their kindred products, salt, cement, grain, and so on—will reduce the cost of transportation of such commodities to approximately one-third of the present railway rate, as has been thoroughly proved by the development of water transportation on a large scale in the German Empire. Extensive intelligent development of our inland water transportation is impossible so long as it interferes with the profits of privately owned railways.

Of the need of harmony between rail and water transportation President Charles R. Van Hise, of Wisconsin University, has this significant statement in his book, The Conservation of Natural Resources of the United States: "The ideal system of transportation is that in which waterways and railways perfectly coöperate. It is comparatively easy to require such coöperation where the Government owns both systems; but in this country, where the ownership of the railways rests exclusively with private corporations, the securing of coöperation in place of illegitimate competition will be far more difficult, and laws must be enacted that will accomplish this."

Did space permit, quotations to the same general effect could be made from the preliminary report and recommendations of the Inland Waterways Commission, appointed by President Roosevelt and making its report in 1909.

PHOTO. BY WILLIAM H. RAU, FOR THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY

View of Line at Bristol, Pennsylvania, Showing Curve Which Has Been Eliminated

PHOTO. BY THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY

View Showing the Present Line Through Bristol, After Straightening Curve

Public ownership will make railway operation comparatively safe for railway workers. There are now every year more than one hundred and fifty thousand persons either killed or injured as a sacrifice to profits under private ownership. It will benefit labor further by the betterment of wages and greater steadiness of employment. It will make service the end and object of all railway operation, management and methods, while under private ownership it is not unusual that everything, including human life, is sacrificed for profit.

It required many years of public agitation, resulting in a national law, to secure the general use of automatic couplings, uniform steps, handholds, and other safety devices in railway equipment to protect the lives and limbs of employees; and every step in this humane program has been fought most bitterly by the financial interests that dominate absolutely railway political activities.

Public ownership will standardize the management of all railways and steamship lines on the basis of the most efficient, best-managed transportation lines of the country, not only eliminating bad and inefficient management, but also reducing overhead charges by consolidating many small railways into one big system under one directing head, thereby effecting enormous savings.

As long ago as 1891, Collis P. Huntington said: "I am satisfied that the best results will not be reached until substantially all the transportation business of this country is done by one company. . . . What is wanted is not more than two or three—one would be better—great carrying companies. . . . With the best talent in the country to manage and control such an organization, many millions could be saved to those who use the railroads of the country and millions to those who own them, over what is now being received by the fragmentary, badly equipped and inefficiently managed roads that, with few exceptions, now exist."

Mr. Huntington, of course, thought that one great management would be a private monopoly. We know better. If any economic principle is settled it is that private monopoly is intolerable; but the principle of unity is correct, and the one masterful management should be vested in the people.

Public ownership will wipe out of existence preferential rates on raw materials and manufactured products that now favor certain localities and cities. This favoritism—this inequality of rates and service—results in the longest possible haul for railways. It accelerates the crowding into cities and manufacturing districts of poorly housed, ill-fed, ill-clothed workers; and these conditions are producing many of the perplexing evils of our time.

Sources of Political Power

IT INCREASES the cost of food and other living expenses to the wage-earners and lowers prices received by the farmers for their products; and all this is only for the purpose of increasing the profits of the railways that arbitrarily fix the discriminating rates. Under government ownership all freight traffic between common points could be transported over natural routes, using the shortest mileage and the lowest grades. To estimate accurately the saving that could be effected by routing freight in this way is impossible; but it is safe to say that it would be enormous.

Public ownership will tear up by the roots the most dangerous, corrupting and insidiously powerful political influence in the United States. It will remove the political machinery through which elections are influenced or controlled in the interests of monopolies, trusts, combines, and every species of special privilege. It will take from the rich and powerful the greatest source of their political power, through which national, state and municipal legislation and Federal judicial appointments are influenced or controlled in the interests of corporations.

The most powerful political machinery in the world would be smashed if the political organizations of the railways were taken away from the brewery and liquor interests, Standard Oil, the Steel Trust, the packing house, coal, lumber, salt, and other combines, trusts and monopolies. For the railways furnish the only nation-wide practical political organization available for big business.

The taking over of the railways by the Government means precisely taking them out of politics. Our cities furnish excellent illustrations of the fact that the publicly owned utilities are not in politics, in the ordinary sense, while the privately owned utilities are nearly always most emphatically in politics. It will scarcely be claimed that the water system or the fire department of the average city under public ownership is in politics, though it is notorious that the street railways and the gas companies under private ownership have been exceedingly active politically.

It is almost invariably the rule in our American cities, as it has been in European cities, that when a public utility is taken over by the municipality it is by that very act taken permanently out of politics. According to Professor Ely: "Our terrible corruption in cities dates from the rise of private corporations in control of natural monopolies; and when we abolish them we do away with the chief cause of corruption."

Galling Abuse of Sovereign Power

PUBLIC ownership will take away from the railway corporations the most gigantic taxing power in the world, and will place that power in the hands of public officers who can be removed and replaced if power is abused. The railways themselves, finding the practice unprofitable, have recently discountenanced discrimination in rates as to persons, but they still maintain discrimination as to localities. Says Brooks Adams, in his Theory of Social Revolution:

"Now among abuses of sovereign power this is one of the most galling, for of all taxes the transportation tax is perhaps the most searching, most insidious and, when misused, most destructive. The price paid for transportation is not so essential to the public welfare as its equality, for neither persons nor localities can prosper when the necessaries of life cost them more than they cost their competitors. In towns no home can be built, no crust of bread eaten, no garment worn, which has not paid the transportation tax; and every manufacturing plant or distributing agency in every city of the country must stand still or close down if its competitor's rates are enough lower to exclude its products from the markets.

"Yet this formidable power to build up or destroy cities, communities and industries has been usurped by private individuals, who have used it selfishly, as no legitimate sovereign could have used it, and by persons who have indignantly denounced as an infringement of their constitutional rights all attempts to hold them accountable. High among sovereign powers have always ranked the ownership and administration of highways. And it is evident why this should have been so: Movement is life and the stoppage of movement is death, and the movement of every people flows along its highways."

PHOTO. BY THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY

General View of Main Waiting Room, Pennsylvania Station, New York City

This whole nation is now stirred to its very heart by the need of conservation of its resources. Conscience and intelligence are awake to this necessity. Conservation of human life as well as of national wealth is our pressing obligation in order to give to every man, woman and child in this land at least a fair chance at the things that make life dear.

Have we made even an appreciable start toward that condition when our cities show overcrowding and our country spaces have no considerable portion of the population they might support in happiness?

And can we start, or can we get anywhere when we do start, until we have put into a harmonious working system our means of transportation and distribution?

Mr. Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, said in May, 1914: "Whoever owns the railways of a country determines very largely the future of that country." The German, Bismarck, said, years earlier: "Either the government will own the railroads or the railroads will own the government." In Germany it has passed into a proverb that whoever owns and operates a country's transportation owns the country. This has been in brief the underlying philosophy of state ownership in Germany.

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Twentieth Century Limited Drawn by Newest Type of Electric Locomotive

I have seen in a recent book, Government Ownership of Railroads, by Mr. Anthony Van Wagenen, of Iowa, this remarkable warning and prophecy by the Frenchman, Lamartine, written as long ago as 1838:

"What will be our condition when, according to your imprudent system, you shall have constituted into a unified interest with industrial and financial corporations the innumerable stockholders of the five or six billions of securities the organization of your railroads will place in the hands of these companies? You, the partisans of the liberty and the enfranchisement of the masses; you, who have overthrown feudalism and its tolls, its rights of the past and its boundaries; you, who are about to allow the railroads to fetter the people and divide up the country among a new feudality, a moneyed aristocracy! Never a government, never a nation, has constituted outside of itself a more oppressive money power, a more menacing and encroaching political power, than you are going to create in delivering up your soil, your administration, and five or six billions of securities to your private railroad companies. I prophesy with certainty that if you do this they will be masters of the government before ten years."

The late Mr. Justice Harlan said: "Great and rapidly increasing corporate wealth is the supreme peril of the United States." Of the total of one hundred and forty billion dollars of wealth of all kinds in this country, ninety-six billions have been capitalized by the corporations. On this the public is now paying interest and dividends through the use of commodities that are necessities of life, including transportation taxes levied by the railways in the shape of freight and passenger rates. The capitalization of the railways, including stock and bond issues, approximates nineteen billion dollars.

Has the time not arrived when we should heed the warning of Justice Harlan? And where could we so profitably begin as on the most vital of all phases of corporate capital control? The transportation tax collected by the railways during the year ending June 30, 1913, was $3,171,000,000. The total revenue receipts of all kinds by the United States Government for the year ending June 30, 1912, was less than one billion. The total revenue receipts of all kinds by all the states, all the counties, and all the towns and cities with a population of more than eight thousand people, were about eleven hundred millions. The national, state, county and municipal governments together collected one billion less than the single transportation tax taken by the railways.

PHOTO. BY THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY

Interior of Agricultural Exhibition Car

Can the People Operate Railways?

TWO years ago Cleveland and Powell, in their book on Railroad Finance, said: "Within a century it is probable that the people of the United States had invested no less than twelve billion dollars in the improvement of the country roads and turnpikes; one billion dollars in river and harbor and canal improvements, state and national; and twelve billion dollars in the construction and equipment of tramlines and railroads."

The chief point of interest here is that the people have invested approximately the same amount of money in the common wagon roads that has been invested in the railways; but the railways are privately owned because there is a profit in them, while the wagon roads are publicly owned because there is only expense attached to them. I believe it was Mr. Francis J. Heney, of San Francisco, who said that the idea seemed to prevail that the public officials were intelligent enough and honest enough to run the public utilities, which cost them money, such as universities, schools, wagon roads, city parks, charitable institutions, jails, penitentiaries, sewers, and so on, but were not intelligent enough to run the utilities from which a revenue is derived, such as railways, canals, street railways, and the like.

Railway conditions in the United States and Europe are so entirely different in the average distance freight is

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ON ACCOUNT OF A LADY

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I'm Going to Lick That Fourflusher Until He Yells for the Police"

WHEN great men fall out they send for Associated Press reporters and all the world knows about it the next morning; but when the little fellows quarrel the news travels slowly and arrives late, bringing with it unquestionable proof of the large percentage of liars in the average community.

For instance, if Fighting Sammy Dugan had been a champion of the world and Whitey Wilson a challenger for the title, sharp-nosed reporters would have had the whole truth out of one of them at least; but Dugan and Wilson were not great men. They were only preliminary boxers of the sort known as pork-and-beaners, and that they should quarrel at all was something of a joke. When reporters are not sufficiently interested to be curious, first explanations stand unchallenged, and because of this the theory of professional jealousy went unquestioned.

The report was correct as to the jealousy, but it was not of the professional variety. It was the real old green-eyed sort, which nothing but the Eternal Triangle has ever been known to produce. There was a lady mixed up in it—as there has been in nearly all the serious trouble since the apple and the snake—and in this particular case it was the brown-eyed one who presided over the cash register at the end of T-bone Riley's lunch counter.

T-bone, so called because he served the best T-bone steaks in the world for thirty cents—this was before the increased cost of living became a burning issue; probably T-bone's steaks are thinner now—was a philanthropist in his own peculiar way. He fed all the preliminary fighters whether they had any money or not.

"And why shouldn't I?" asked Riley. "Where are these pork-and-beaners going to eat if they don't eat with me? If a fighter don't eat reg'lar he can't fight; and me, I like to see good fights. I'm what you call a patron of the arts, I am; and when these birds ain't got any dough I put 'em on the slate till they get some. They always settle. I haven't lost a nickel on 'em, because they ain't the kind of people that'll skin a friend."

There had always been a great deal of social freedom and personal liberty at Riley's. A man ordered his steak—rare, medium or well done—and ate his cocoanut-custard pie with his knife, if such was his custom, and nobody said anything about it. If he had the price, he paid. If he did not have the price, he held up two fingers as he went out and Riley made another entry in the dog-eared memorandum book which he called his slate.

T-bone's place was headquarters for fighters, pool sharks, racetrack touts, tinhorn gamblers and pinfeather clerks with sporting tendencies. Sometimes a rank outsider dropped in, but not often; for Riley had a way of discouraging the sort of trade he did not want. We will let the Dis-and-Dat Kid, the king of the pork-and-bean brigade, describe an instance:

"I'm in Riley's—see?—chuckin' a feed into meself. In comes a Clarence boy an' sets down beside me. He tipped his mitt de minute he took off his dicer. T-bone himself is behin' de counter because one of de regular waiters is out on a toot. T-bone gives dis Clarence party a setup an' asks him what will he have.

"'Name it, cully!' says T-bone.

"'Who do you t'ink you're talking to?' says Clarence, some peeved. 'Don't be so fresh!'

"Den he orders a steak, medium, hashed brown, an' Java. Right away he begins to holler. He hollers about de paper napkins an' he hollers about some egg on his fork.

"'Dat's all right, cully,' says T-bone. 'We don't charge you for dat. We t'row in de egg wit' de steak—see?'

"Pretty soon de bread don't suit Clarence. He wants French bread, an' he wants it split open an' toasted. An' he don't t'ink de butter is on de level. T-bone is good an' sore by dis time.

"'You got de wrong number,' he says. 'De Astor Grill is furder up de street. Dis is Riley's joint.'

"'Joint is right!' says Clarence.

"By-an'-by de steak comes off de fire an' T-bone slides it along de counter. Clarence takes one gash at it wit' his knife an' hollers murder.

"'Call dis medium?' says he. 'It's bleedin'!'

"'So'll you be in a minute!' says T-bone; an' he grabs dat steak by de tail an' wallops Clarence on de jaw wit' it. Down he goes for de count, an' T-bone comes out from behin' and puts de boots to him proper.

"'Now,' says T-bone, jammin' de dicer on Clarence's head an' turnin' him round so's he could get one more good kick at him, 'don't you never let me ketch you in here no more! Out!!'

"Did he go? Oh, no; I guess not! He on'y jumped over t'ree guys because he couldn't spare de time to go round 'em. De gall of him—pullin' dat highbrow stuff on Riley!"

This was the atmosphere of T-bone's establishment in the old days before prosperity came. Riley did well in spite of his peculiar credit system—or because of it—and opened a bank account when his hip pocket could no longer accommodate his savings. He bought a diamond ring—not even an expert could have told there was anything the matter with the diamond unless he put it under a magnifying glass—and later he allowed a fluent salesman to sell him a cash register.

Riley did not need a cash register any more than he needed a diamond, but he had to spend the money on something. Then, of course, he had to have some one to manipulate the machine; so he hired a brown-eyed girl named Myrtle Schmidt.

Myrtle's presence at the end of the lunch counter shocked and amazed the regular patrons and for a time freedom of speech suffered greatly. The habitués became self-conscious, but gradually this feeling of restraint wore off and they voted Myrtle a "good feller." By this they meant that she laughed at their witticisms, listened sympathetically to their hard-luck stories and was not in the least stuck up or haughty.

Fighting Sammy Dugan and Whitey Wilson were two of T-bone's star boarders. Together they had risen from obscurity, making names for themselves by virtue of the talent that was in them. When Sammy fought, Whitey was sure to be in his corner; and when Whitey fought, Sammy assisted with counsel and advice. They were bosom friends and had gone through many lean periods side by side.

Sammy could make the lightweight limit if pressed—Whitey scaled a few notches below him; but the exact poundage of a pork-and-beaner is never an important matter. Professionally speaking, they were very evenly matched, Sammy's slight pull in the weight being offset by a longer reach. Both were rushing, tearing battlers of the slambang school, and the Queensberry followers had long cherished the hope of seeing them matched in a ten-round encounter. The fight promoter had often broached the subject to the boys, always with the same result:

"Nix! Whadda we want to fight for? We're pals!"

Sammy was not at all a bad-looking boy. He had crisp curly hair, snapping dark eyes, a fair nose, a good chin, and he bore few scars of battle. Whitey was less fortunate. His hair was straw-colored; his eyes were a pale, faded blue; his complexion was heavily shot with freckles, and he had a tin ear that stood out from his head like a doorknob.

Sammy might have won his way into the second flight at a beauty contest; Whitey would have been disqualified at sight. They were the David and Jonathan, the Damon and Pythias, of the pork-and-bean brigade, and their friendship was a sermon on brotherly love.

Then Myrtle came to T-bone Riley's to operate the cash register, and her flying fingers rang up trouble for the young gladiators.

"Oh, gee! A skirt!" said Sammy, his mouth full of rice pudding. "A skirt working for Riley! Well, whadda you think of that?"

"I think she's a queen!" said Whitey.

"I wonder if she knows who we are?" said Sammy. "I see her givin' me the once-over a while ago."

"Aw," said Whitey, "maybe she was lookin' at me."

"At you!" scoffed Sammy. "If she was she was wonderin' how a feller could have a face like yours an' keep his health!"

The rivalry began in fun, but the jest was short-lived. In fairness to Myrtle it must be set down here that she was in no way to blame. She was the sort of girl who smiles easily because of good teeth and a dimple, and she did not realize that danger may attend the practice. She smiled on everybody, for she wished to be on good terms with everybody.

She was amused, though not impressed, when Whitey brought her a remarkable document, which he called his record. It was laboriously penwritten, with many inky flourishes; and the knockouts Whitey had administered were heavily underscored in red. Candor compels the statement that no mention was made of the knockouts scored against Whitey, thus bearing out Mark Twain's contention that no man can write an autobiography without becoming a liar of the first magnitude.

"How int'resting!" said Myrtle. "What is it?"

"It's me record," explained Whitey. "It tells who I've fought and all about it. I wrote it out for you. Some day when I'm a champion, you might want to take a look at it."

"Oh, very well," said Myrtle, who had not the slightest idea as to what this amazing screed might be. In the same accommodating spirit she accepted a worn pair of boxing gloves from Sammy.

"I hung it on Battling Watlington with these," said the donor modestly. "They might come in handy to stick up in your room somewhere. Take it from me, this Watlington is one tough guy! He gimme a fierce battle; but in the sixth round I tore into his pantry, an' when he dropped his guard—bang! goes the big right hook on his chin—an' he was through for the night. Sure you can have 'em! Souvenirs, you know. This blue ribbon is to hang 'em up with."

Myrtle thanked Sammy as prettily as she knew how, but in her heart she regarded the gloves as nasty things and dropped them into a convenient ashcan on the way home. The same ashcan, by the way, received Whitey's record.

Whitey witnessed the presentation of the gloves, and his heart burned under his ribs. Why had he not thought of that? There remained nothing but to belittle Sammy's gift, which he proceeded to do at the first opportunity.

"There's some awful bad fighters round here," said Whitey to Myrtle, apropos of nothing.

"Yes?" said Myrtle, seemingly much interested, but really not knowing what else to say.

"Uh-huh! This Battling Watlington, he's a terrible piece of cheese. Awful! Can't fight fast enough to get up a sweat; and they say he takes a shot in the arm once in a while. Sammy was all puffed up when he knocked him out; but if he'd a took my advice Watlington wouldn't have lasted two rounds. 'Tear into him, Sammy!' I says. 'He can't hit hard enough to break a promise. Root into him an' make him quit!'

"If it had been me an' that Watlington had lasted six rounds I wouldn't have done no bragging—and I wouldn't have saved the gloves, neither. If I'm going to give

anybody a souvenir it's got to be gloves that was in a real fight. Now Kid Cassidy—you saw him in my record, didn't you?—there was some fighting wolf; but I never did know what become of them gloves." And so on.

Mischief of this sort, once afoot, travels rapidly and finds advance couriers to clear the way. Split-tooth Durkee, retired bantamweight pork-and-beaner and all-night waiter at Riley's, assisted matters materially when he repeated to Sammy a portion of the foregoing conversation with embellishments of his own.

"Whitey's doin' you dirt with the chicken at the cash register," said Split-tooth.

"How so?" demanded Sammy.

"Now listen! I ain't no trouble maker," said Split-tooth virtuously; "and, anyway, you got to promise not to bring me into it. My fighting days are over—see?"

"You're declared out," said Sammy. "Tell me what he did."

"Well," said Split-tooth, "to begin with, he says you ain't never licked no regular fighters like he has. He tells her you was all swole up over knocking out Battling Watlington—a feller that couldn't fight himself out of a paper bag!"

"Did Whitey say that? What's he knocking me for?"

"Oh, that ain't all. He says he made you win all your fights by bein' in your corner an' tellin' you what to do. He says you'd have quit three or four times if he hadn't been behind you —— Wait, now! Don't get excited. Remember, I'm out of this. I'm only tellin' you as a friend, Sammy!"

Split-tooth was nothing if not impartial. The next day he had some interesting information for Whitey—as before, insisting on protection. There should be no closed season for the man who says:

"I'm your friend and I think you ought to know this."

"Sammy was pannin' you to Myrtle," said Split-tooth.

"He was!" ejaculated Whitey. "Why, the dawg! What was he doing that for?"

"To put you in bad, o' course. You know what he told her? He said he hadn't never fought you because he was a kind-hearted guy and he didn't want to show you up before the public."

Here Whitey gurgled incoherently.

"Yes; he said you was only a harmless kind of nut that had kidded yourself into thinkin' you could fight. He told her he could put you out cold in four rounds any day in the week, and if he didn't do it he'd donate his share of the purse to charity. He said he could lick you and make you like it—them's the words he used—make you like it! Gee! You ain't sore, are you, Whitey? I told you because I thought you ought to know what was coming off behind your back. I've always been your friend, ain't I? Well then, keep me out of it."

II

THE secretary and matchmaker of the club which promoted boxing contests looked up from his desk to greet Whitey Wilson on the point of exploding with wrath and suppressed emotion.

"Aw, Whitey!" said he. "What's new?"

"I want you to get Sammy Dugan for me on the fifteenth of next month. I'm going to lick that fourflusher until he yells for the police. I'm going to hand him a trimming that will ——"

"Hello!" said the matchmaker. "Have the Siamese Twins had a falling out?"

"Worse than that!" said Whitey bitterly. "He's been going round making cracks that he could put me out in four rounds. Make it any distance you want—four, six or ten; if I don't stop him I won't ask for a nickel! Not a nickel!"

"But suppose he doesn't want to fight you?"

"He'll have to!" squealed Whitey. "He can't get away. I'll fight him in the street—anywhere! You can lock us in a cellar and drop the key down a well! I'll git him ——"

"Easy! Easy!" said the wise official. "Don't get excited. Never give away anything that you can sell, Whitey. If there's a real grudge fight in sight let us stage it, and we'll all make some money. What started the trouble between you?"

"He's been lying about me!" said Whitey. "He's been tellin' all over town that I only think I can fight ——"

"And you won't think so long!" a third voice cut into the discussion.

Fighting Sammy Dugan stood in the doorway. After the initial outburst he ignored Whitey and addressed himself to the matchmaker, speaking with labored politeness.

"Greetings and salutations!" said he. "Sign up this windbag for me. I'll fight him—winner take all; and if I don't make him jump out of the ring I won't ask for a cent."

"Me—jump out of the ring!" screamed Whitey. "He better look out I don't make him jump out of the ring!"

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" said the matchmaker. "Don't start anything here. Shake it up, boys; but don't spill it. Save it for the fifteenth. Now about the purse ——"

"Any old way suits me," said Sammy.

"Winner take all!" suggested Whitey.

"One hundred dollars—winner take all," said the matchmaker. "Is that satisfactory?"

"I'd fight him for nothing!" said Sammy.

"That's what you'll get!" said Whitey.

"This is the real thing," reflected the matchmaker. "What a pity the reporters aren't here! They could make quite a story out of this."

Later in the day they did make quite a story out of it under headlines proclaiming the sundering of friendship's bonds and the dissolution of a partnership. Professional jealousy was mentioned as the contributing cause, which explanation appealed to the sporting humorists and they made merry with the topic. Whitey was interviewed by a representative of a morning paper—a great honor, which almost overwhelmed him and made him nervous and voluble.

"Say, print this, will you?" said he. "Put it in the paper that I'm going to fight this Dugan just to show him up—see? Just to let the public know he never was any good! Don't forget that.

"Here's another thing you can put in—better write it down so you won't forget it—I'm going to meet him coming out of his corner and if I ever take a backward step I hope I don't get out of the ring alive. Got that? I'm going to hit him so hard that it will make his grandfather's head ache. I'm going to ——"

"Yes, yes!" said the reporter soothingly. "I know you are; but what's it all about? What started the row? You used to be pals, didn't you?"

"Sure!" said Whitey excitedly. "Sure, we did! That's what gets my goat. I've cut up my last dollar with Dugan

"Sure You Can Have 'Em! Souvenirs, You Know"

many's the time; and now he's going round knocking me to everybody. I don't want to talk about him for fear I'll forget myself; but put it in the paper that I say Sammy Dugan's a rat—Whitey Wilson says so! Got that? He's got a streak of yellow in him as wide as Main Street! Don't forget that."

The reporter did not forget, and Split-tooth Durkee saw to it that a copy of the paper containing this remarkable interview was handed to Myrtle Schmidt, who read the article with wide eyes.

"Mercy sakes!" said she. "They must have had a quarrel!"

"Yeh," grinned the diminutive Durkee; "it does kind of look as if they've parted doll-rags." He stepped closer and lowered his voice insinuatingly. "And I'll bet you don't know what it was about or nothing. Oh, no! P'fessional jealousy! That's a hot one—that is! Say, you could tell these reporters a thing or two—couldn't you, kid?"

"Miss Schmidt to you if you please!" snapped Myrtle. "And I couldn't tell anybody anything, because I don't know anything. What's more, I don't want to know! If anybody mixes me up in a fuss like this they'll be sorry. I attend to my business, and I'll thank you to attend to yours!"

"Just as you say," leered Split-tooth wickedly. "Just as you say, girlie. You don't need to get sore about it. Nobody's trying to mix you up; but it's kind of queer when two old pals bust up like this and ——"

"The cook is calling you!" interrupted Myrtle. "And you keep away from this end of the counter—do you hear? Bother me once more and I'll speak to Mr. Riley!"

Split-tooth snarled as he moved toward the range.

"Goin' to holler to T-bone, eh?" he muttered to himself. "She ain't had no use for me since the night I sat her to go to a movin'-pitcher show. Bawled me out good! I wonder who she thinks she is? Too stuck up for common people—yes, sir! Coming right up! German fried, wasn't it? There you are, sport!"

III

ON THE eve of battle, as the sporting writers so happily phrase it, the Wilson-Dugan match divided interest with the main event—an elimination contest in the White Hope division. All the world loves a grudge fight—sad commentary on our boasted civilization—and for days the reporters had bombarded their readers with articles on the approaching combat between the Siamese Twins of the pork-and-bean brigade—"side-kicks once, but strangers now," as one sporting writer put it.

Professional jealousy was still the only explanation offered, and at T-bone's place there was but one topic of conversation. The White Hopes were forgotten—it transpired later that they deserved to be—in the discussion of the relative merits and abilities of Fighting Sammy Dugan and Whitey Wilson.

On the night before the fight there came to Riley's one Ed Faraday, a sporting writer who tossed a nimble quill for an afternoon paper. He was seeking a T-bone, rare, French fried potatoes, apple pie and coffee. The hour was late, patrons were infrequent, and Split-tooth Durkee, having delivered Faraday's order to Saginaw, the night cook, lingered to gossip.

(Continued on Page 45)

"I Just Want to Tell You One Thing: I Wouldn't Waste My Time on Hoodlums Like You"

THE FLOATING LABORER

Some Humble Biographies—By Will Irwin

FORMERLY we looked on the tramp with a sense of romance or of shame, according to our individual dispositions. The man who begged for a breakfast at the door of a farmhouse; the travel-stained individual we met trudging along the country roads; the soldier of misfortune we glimpsed swinging on or off a brake beam at the station, was the picturesque outcast.

The laborer digging trenches in our city streets, pitching hay on our farms and rolling logs in our sawmills was, on the other hand, the noble American workman, for whose greater prosperity the Republican party maintained the protective tariff and the Democratic party wanted to revise the coinage. We did not know that the two classes were loosely interchangeable—that the tramp of today is the common laborer of tomorrow, and the common laborer of today the tramp of tomorrow. Such observers of picturesque fact as Walter A. Wyckoff and Josiah Flynt hinted at the truth; but the whole truth is just beginning to dawn.

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

The Head of the Bread Line

Those same tramps of the dusty roads—they understand. However, they had no power to force their understanding on the rest of us. In the nature of things they were inarticulate. They had no union to enforce their just or unjust demands. They had no organizers to put their case before our parliaments and our press.

Now and then, when hard times came, when the shoe of industry pinched too tight, they rose in such picturesque and futile movements as Coxey's Army, and attracted for a time the attention of a somewhat puzzled people. Then the return of prosperity, in which they never fully shared, would put such movements to sleep. The members of the army would drop back into the old routine of hard work varied by hard tramping and only too often by hard starvation.

In a previous article I tried to sketch the history of one John Smith, a typical American laborer of this floating type. I have shown him beginning life as an average man, with the average amount of will power and ambition. I have shown how a life of short, broken spasms of unemployment broke his will power and made his ambition a mockery. I have shown him caught in a web of circumstance—drifting from one short job to another short job, with intervals of tramping, of living on organized charity, and of begging.

I have shown just where drink came into the scheme of his life; how this curse of the workingman was in his case an effect and not a cause. I have shown how life denied him marriage and children; I have shown him burned out in his middle thirties—half his actual working days so far, all his potential working days in the future, lost to industry. I have tried to show, also, that this same John Smith was not a defective, as the outworn sociology of twenty years ago would have called him, but a normal man in physique, in mentality and in will power.

An Army of John Smiths

IT REMAINS for me to prove that John Smith's case is not exceptional, but typical; and the proof, so far as it goes, comes mainly from the notes on American society by one Peter Alexander Speek, investigator for the Commission on Industrial Relations. This new government department was born of the agitation that followed the McNamara case and other like revolutionary movements in labor. It was begotten of a dim feeling in our legislators that there was some factor in American labor which no one understood. It started out to find what labor really wanted and needed—which of its demands, under the present organization of society, were just, and what society might do to relieve the pressure. It aimed to study the psychological factors in its problem—to put heart as well as head into the work.

The members of the commission realize that these floating members of the industrial body most need their study and their help. For a year Speek has been living among laborers, noting the conditions under which they work and getting from them, as accurately as he can, the story of their individual lives.

He brings to this task a singular equipment. Speek is a Russian—to be exact, an Esthonian. A university graduate, he started a newspaper in his home city, took the liberal side in the abortive revolution of 1905, and left Russia, when the reactionary party snuffed out the revolution, with a life sentence to Siberia hanging over his head. In his early American wanderings he himself was a partner in human misery. His wanderings led him into Wisconsin. By this time he had found he could make a living by writing for the Russian magazines. He attended the University of Wisconsin, took a degree in sociology; and from the university he proceeded to this task of finding out for America what is wrong with her labor.

Speek has the art of gaining confidences; further, being a Russian, he uses five or six languages. In the course of his investigation he has gathered hundreds of life stories from American laborers. In substance they do not differ from the story of John Smith. This one factor is common to them all—among the laborers whom he has interviewed, in grading camps, employment offices, workingmen's lodging houses, and similar institutions, he has found scarcely one who ever held a steady job for a period of even two or three years. The tale is always the same—spurts of work lasting from three days to three months; the search for a job; more hunting, ending often in a period of half starvation; more work.

The hundred or more biographies in Speek's collection should be read as a whole in order to get a picture of the casual American laborer. Their effect is cumulative. However, let us look at a few of the more typical histories.

Take the case of James Ryan—in this and all future instances I shall disguise the name—thirty-five years old, a native Irish-American from New England. His father had been alternately a sailor and a farmer. He himself began life as a sailor on the Great Lakes. The work was irregular. Of course there was little employment in winter and none whatever in midwinter. Being a union man he joined the seamen's strike on the Great Lakes. After living for many weeks on strike benefits he gave up sailoring as too irregular, and tried to get a land job at any kind of common labor. His biography proceeds as follows:

He found a job in a Chicago restaurant as a porter. He worked twelve hours a day for seven days a week at seven dollars a week, with meals, paying for his room. He worked on that job three months; quit because he found a better job with a telephone company. He was employed as a common laborer, putting wire pipes into the street. It was a non-union job. He worked nine hours a day for thirty-five cents an hour. . . . In six months the job was finished. The money he earned was paid to his sister. Three weeks out of work; his sister kept him. He was always watching for jobs in the Want Ads. He then found through a newspaper advertisement a hodcarrying job—eight hours a day, forty cents an hour. This was a union job. Though he was not a union man, still the foreman took him, saying that the job was only for six weeks and that a union delegate would come next day to collect three dollars for a union card. The union delegate never came.

After six days' work the foreman kept back from the pay of every non-union man one dollar and fifty cents, promising to pay it to the union delegate; but at the beginning of the next week Ryan was unexpectedly discharged because a union man had taken his job. He thinks the foreman kept the money. Such a trick is often played by foremen. This happened in February. He was two weeks out of work. The next job he found with the Edison Electric Company, passing coal for the firemen. He worked ten hours a day seven days a week for fourteen dollars a week. The work was dirty, heavy and dusty. He worked at this job two months; then the veins of his feet became swollen and one vein broke. He was seven weeks in the city hospital. When he left the hospital he was still weak and could not work for two months, and lived with his sister.

The next job he found through an employment office. It was an odd job, cleaning floors, beating carpets, washing windows, and so on. He worked continuously two weeks; then the job played out. He was five weeks out of work. Every morning he was at the newspaper offices, watching the Help Wanted advertisements in the windows. When he saw a job advertised he either ran or took a car to the place. Very often a crowd was waiting. The stronger men pushed the weaker aside. He finally secured a job through an employers' employment office to pass coal in a big dry-goods store at fourteen dollars a week for nine hours a day. He worked at this job for seven weeks. He quit because of cramps in his feet. The next job he secured through a free employment office—it lasted two and a half days—digging a basement for a contractor.

And so on, down the line. Ryan, though he has contracted the drink habit and has occasional sprees when he is in funds, is still able to hold a steady job—if he could get it.

The Hardships of Loafing

MARTIN CASEY is another, a little older, but of the same class. He did some sailoring in his youth, and might even now be an ironworker had it not been for an injury he received early in his service with that trade. He instituted suit for damages, which closed his connection with the company. He has never received any damages. Then he drifted into casual labor. Here is a passage from his biography:

In September, 1910, he saw an advertisement in the paper for men in the woods. He got a job there clearing away logs for a road—nine hours a day at thirty dollars a month. Meals were good . . . but the bedding was bad. No laundry or bathing accommodations. After two months and a half the job played out. He then went to a farm to pick potatoes. . . . He earned three dollars and fifty cents a day for a month, when the work was finished. He then jumped a freight train to a town in Iowa. Here he got a helper's job on a new building—eight hours a day at forty cents an hour. After four months the job played out. He jumped a freight train to Milwaukee. Here he got a job as helper with a construction company. He did not like the job. The foreman was always speeding-up and using profanity to his men. After two months he quit. He got all sorts of jobs from the State Free Employment Office.

Notice this: Several weeks of short-time jobs, lasting a few weeks or at most a few months, and Casey quit the first really steady job he had had for some time. When he held a regular position in the iron trade he was probably capable of steady work for life; but desultory work, with workless periods, had become a habit he could not break. Casey, one would say, is on the downgrade. It is not his fault; but the fact remains.

Here is another man, slightly younger, who may or may not be far down the grade. His reasons for quitting job after job may be sound; perhaps he has had only an extraordinary run of bad luck. Heaven knows that conditions in some construction and grading camps are bad enough. It may be, on the other hand, that he has reached the stage

where he is incapable of continuous employment and that his successive quarrels with the conditions in the camps are but an excuse:

A year ago he was replacing rails on a railroad. He found the job himself. He worked nine hours a day at seventeen and a half cents an hour. The boss worked them overtime and also on Sundays. The company furnished camp and board for four dollars a week. The commissary store belonged to the same company. The prices were almost three times as high as in the city and the men had to buy from the company's store. He slept in a box car. Bedding was poor; no washing, laundry or toilet accommodations. The board was poor—frozen potatoes, cheap, half-spoiled meat, and canned stuffs. . . . After four months of work the foreman put the young immigrant men to work on the switches. They did not know how to handle heavy pieces; so the work became dangerous to life and limb. An accident happened. He quit and went to Chicago. There he was unemployed for a month. . . . During this time he looked for work, asking for it personally, watching newspaper advertisements, applying at employment offices.

Finally he found ice work in a city near Chicago. He worked ten hours a day for one dollar and seventy-five cents a day, and paid four dollars and fifty cents for board and bed. The job lasted only eighteen days. He went back to Chicago. After a week he was shipped to a railroad construction camp forty miles away—ten hours a day, one dollar and seventy-five cents a day, three dollars and fifty cents a week for board. Living conditions the same as in the camp on the other railroad. He quit at the end of a week because of the board and because he thought the boss was speeding-up the men—he wanted more work than the pay was worth. He beat his way to Minneapolis and got, through an employment agency, a job laying steel rails on a new track. . . . After two months he injured a toe. He asked for medical aid, but was refused; therefore he quit. After two weeks he was shipped out on another railroad-construction job. . . . The men were forced to work late at night without lights. They demanded lights and twenty cents an hour for night work; but the company refused and they struck. He rested two weeks in Minneapolis. Then he worked two weeks at two dollars and fifty cents a day, breaking old cement. He was discharged for reporting late one morning.

When Unemployed Spells Unemployable

WE COME finally to the habitual drifter, typically with the drink habit, who has been at desultory labor so long that he finds himself incapable of sustained work. Here is a short passage from the working life of such a man:

He was shipped free to Buffalo to work on a railroad in an extra gang. Hard work; ten hours a day, one dollar and sixty-five cents a day. He refused to work because there would be no money left and the work was horsework. He went to the Seamen's Institute and applied for a job as fireman on a ship, but did not get it. He then jumped a freight train to a town in Ohio where he hired out to a farmer to plant potatoes; got one dollar and fifty cents a day and board. It was fine work and the farmer was a good man. The work was finished in three days. In another Ohio town he got work on the streets laying blocks. . . . He worked one week and quit. He jumped a freight train to Cleveland. He found no work there. After wandering from town to town in freight cars and on brake beams he got a job with a circus as tent man; pay, thirty dollars a month, with board. He got little sleep. . . .

After three weeks he quit. He took a freight train back to Illinois, where he got work on the streets. . . . After five days he quit again. . . . He then went to work on an ice wagon for two dollars and twenty-five cents a day. As he was on another man's job it lasted only three days. He got a job as deck hand on an excursion steamer. There was no sleeping place or other accommodation; pay, one dollar a day with board. After six days he became sick of this job and quit. The next place was on a freight steamer. He worked for three days at a dollar a day. This landed him in St. Paul. He then worked about a farm, picking potatoes. The machine broke down and the job was finished. He returned to town. A farmer picked him up in front of a saloon and hired him as farm hand at a dollar a day. This was in August. It might have lasted until the end of the season, but the whisky fever got hold of him and he quit.

PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Men Waiting Call to Work on the Docks at Hoboken

And so on, month after month, the same story. Yet, from the naïve account he gave to Speek, it would seem that in his youth this man was just as capable of holding a steady job as any other man.

To present any more extracts from Speek's collection of humble biographies would only be to repeat unnecessary details. The story is always the same; but please note the age of these men. The oldest is forty. The three others have not yet passed thirty-five.

All the men whose biographies I have quoted so far are Americans, save one of Irish parentage who came to this country so early that he may be considered an American. Twenty years ago the casual laborers of the United States were almost all native-born. Such foreign laborers as we had worked usually in gangs under padrones. Shallow social philosophers used to hold up their thrift, frugality and economy as examples for our own laborers.

Times have moved fast since then. The casual European laborer has appeared. The man trudging the dusty roads with a blanket on his back is just as likely to speak Lithuanian or Polish or Italian as English. These immigrants have their own problems, of which their ignorance of our language and institutions is the chief; and the same destructive forces are making them first casual laborers, then unemployed laborers, and finally unemployable laborers. Take the case of Ivan Witkowski, a Polish boy picked up among the applicants for work at the Milwaukee Free Employment Agency. He is strong and healthy, and only twenty years old. He left his native land, as so many other immigrants do, to escape military service.

PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

The Head of the "Shoe" Line

Like the rest, he looked on America as the land of golden opportunity. He had mastered the elements of tailoring, but he found conditions and methods of work so different in America that he must learn his trade again. He had no money to support himself during apprenticeship; he became a common laborer. In a little more than a year his wanderings took him from New York to Milwaukee. This is the story of the last part of that year. It begins in a city west of New York:

He joined the crowd of men looking for work in front of a factory office. He and nine others were selected and put to work carrying boxes. The work was not heavy; ten hours a day, one dollar and seventy-five cents a day. After thirteen and a half days of work he quit and went to tailoring. One of his friends had directed him to a shop where they made suits to order. He was employed as helper and worked thirteen hours a day. The tailor promised to teach him the trade and pay him five dollars a week; from that he must provide his own board and lodging. He worked two weeks and got his pay, but for the second two weeks they made him take in lieu of payment an old suit, which he believed was not worth more than four dollars. He could not live on such terms and quit. . . . He found his way to Milwaukee where he was four days without work. A countryman directed him to the employment office, where he got a job working on the roads; twelve hours a day, pay thirty dollars a month if he worked less than a month and thirty-five dollars if he worked a month or more. . . . The winter came on and work was stopped. In Milwaukee he was out of work for a week, when he secured a job for one day cleaning the surroundings of a house. Looked for work for a week. The State Free Employment Office got him a job loading and unloading fruit on ships. The work lasted two days; thirteen and a half hours a day, thirty-five cents an hour. He registered at the State Employment Bureau for another job.

When interviewed Ivan expressed the opinion that Russia is a better country than America, because in Russia you get steady work. Speek has gathered several other biographies of foreigners, which tell the same story with varying details.

How Tramps are Made

EVEN making allowance for the fact that every unsuccessful man is a constitutional kicker, one cannot read these biographies without an indignant sense of the constant injustices imposed on such laborers. We read occasionally an exposé of peonage conditions in a lumber camp in the West or South. I should say now that these are only examples of a system that is pretty deep-seated. That this should be true squares with reason and with human nature.

The tendency of power is to tyranny. Any man less than a saint, appointed to govern other men without check or control, unconsciously takes more than his share, unconsciously becomes an oppressor. The government clerks who perpetrated the Congo atrocities were in the beginning nice little Belgian boys, with a good sense of morals and of honor. Unlimited and unchecked power made them what they were.

These casual common laborers, without organization, without any means of expressing their grievances, are apparently the prey of this tendency in human nature. Crooked employment agencies send them to nonexistent or impossible jobs, or ship them to the dangerous and often degrading job of strike breaking without informing them that there is a strike. Railroad companies and lumber companies feed them improperly at company boarding houses that are paying their toll of graft, mulct them at company stores, reduce their vitality in camps unfit to be occupied by human beings.

Some corporations wanting a new force of laborers circulate rumors that bring to their factory gates ten times as many men as they can possibly use. Trade-union men or even factory operatives, confronted with such conditions, would strike, and strike hard. They have unions; they have behind these unions the whole organization of regularly employed labor. These casuals are without organization. When conditions grow too hard they can only quit peaceably, which is a very different thing from striking.

Through all these biographies run such common experiences as these: "The bunks were not fit for a white man to

(Continued on Page 61)

CROOKS ALL

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"You Better Believe I Talked a Few Words Over in That Room"

IT WAS green May in Paris. The terrace of the Café de la Paix was crowded to its outmost table. Latins were sipping of France's milder distillations, mitigating even the slight alcoholic potency of these with floods of carbonated water. Only Anglo-Saxons took whisky and soda—the English and Americans, who by brute force must be raised from a native moodiness to the Latin's normal gayety.

As I scanned the ranks for a seat an alert waiter beckoned me to a chair just vacated. It was almost at that corner celebrated for its outlook on a shifting world. Sit there for so long as one hour and there will pass before you people you had thought were in Panama or Pittsfield, Ohio, or the Orient. Sit there for an afternoon and it is said you will see quite all the people in the world whom you may ever have spoken in passing.

Faces loom from the surge to take on familiar lines. There is the man with whom four years ago you traded tea for tobacco on the White Horse Trail; behind him is your next-door neighbor at home. There is the American couple of middle age who crossed with you, hotly disputing how the Louvre can be both an art gallery and a department store. Follows the saturnine Englishman who had the row with the customs man at Boulogne. Like all Englishmen here, his expression denotes: "Oh, yes, fairish—but, of course, it's not London!" A tempered sun flooded the boulevard with gay flashes of color struck from the weaving throng. I settled in my chair and surrendered to the hypnosis of that human flow, to the rhythmic scuff of shoeleather on the pavement, the cool play of light and shade on Paris gowns, and always the faces of that endless film—the world-faces gathered here to pique or mystify.

Absorbed in the human play, I had not observed my nearest neighbor, noting merely that his chair occupied that precise magic corner which is directly under the é in Café on the striped awning; but when I heard his voice, a hearty Middle-Western voice, I saw that my compatriot was an old acquaintance.

"Garsawng, porty moy ung fresh pot of tea!" commanded the voice.

I did not at once invite his attention. This might or might not be desirable. That is as happens. For one thing, Doc is not nice to look at. Herr Nordau, at sight of him, I dare say, would burst into tears of ecstasy. If Doc lacks any of the well-known criminal stigmata the omission has yet to be noted. His face simply shouts evil; a predatory cunning, boundless greed, ingenuous iniquity. His body is of a rounded stoutness, with short arms and huge, clumsy hands. A ten-year-old boy glancing once at his fattish face, with its keen little eyes and its vulture beak, would scorn to trust Doc with his cheapest marble.

Yet the shrewdest of adults come to tolerate him after a second or third glance, and for a very simple reason: It is too incredible that any man should be so evil of purpose as Doc frankly seems to be; impossible that Nature should have been so crudely obvious. Many of these students of human nature swiftly convince themselves, therefore, that he is a babe for guile and must carry a heart of gold. This reasoning flatters their perspicuity and they forthwith warm to the rugged cattleman from Oklahoma, which is often—oh, regularly often!—to their cost; for Doc is Denver Doc and has most amazingly the precise character his face says he has. You see the paradox and I have tried to expound it. I can imagine no other line of reasoning in his victims to explain Doc's very notable success as a buccaneer—one of the modern breed that go about the sea in ships for the sole purpose of playing at games of chance with their fellow passengers.

In common with those who now and again traverse the great white waterway I had often speculated as to the look and manner of these craftsmen, picturing them as plausible, tastefully garbed, insinuating villains, who would be thought anything but what they were. And Denver Doc drew another picture.

In crossing the year before I had encountered him and his two adjutants, encountering also my wise friend Ben, of the New York Central Office, retired. Ben promptly catalogued the three for me: Doc, in his slouch hat and country-tailored suit, hung profusely with the insignia of all known fraternal orders, from scimitar to elk's teeth; old Sam Joyce, a shade less alarming than Doc, but still rather incredible for the president of the First National Bank of Kansas City, or Galveston, or Fort Worth, as might be; and Velvet Eddie, tall, decorous, subdued, with the chastened geniality of a funeral director. And Ben did more than catalogue the trio: he so dismayed them by the mere sarcastic overlooking of their first merry games that they surrendered more or less gracefully the second day out and thereafter made him a fourth in innocent games of casino, chatting amicably meantime of low finance.

And if I record that Ben relented, as to one passenger, it is written merely to show that Denver Doc was an executive of no mean order. On our printed list shone the line: "T. Walsingham Wadleigh and Valet." The mere words had incited Doc's evil fancies to their fullest play. With moist eyes he showed us the name in the smoking room one night and pleaded for the victim.

"Lamp it, Ben," he tearfully urged. "Do you get it?—and Valet. Say, let me prong him, just for that!"

"Who is he?" demanded Ben, himself no more than human about names.

"Why, the Claude settin' right at your own table in the dining room—the one with the socks."

"Him? You sure?" asked Ben.

"I pledge you my word—and wears his handkerchief up his sleeve."

"Go to it!" said Ben grimly.

I gathered that the person in question had in some obscure fashion, perhaps by the possession of too much manner, affronted Ben. Anyway, it was delicately conveyed to me later that he had disembarked at Plymouth much lighter of purse after a coinmatching bout of heroic dimensions with the wealthy cattleman from Oklahoma and the president of the First National Bank of El Paso, which exposed T. Walsingham Wadleigh's need of more than a valet to travel with him, both men looking enough like prosperous burglars.

And here on this spring afternoon was Denver Doc, far from the raging main and gulping hastily of tea while the careless world paraded before him. As I studied his nefarious profile I saw that he reviewed the passing show with a weightier purpose than mere entertainment. His glance ever darted to question the faces of the oncoming throng. His sharp little eyes took toll not only from both sides of the boulevard but guarded the Rue Auber on his left and distantly scanned the frontiers of the Place de l'Opéra. Twice he half started from his chair as though one he sought had shown in the offing; but each time he fell back with muttered irritation. I touched his arm.

"Looking for some one?"

He turned on me the good-fellow smile of his calling.

"Well! Howdy? Howdy? It's certainly good for sore eyes to see you here." He paused and the smile faded into a not-too-cordial look of recognition. "Oh! It's you, is it? Wasn't you with Ben Lockwood on the George Washington last year? Didn't get you at first."

His manner proclaimed that he would have been as well pleased not to get me at all. His eyes roved back to their quest. Plainly I suffered in his esteem for my former companionship with a man who had hurt business for him.

"Ben didn't come over this year," I ventured. "What sort of trip did you have?"

He turned to me heavily.

"Say, on the level, I only wish Ben was here. Ben's a square guy. He'd help Eddie and me."

"Velvet Eddie?" I suggested.

"Yes; him and me made it alone this time. Old Sam had to lay over a trip to get some pivot teeth put in. A hardware man from St. Looey done it. Say, you'd thought that eight hundred dollars of his was his right eye, and old Sam twice his age at that—the coward! But the dentist said he could give Sam a swell new front. Anyway, Eddie and me—say, I might as well tell you about it, long's you're a friend of Ben's." He seared his throat with the fresh tea and breathed hard. "Gee, but that guy's got me foamy in the fighting-top!" he muttered.

"You were going to tell me ——"

Doc's eyes continued to sound the human stream. He spoke adeptly from a mere corner of his roomy mouth.

"Yes, sir; me and Eddie has been played about the worst lowdown trick you ever heard of, and by a man we trusted right down to the ground. But that's the way in this world. And I kept saying to Eddie—if I said it once I said it a dozen times—'Eddie,' I says, 'that guy may be all right, but I think he's crooked. Mark my words! You give him a chance and he'll throw the spear into us.' But Eddie's right back with the Tut! Tut! stuff, telling me I don't know a straight guy when I see one, and pulling a mess of words about this here physiology, or whatever you call it, that shows how a guy's wheels go round inside his bean.

"Eddie's the great boy for that. You might call it a hobby with him. 'I'm a student of physiology,' he says, 'and that guy's as straight as you or me.' So I had to let it go at that. But you can lay chips to coppers Eddie's talking nine different ways from that since last Wednesday. He's back in London doing 'Little Mabel, with her face against the pane'; and I'm waiting to see if the guy won't happen along here. If he does—say, they's liable to be a low, brutal murder right here on the sidewalk—throwing down his only friends like that!

"Yes, sir; Eddie and me befriended him. We was ready to stick by him through thick and thin, understand what I mean? There wasn't nothing we wouldn't have done for him. And what gratitude does he show, what sense of decency? I ask you that! Well, this is what he shows: He ducks out over in London last Wednesday with fifty thousand dollars hard cash money belonging to Eddie and me—about every cent we had, too—just took it away from us. That's what he done! You come right down to it, he ain't no better than a crook!"

I looked amazement and sympathy.

"Fifty thousand!"

"Not a cent less. And here I been three days drinking tea till I'm tanned inside like a leather trunk. Sometimes I think he won't show up. Maybe he beat it for Egypt or Buenos Aires. A guy as low as him is liable to fool you from soda to hock."

Doc quaffed of tea once more. Even over the raised cup his eyes kept to the crowd.

"How did you happen to trust him with so much? Even a psychologist ——"

"We was on that new boat, understand. Everything looks fine; a full passenger list and a bunch that looked as if money bores them stiff. You'd have said yourself before we got past the Hook that a good time was going to be had by all present. Me and Eddie would have giggled at you if you'd offered us two thousand for our takings. We didn't even bother to be strangers to each other. It wasn't

one of them leery crowds that begins to get about half wise in a game, so that me and Eddie has to act nervous and call attention to the little card about gamblers and denounce somebody as a card sharp. They all look easy and liberal, and anxious to start something, so we waited for it, playing casino at two bits a side, getting all excited about it and asking people to look at our hands when they loafed up—you know!

"And then the whole thing went blah. Yes, sir; I'm a Silas with neck whiskers if one o' that bunch would touch a card the whole way over! I tell you they ain't been nothing like it since Hall was hanged in Troy. Seemed like none of them ever saw the ocean before. They'd hang round out on deck playing silly games, or they'd lean over the rail and count the water as it went by; or if they set down they'd wrap up in horse blankets and read these here trashy novels with a girl on the cover. You bet, if I was running one o' them big rafts you wouldn't catch me letting one o' them books be fetched on board. And me and Eddie dealing our lonely casino and listening to the hoarse growls of the smoking-room stewards, who wasn't making a cent either, understand. It was against Nature, that's what it was. Of course I don't believe in superstitions, but you can't tell me they wasn't something queer about our having to walk under that ladder with the two painters on when we got to the dock.

"The second day out we give up. We'd been done. That steamship company had took our good money and give us nothing for it. We copped three, four pools; but even that was like ditchdigging and didn't run to carfare, what with the rake-off that had to go belowstairs. Nothing went right. We run into a storm and it done us no good on earth. What couldn't stay on deck went to bed. And, just to show you, when we bought the low field in the pool that night, having got the office that we'd lay up about three hours for repairs to the shaft or something next morning, the most we can win, side bets and all, is sixty-two dollars—and two thousand would have been just fair. Parties taking their own autos across would bet as much as two whole dollars. Well, it was enough to make a toad sore; you know how you'd feel ——"

I nodded discreetly.

"And I worried about Eddie too. He gets low in his mind when they don't come right. Take him when the getting is good and Eddie is as nice people as you'd care to meet, bar none; other times you'd think the world was ten feet under snow and the shovels had give out. Well, I let him talk to me for hours at a time, thinking it will cheer him. He's always after me to wear sidewhiskers and be more quiet and refined, but I tell him 'Handsome is as handsome does'; and them that I do are plenty. Only this time I promise to do everything he says and quit wearing striped vests—kidding him along, you understand. I even got one o' them disgusting novels for him to read while I played Canfield—and I lose eight thousand to myself at that; so you can see the gypsy's curse was sure on us. Say, it was about as funny as a sidetracked freight car on a rainy day!

"Then one afternoon in the smoking room Eddie looks up from his book and comes to life. I seen the same look in his eyes one time on the Mauretania when a pat straight flush was dealt him—dealt by a perfect stranger, understand. Well, I look round to see what has shined up his lamps. They was a fat old couple, man and wife, that played dominoes every day till they broke up in a row; and a bridal pair drinking ginger ale, sneaking sips out of each other's glass just to be vicious; and a grouchy-looking hick that always kept his gloves on and read magazines—say, he kept up that reading day in and day out till I could have choked him; and then they was an oldish kind of guy that I hadn't noticed before. I seen it must be this one had brought Eddie to life; so naturally I give him the once-over.

"He was little and skinny and stoop-shouldered, and had sandy-gray sidewhiskers, close trimmed, with a kind of a thinnish little mouth that looked like a buttonhole in one of these here yellow overcoats. His clothes was like they keep to wear to church and them places: black cutaway coat and vest, and gray pants that bagged some, and Congress gaiters—yes, sir, the kind with elastic in the sides that you pull on and shine them yourself out in the woodshed Sunday morning; and a black felt hat with a crease in the top; a stiff white shirt with little gold studs; a black satin bowtie; a gold watch-chain and mother-of-pearl cuff-buttons. I was looking how none of his clothes was new and how he seemed sickish. Then he took out his watch, and that give me his number; he kept it in one o' these shammy-skin bags—a watch he had to pop open to see what time it was.

"'Now it's the hour for the dyspepsy dope,' I says to myself. And over he toddles to the little bar-place and asks for a glass of plain water. He shook a powder in and drunk it, while three German stewards looked at him—say, if looks could kill! He wasn't taking a chance on having to let go a tip.

"'Do you get him?' says Eddie, kind of eager, and putting the velvet in his voice.

"'Sure!' I says. 'Who wouldn't? But why the heaving chest and flashing eye? They's no bug under that chip,' I says.

"'I admit he puzzled me momentarily,' says Eddie; 'but then, of course, I'm only a novice in them realms where you pervade. I can't be expected to penetrate those denser obscurities whence you boast the blinding glare of a searchlight,' he says, or something like that; 'so suppose you enlighten me as to why and how and when is yon gentle stranger who has taken his meddy and is now about to settle down for a hot old time with the Christian Bulletin.'

"'Why sure!' I says, coming right back at him. 'You do well, little one, to come to me in your trouble. First, you know, you are on a great big choo-choo boat sailing across the bright blue sea, and if you was to go out and walk off you'd get as wet as anything, and like as not a shiny black fish would swim up ——'

"'Go on, tell me!' he says, and I seen he was getting more excited every minute, watching this old gink with his paper. So I says: 'Very well; but don't you ever dare to breathe a word of it to a single soul or I'll never tell you another thing so long as I live. His name is Jasper Q. Hemingway, and he lives in Cleveland or Buffalo, or one of them jaytowns. He's secretary of the Y. M. C. A., superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School, president of the North Side Building and Loan Association, and vice-president of the Farmers' Mutual Trust and Highly Coöperative Insurance Company, with offices in the Empire Building, where he gets most of it. Counting the ten-thousand life he carries and his salary, the house and lot on North Elm and the street-car shares he grabbed just before they put through that deal for the franchise, his heirs will be fighting over about two hundred thousand dollars tomorrow if that boy up in the wheelhouse gets careless.

"'And it might be a little more,' I went on; 'for I see by his heart line that last October he lets loose of six hundred dollars to a cousin of his wife's that invented a patent churn; Cousin Jas, here, taking fifty-one per cent of the stock for his. This is the first vacation he ever had and he's sorry he took it. He wishes the boat would turn round. He knows things are going wrong in the office and him away only four days. The doctors there can't tell him what's the matter with him; so his wife buffaloed him into trying Carlsbad. And he's mad because he's on to himself. He knows they ain't a thing on earth the matter with him but meanness. He is a snappy little companion. He knows what year everything happened, who invented electricity, what rubber is made of, and how to act in case of drowning. On his person this minute is cash and paper for about one thousand dollars. The cash is ninety dollars in his inside vest pocket and the pocket is pinned with two safety-pins.

"'I could tell you a lot more about him, Eddie, but some way,' I says, 'I don't feel it's quite nice of me to set here talking so free about a perfect stranger. I will only add that he would skin pretty—very pretty, indeed—but it can't be done. No one has ever took a nickel off him since he started with his tin bank at the age of three. Now let's watch some one else,' I says. 'Looking at this one thoroughly, I ain't had such ugly thoughts since the wet winter in Pioche.'

"Well, all this time I'd been guffing to Eddie, trying to get him cheerful in adversity—understand what I mean?—he wasn't doing a thing but keep his eyes on the old boy, freezing to him like one o' these here spotty bird dogs that's got hep to a flock of patridges.

"'You ain't bad on the rough work, Doc,' he says. 'I give you good for the obvious generalities. With a few trifling exceptions, such as that he's New England instead of Cleveland or Buffalo, and that his main graft is banking 'stead of insurance, you get him good as far as you go; but you ain't went far. You pulled up just before the water-jump. Now I'll show you,' he says, 'the advantages of studying physiology'—or whatever that there word is—'which enables the patient student to tunnel under his victim and ground-sluice him while he slumbers in fancied security. Watch me shake the tree of intuition,' he says; 'and when the ripe fruit drops into our hats you'll have something to meditate profoundly about during the long winter evenings that will soon be on us.'

"'Shake on, perfessor,' I says; 'and I got another hat besides this one.'

"'Already I touch the bough gently,' he murmurs; and, sure enough, I see the old party is getting the fidgets under Eddie's gaze. He'll uncross his legs and flap his paper about and pull off his hat to look inside, and finger his necktie and twist on his seat; and then he'll settle again to reading, but only for a minute. And he never looked straight at us, but you knew he was wise to Eddie's eye. Pretty soon he can't bluff it out another minute; so he gets up and stumbles round, pertending to be delighted with the nice new furniture. He works kind of aimless over toward the door and when he gets near it he's outside in one second.

"It was kind of funny; still, any man's liable to get all nervoused up if you give him the eye steady like Eddie done.

"'Now I guess you're wise,' says Eddie.

"'Oh, in a way,' I says. 'I been told so once or twice by people I could trust.'

"'It just goes to show,' he says, 'if I hadn't got powers to look below the surface I wouldn't be any wiser than what you be. My mind works strange,' he says. 'It registers people whether I want to or not. Now I caught this boy the morning we come aboard and paid no attention to him; but here my mind's been working on him ever since and just now it tells me all about him like I'd been through him with a dark lantern. It's great to have a mind like that,' he says. 'Sometimes it scares me.'

"'Does this conclude your part of the evening's entertainment, perfessor?' I asks, seeing him light a cigar like he had finished.

"'It does, my good man,' he says; 'but yours is only just beginning. I hate to trust you with it, Doc. Honestly, I've often thought the only job you're qualified for is night watchman in a department store, where you could get a nice long sleep in the made-up bed they keep in their Bijou Flat Furnished Complete for $89.99. But I suppose I got to rely on you; so do what I tell you—no more, no less.'

"If You Have Any Heart in You, Show a Little Mercy!"

"'It must be terrible to know as much as some folks,' I says, 'especially if you got to tell it all every time you think of it. I must see if I can't get you some throat lozengers; your voice is roughing up.'

"'Go on out now,' he says, paying no attention, 'and walk about on the piazza till you come up with this lad. When you do—now listen!—just stall round like you hadn't a thing above that eighteen-inch collar of yours. That won't be hard for you. Do whatever he does. If he walks you walk—about six feet back of him. If he sets down cop a chair—not too near him. If he leans over the rail you do the same. Don't look much at him, but about every ten minutes give him the cold once-over till he gets it; then look away quick and hum something kind of soft, as if you hadn't wanted him to catch you. The general idea,' he says, 'that I'm trying to smuggle into that sacredly guarded ivory temple of yours is that you're watching him close, but you don't want him to know it—only you're so much of a dub you give the snap away. And don't speak to him whatever he does. If you say a single word to him I'll have you put in irons. Now beat it, while I do something else.'

"'Yes; and I know what it is you're going to do, too,' I says. 'You're going up on the roof and show the captain how to run the ship. I understand he was scared stiff till he found out you was along.'

"'Go on,' he says, 'and remember every word I told you. If I find out you've bungled it they's likely to be a burial at sea.'

"Well, out I go feeling like a fool, because I know this old guy wouldn't play any game on earth for fun, money or marbles. You can tell the kind—never touched a card in his life. You knew he wouldn't bet apples was red, not if you was to give him 'way above track odds on it. But I was willing to humor Eddie, you understand.

"And maybe that little dried apricot didn't give me some walk! First I went all round two decks—say, it's like walking twice round the fairgrounds at home—and no sign of his nibs. Then I climb up to the boatdeck and there he is, hid up back of a ventilator, his hat down and his collar up. I stop about six feet off and let on to be looking out over the wet. Pretty soon I give him the eye, like Eddie says to, then look away quick when he gets me. That happens twice and he moves off, trying to go careless. I move careless too, understand. When he stops I stop. I had to admit it was kind of funny. He stood the eye three or four times, then down he toddles to the next deck and walks that, me trailing him like he had me on a string. If he stops to let me go by I stop too.

"After he tries me out that way some few times he just settles down to walk, and some walker he was, believe me and me having to kind of favor my feet. I says to myself: 'Look here, it's all right to humor a friend, but I want a sweater and some spiked shoes if this Jasper is going to pace me. What I really had ought to have,' I says, 'is a taxi.' Still, it was kind of interesting, understand, to see the way he'd shiver and squirm every time he catches me lamp him. His eyes never hit mine; they'd touch me about the hat or the necktie. And all at once it come over me like a flash that this old boy is afraid of me. But why? That's what causes me to meditate profoundly, as Eddie says.

"Well, anyhow, he walks and walks till I'm ready to shove him off if I get a chance. Then all at once he switches inside and tries to lose me dodging up and down them narrow hallways between staterooms. And, of course, me close up. Then he makes down a side passage and stops at a stateroom door to unlock it. At that I wasn't knowing what to do; but the opposite door opens and out pops Eddie, not looking at the old boy, but giving me the high sign and saying, all velvety:

"'Oh, there you are, Doctor! I've had the steward change us to this stateroom; I fancy we can do our work better here,' he says.

"'Certainly, Colonel,' I says. 'I think you made a wise move; we seem to belong right here.'

"By this time the old boy had got inside and shut his door; but we could hear him breathing hard. Eddie and me walk off a little ways.

"'Look here,' I says, 'if they's to be much of this gumshoe stuff I simply got to have roller-skates. My left tire is down flat.'

"Eddie gives me one bright look and says: 'It's a beautiful case; he's coming pretty.'

"'Coming where?' I says. 'All I can see is the guy's afraid of me.'

"'You ought to go to a good oculist,' says Eddie, 'the minute you land if that's all you can see. But just now you fly up and get into dinner soon's they open. I'll stay on watch. Remember, from now on this lad can't poke his head out that door without one of us being here and sticking to him like wallpaper.'

"'Well,' I says, 'if the little rascal starts walking again you want to get a dogteam and about a thousand dollars' worth of pemmican. As a walker, that boy has got old man Weston looking like Baby's First Step.'

"'Save your monologue,' says Eddie, 'till you can get the big time for it, and hurry up and eat.'

"So up I go, stopping first to get into a pair of easier shoes, and leaving Eddie to loaf round by the door. And I'm in to the table as soon as they let me. I get through soup and fish all right, and I'm mushing round in a dish of this here German goo, and looking merrily forward to some roast goose and a few other things on the bill, when in comes the old boy, followed by Eddie.

"Eddie goes right to his table 'stead of coming to ours; but the old boy don't seem hungry. He orders a little and watches Eddie sideways when he orders for himself, and I can see Eddie paying no attention to him while they wait. They no more than get their dinner when the old joker shoves his plate back and beats it, like he couldn't bear the sight of food. Friend Eddie makes horrible signs to me; so I follow, with a low cry of despair, because the rest of my dinner has just come.

"I catch up with the lad at the top of the stairs and, say, he looks sick—understand what I mean? He ducks out on deck and in a minute there I am, humming lightly under my breath, though God knows I didn't feel like singing. I was afraid the old devil was going to walk from the Battery to High Bridge again. He did start, but I give him such an awful glare he heads into the smoking room and just stood there in the middle of the floor. All right, I thinks, and I sunk into a chair where I could regard him in an evil manner. Then he tetered over to the far side and set down. I take another seat near him and he makes the bluff with his newspaper again; but his face is yellow.

"After a while Eddie comes in and sets down by me, and the lad gives in again and wanders about the room, trying to make out we wasn't there at all. Eddie and I stand up and he can see we're discussing him in low tones. At least that's what it looked like. What it sounded like was me telling Eddie I'd had about enough of the old farm and was going up to the big city where the squirrels didn't bite people, and a man could finish his dinner and get a chance to set down in the plush rocker once in a while now and then from time to time.

"After a minute or two of this out the old dodger goes again and Eddie after him.

"'I'll take him now for a spell,' he says. 'It's good to change on him, and he's coming awful pretty.'

"Maybe That Little Dried Apricot Didn't Give Me Some Walk!"

"'All right,' I says; 'and when they get you where you belong I'll come see you every week; bring you marmalade and take you out to see the goldfish in the fountain, and let you tell me how you're Roosevelt or the King of Europe. I don't think you'll be violent,' I says.

"So I get my feet up and settle down to a good smoke, and try to figure out what hand Eddie's holding so close to his chest; but all the further I can get is that the guy's afraid.

In about an hour Eddie shows up alone.

"'Our little playmate has gone night-night,' he says; 'so come on—we got to go too.'

"'We got to tuck him in and sing Hushaby!' I says. 'Of course I understand that; but you got a sweet tenor voice yourself and likely it would fuss him to have the two of us.'

"'We got to retire to our stateroom,' says Eddie firmly, 'so's he can hear us conversing in low, eager tones, and planning to keep watch on his door all night.'

"'If he listens good he'll hear me tell you some low, eager things about yourself that may puzzle him—but they'll be plain enough to you,' I says.

"Eddie just give me one look and says:

"'I never believed it until this minute, what the explorers tell, about there being a tribe in the interior of Africa so debased that they can't count beyond three. Now it seems God's truth to me.'

"I saw it wasn't any good reasoning with him, so down we go and prop our door open and converse quite a lot, with Eddie saying loud after a while: 'He must be asleep by this time. I'll take the first watch till two-thirty, then call you.' And finally we did get to sleep, me being pretty sore, account of Eddie's not tipping his hand to me.

"You can believe it or not, but I pledge you my word, understand, that Eddie makes us keep that same thing up all next day; has me ready and dressed in the morning so's I am right there when the old boy comes out. And one of us was glued to him every minute after that.

"Finally I begin to get excited myself because of the way our actions is telling on this party. By three o'clock that afternoon he's a pale, sickly green, and he don't dare walk any more. He sets in the smoking room and counts his fingers, giving us a quick look about every thirty minutes. He was certainly coming swift, like Eddie said; but where was he coming to?

"'Tell me this much, anyway,' I begs Eddie that night after dinner: 'Do we do it here or after we land?'—because this was our last night out.

"And Eddie just says:

"'That's up to our anxious little friend. We do it when he asks for it and not a minute before; but I don't mind telling you I apprehend his speedy request for a consultation. That's the superb delicacy of my method. I'm making him do all the fighting and he's licking himself.'

"Of course that mess of words left me knowing a lot more than I had before, with a copper on the chips; so I shut up and worked the eye harder on the old boy. It was about nine o'clock and he was setting across the room from us, kicking the table legs and gnawing his fingernails.

"'It's all over!' says Eddie in a minute. 'What did I tell you?'

"The old guy gets up and does one of his nervous runabouts. When he's near the door he turns and gives us a swift look over his shoulder and motions with his head just before he goes out. Say, I was silly for a minute; but Eddie grabs me and out we go. He pulls me up on the deck and says:

"'Now you remember you're just nobody but old Doctor Mum, of Mumsburg. All you got to do is to keep still and look mean. Part of that will be easy for you.'

"The next minute he rushes me inside and down that gangway to the door of this party's room. He didn't knock; he just grabbed the knob and pushed in like a farmer opening a barndoor in a hurry. And there stood our lad, shaking so he had to grab the bunkrail. Eddie shut the door and just stood a minute looking down at the little old lollop. Then he turns to me.

"'Search him for weapons, Doctor!' he orders. So I frisk the old boy and make sure he ain't got a gun.

"'All right, Colonel,' I says to Eddie; and at that the guy sort of sloshes down on the couch like he didn't have a bone left in him and begins making wheezy gurgles in his throat.

"'Our chase is over, Doctor,' says Eddie. 'We have our man. I never

(Continued on Page 57)

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

Being Guyed and Guided—By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

One Man Encountered, in a Brief Scurry Across Europe, Five Members of the International Association

Abroad We House Our Embassies Up Back Streets, Next Door to Bird and Animal Stores

DURING our recent scientific explorations in the Eastern Hemisphere we met two guides who had served the late Samuel L. Clemens, one who had served the late J. Pierpont Morgan, and one who had acted as courier to ex-President Theodore Roosevelt. After inquiry among persons who were also lately abroad I have come to the conclusion that my experience in this regard was remarkable, not because I met so many as four of the guides who had attended these distinguished Americans, but because I met so few as four of them.

One man with whom I discussed the matter told of having encountered, in the course of a brief scurry across Europe, five members in good standing of the International Association of Former Guides to Mark Twain. All of them had their union cards to prove it too.

Others said that in practically every city of any size visited by them there was a guide who told of his deep attachment to the memory of Mr. Morgan, and described how Mr. Morgan had hired him without inquiring in advance what his rate for professional services a day would be; and how—lingering with wistful emphasis on the words along here and looking meaningly the while at the present patron—how very, very generous Mr. Morgan had been in bestowing gratuities on parting.

Our first experience with guides was at Westminster Abbey. As it happened, this guide was one of the Mark Twain survivors. I think, though, he was genuine; he had documents of apparent authenticity in his possession to help him in proving up his title. Anyhow, he knew his trade. He led us up and down those parts of the Abbey which are free to the general public and brought us finally to a wicket gate, opening on the royal chapels, which was as far as he could go.

Royalties on Royalty

THERE he turned us over to a severe-looking dignitary in robes—an archbishop, I judged, or possibly a canon—who, on payment by us of a shilling a head, escorted our party through the remaining inclosures, showing us the tombs of England's queens and kings, or a good many of them anyway; the Black Prince's helmet and breastplate; the exquisite chapel of Henry the Seventh, and the ancient chair on which all the kings sit for their coronations, with the famous Scotch Stone of Scone under it.

The chair itself was not particularly impressive. It was not nearly so rickety and decrepit as the chairs one sees in almost any London barber shop. Nor was my emotion particularly excited by the stone. I would engage to get a better-looking one out of the handiest rock quarry inside of twenty minutes. This stone should not be confused with the ordinary scones, which also come from Scotland and which are by some people regarded as edible.

What did seem to us rather a queer thing was that the authorities of Westminster should make capital of the dead rulers of the realm and, except on certain days of the week, should charge an admission fee to their sepulchers. Later, on the Continent, we sustained an even more severe shock when we saw royal palaces—palaces that on occasion are used by the royal proprietors—with the quarters of the monarchs upstairs, and downstairs novelty shops and tourist agencies and restaurants, and the like of that.

I jotted down a few crisp notes concerning these matters, my intention being to comment on them as evidence of an incomprehensible thrift on the part of our European kinspeople; but on second thought I decided to refrain from so doing. I recalled the fact that we ourselves are not entirely free from certain petty national economies. Abroad we house our embassies up back streets, next door to bird and animal stores; and at home there is many a public institution where the doormat says Welcome! but the soap is chained and the roller towel is padlocked to its little roller.

Guides are not particularly numerous in England. Even in the places most frequented by the sight-seer they do not abound in any profusion. At Madame Tussaud's, for example, we found only one guide. We encountered him just after we had spent a mournful five minutes in contemplation of ex-President Taft. Friends and acquaintances of Mr. Taft will be shocked to note the great change in him when they see him here in wax. He does not weigh so much as he used to weigh by at least one hundred and fifty pounds; he has lost considerable height too; his hair has turned another color; his mustache is not a close fit any more, either; and he is wearing a suit of English-made clothes.

I Never Knew a Man Who Advanced So Rapidly in a Military Way as He Did During the Course of That One Day

The Land of Pet Murderers

ON LEAVING the sadly altered form of our former Chief Executive we descended a flight of stone steps leading to the Chamber of Horrors. This department was quite crowded with parents escorting their children about. Like America, England appears to be well stocked with parents who make a custom of taking their young and susceptible offspring to places where the young ones stand a good chance of being scared into conniption fits. The official guide was in the Chamber of Horrors. He was piloting a group of visitors about, but as soon as he saw our smaller party he left them and came directly to us; for they were Scotch and we were Americans, citizens of the happy land where tips come from. Undoubtedly the guide knew best.

With pride and pleasure he showed us a representative assortment of England's most popular and prominent murderers. The English dearly love a murderer. Perhaps that is because they have fewer murderers than we have, and have less luck than we do in keeping them alive and in good spirits to a ripe old age. Almost any American community of fair size can afford at least two murderers—one in jail, under sentence, receiving gifts of flowers and angel cake from kind ladies, and waiting for the court above to reverse the verdict in his case because the indictment was shy a comma; and the other out on bail, awaiting his time for going through the same procedure. But with the English it is different.

We rarely hang anybody who is anybody, and only occasionally make an issue of stretching the neck of the veriest nobody. They will hang almost anybody Haman-high, or even higher than that. They do not exactly hang their murderer before they catch him, but the two events occur in such close succession that one can readily understand why a confusion should have arisen in the public mind on these points. First, of all, though, they catch him; and then some morning between ten and twelve they try him. This is a brief and businesslike formality. While the judge is looking in a drawer of his desk to see whether the black cap is handy the bailiffs shoo twelve tradesmen into the jury box. A tradesman is generally chosen for jury service because he is naturally anxious to get the thing over and hurry back to his shop before his helper goes to lunch.

The judge tells the jurors to look on the prisoner, because he is going away shortly and is not expected back; so they take full advantage of the opportunity, realizing it to be their last chance. Then, in order to comply with the forms, the judge asks the accused whether he is guilty or not guilty, and the jurors promptly say he is. His Worship, concurring heartily, fixes the date of execution for the first Friday morning when the hangman has no other engagements. It is never necessary to postpone this event through failure of the condemned to be present. He is always there; there is no record of his having disappointed an audience. So, on the date named he is hanged rather extensively; but after the hanging is over they write songs and books about him and revere his memory.

Our guide was pleased to introduce us to the late Mr. Charles Pease, as done in paraffin, with crêped hair and bright, shiny glass eyes. Mr. Pease was undoubtedly England's most *fashionable* murderer of the past century and his name is imperishably enshrined in the British affections. The guide spoke of his life and works with deep and sincere feeling. He also appeared to derive unfeigned pleasure from describing the accomplishments of another murderer, only slightly less famous than the late Mr. Pease. It seemed that this murderer, after slaying his victim, set to dismembering the body and boiling it. They boil nearly everything in England. But the police broke in and interrupted the job.

Our attention was directed to a large chart showing the form of the victim, the boiled portions being outlined in red and the unboiled portions in black. Considered as a murderer solely this particular murderer may have been deserving of his fame; but when it came to boiling, that was another matter. He showed poor judgment here. It all goes to show that a man should stick to his own trade and not try to follow two or more widely dissimilar callings at the same time. Sooner or later he is bound to slip up.

We found Stratford-upon-Avon to be the one town in England where guides are really abundant. There are as many guides in Stratford as there are historic spots. I started to say that there is at least one guide in Stratford for every American who goes there; but that would be stretching the real facts, because nearly every American who goes to England manages to spend at least a day in Stratford, it being a spot very dear to his heart. The very name of it is associated with two of the most conspicuous figures in our literature. I refer first to Andrew Carnegie; second to William Shakspere. Shakspere, who wrote the books, was born here; but Carnegie, who built the libraries in which to keep the books, and who has done some writing himself, provided money for preserving and perpetuating the relics.

Speaking Polar and Schweitzer

WE FOUND a guide in the ancient schoolhouse where the Bard—I am speaking now of William, not of Andrew—acquired the rudiments of his education; and on duty at the old village church was another guide, who for a price showed us the identical gravestone bearing the identical inscription which, reproduced in a design of burnt wood, is today to be found on the walls of every American household, however humble, whose members are wishful of imparting an artistic and literary atmosphere to their home. A third guide greeted us warmly when we drove to the cottage, a mile or two from the town, where the Hathaway family lived.

Here we saw the high-backed settle on which Shakspere sat, night after night, wooing Anne Hathaway. I myself sat on it to test it. I should say that the wooing could not have been particularly good there, especially for a thin man. That settle has a very hard seat and history does not record that there was a cushion. Shakspere's affections for the lady must indeed have been steadfast. Or perhaps he was of stouter build than his pictures show him to have been.

Guides were scattered all over the birthplace house in Stratford in the ratio of one or more to each room. Downstairs a woman guide presided over a battery of glass cases containing personal belongings of Shakspere's and documents written by him and signed by him. It is conceded that he could write, but he certainly was a mighty poor speller. This has been a failing of many well-known writers. Chaucer was deficient in this regard; and if it were not for a feeling of personal modesty I could apply the illustration nearer home.

Two guides accompanied us as we climbed the stairs to the low-roofed room on the second floor where the creator of Shylock and Juliet was born—or was not born, if you believe what Ignatius Donnelly had to say on the subject. But would it not be interesting and valued information if we could only get the evidence on this point of old Mrs. Shakspere who was undoubtedly present on the occasion? A member of our party, an American, ventured to remark as much to one of the guides; but the latter did not seem to understand him. So the American told him just to keep thinking it over at odd moments, and that he would be back again in a couple of years, if nothing happened, and possibly by that time the guide would have caught the drift of his observation. On second thought, later on, he decided to make it three years—he did not want to crowd the guide, he said, or put too great a burden on his mentality in a limited space of time.

If England harbors few guides the Continent is fairly glutted with them. After nightfall the boulevards of Paris are so choked with them that in places there is standing room only. In Rome the congestion is even greater. In Rome every other person is a guide—sometimes twins. I do not know why, in thinking of Europe, I invariably associate the subject of guides with the the subject of tips. The guides were no greedier for tips than the cabmen, or the hotel helpers, or the railroad hands, or the populace at large. Nevertheless this is true. In my mind I am sure guides and tips will always be coupled, as surely as any of those standard team-word combinations of our language that are familiar to all; as firmly paired off as, for example, Castor and Pollux, or Damon and Pythias, or Fair and Warmer, or Hay and Feed. In the future when I think of one I know I shall think of the other. Also I shall think of languages; but for that there is a reason.

In Venice Even the Simple Gondolier Has a Secret Understanding With All Branches of the Retail Trade

Tipping—the giving of tips and the occasional avoidance of giving them—takes up a good deal of the tourist's time in Europe. At first reading, the arrangement advised by the guidebooks, of setting aside ten per cent of one's bill for tipping purposes, seems a better plan and a less costly one than the indiscriminate American system of tipping for each small service at the time of its performance. The trouble is that this arrangement does not work out so well in actual practice as it sounds in theory.

On the day of your departure you send for your hotel bill. You do not go to the desk and settle up there after the American fashion. If you have learned the ropes you order your room waiter to fetch your bill to you, and in the privacy of your apartment you pore over the formidable document wherein every small charge is fully specified, the whole concluding with an impressive array of items regarding which you have no prior recollection whatsoever. Considering the total, you put aside an additional ten per cent, calculated for division on the basis of so much for the waiter, so much for the boots, so much for the maid and the porter, and the cashier, and the rest of them. It is not necessary that you send for these persons in order to confer your farewell remembrances on them; they will be waiting for you in the hallways. No matter how early or late the hour of your leaving may be, you find them there in a long and serried rank.

You distribute bills and coins until your ten per cent is exhausted and then you are pained to note that several servitors yet remain, lined up and all expectant, owners of strange faces that you do not recall ever having seen before, but who are now on hand with claims, real or imaginary, on your purse. Inasmuch as you have a deadly fear of being remembered afterward in this hotel as a piker, you continue to dip down and to fork over, and so by the time you reach the tail end of the procession your ten per cent has grown to twelve or fifteen per cent, or even more.

As regards the tipping of guides for their services, I hit on a fairly satisfactory plan, which I gladly reveal here for the benefit of my fellow man. I think it is a good idea to offer the guide, on parting, about twice as much as you think he is entitled to, which will be about half as much as he expects. From this starting point you then work toward each other, you conceding a little from time to time, he abating a trifle here and there, until you have reached a happy compromise on a basis of fifty-fifty; and so you part in mutual good will.

The average American, on the eve of going to Europe, thinks of the European as speaking each his own language. He conceives of the Poles speaking Polar; of the Hollander talking Hollandaise; of the Swiss as employing Schweitzer for ordinary conversations and yodeling when addressing friends at a distance—and so on. Such, however, is rarely the case. Nearly every person with whom one comes in contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of several tongues beside his or her own. It is true this does not apply to Italy, where the natives mainly stick to Italian; but then Italian is not a language—it is a calisthenic.

Our train, going from Florence to Rome, stopped at a small way station in the mountains. As soon as the little locomotive had panted itself to a standstill the train hands, following their habit, piled off the cars and engaged in a tremendous confab with the assembled officials on the platform. Immediately all the loafers in sight joined in. A drowsy hillsman, muffled to his back hair in a long brown cloak, and with buskins on his legs such as a stage bandit wears, was dozing against the wall. He looked as though he had stepped right out of a comic opera to add picturesqueness to the scene.

Acrobatic Tongues

HE ROUSED himself and joined in; so did a bearded party who, to judge by his uniform, was either a Knight of Pythias or a general in the army; so did all the rest of the crowd. In ten seconds they were jammed together in a hard knot, and going it on the high speed with the muffler off, fine white teeth shining, arms flying, shoulders shrugging, spinal columns writhing, mustaches rising and falling, legs wriggling, scalps and ears following suit. Feeding hour in the parrot cage at the Zoo never produced anything like so noisy and animated a scene. In these parts acute hysteria is not a symptom—it is merely a state of mind.

A waiter in soiled habiliments hurried up, abandoning chances of trade at the prospect of something infinitely more exciting. He wanted to stick his oar into the argument. He had a few pregnant thoughts of his own craving utterance—you could tell that; but he was handicapped into a state of dumbness by the fact that he needed both arms to balance a tray of wine and sandwiches on his head. Merely using his voice in that company would not have counted. He stood it as long as he could, which was not very long, let me tell you. Then he slammed his tray down on the platform and, with one quick movement, jerked his coat sleeves back to his elbows, and inside thirty seconds he had the floor in both hands, as it were. He conversed mainly with the Australian crawl stroke, but once in a while switched to the Spencerian free-arm movement and occasionally introduced the Chautauqua salute with telling effect.

On the Continent guides, as a class, excel in the gift of tongues—guides and hotel concierges. The concierge at our hotel in Berlin was a big, upstanding chap, half Russian and half Swiss, and therefore qualified by his breeding to speak many languages; for the Russians are born with split tongues and can give cards and spades to any talking crow that ever lived; while the Swiss lag but little behind them in linguistic aptitude. It seemed such a pity that this man was not alive when the hands knocked off work on the Tower of Babel; he could have put the job through without extending himself.

No matter what the nationality of a guest might be—and the guests were of many nationalities—he could talk with that guest in his own language or in any other language the guest might fancy. I myself was sorely tempted to try him on Coptic and early Aztec; but I held off. My Coptic is not what it once was; and, partly through disuse

and partly through carelessness, I have allowed my command of early Aztec to fall off pretty badly these last few months.

All linguistic freakishness is not confined to the Continent. The English, who are popularly supposed to use the same language we ourselves use, sometimes speak with a mighty strange tongue. A great many of them do not speak English; they speak British, a very different thing. An Englishwoman of breeding has a wonderful speaking voice—as pure as a Boston woman's and more liquid; as soft as a Southern woman's and with more attention paid to the r's. But the Cockney type—Wowie! During a carriage ride in Florence with a mixed company of tourists I chanced to say something of a complimentary nature about something English, and a little London-bred woman spoke up and said: "Thenks! It's vurry naice of you to sezzo 'm sure." Some of them talk like that—honestly they do!

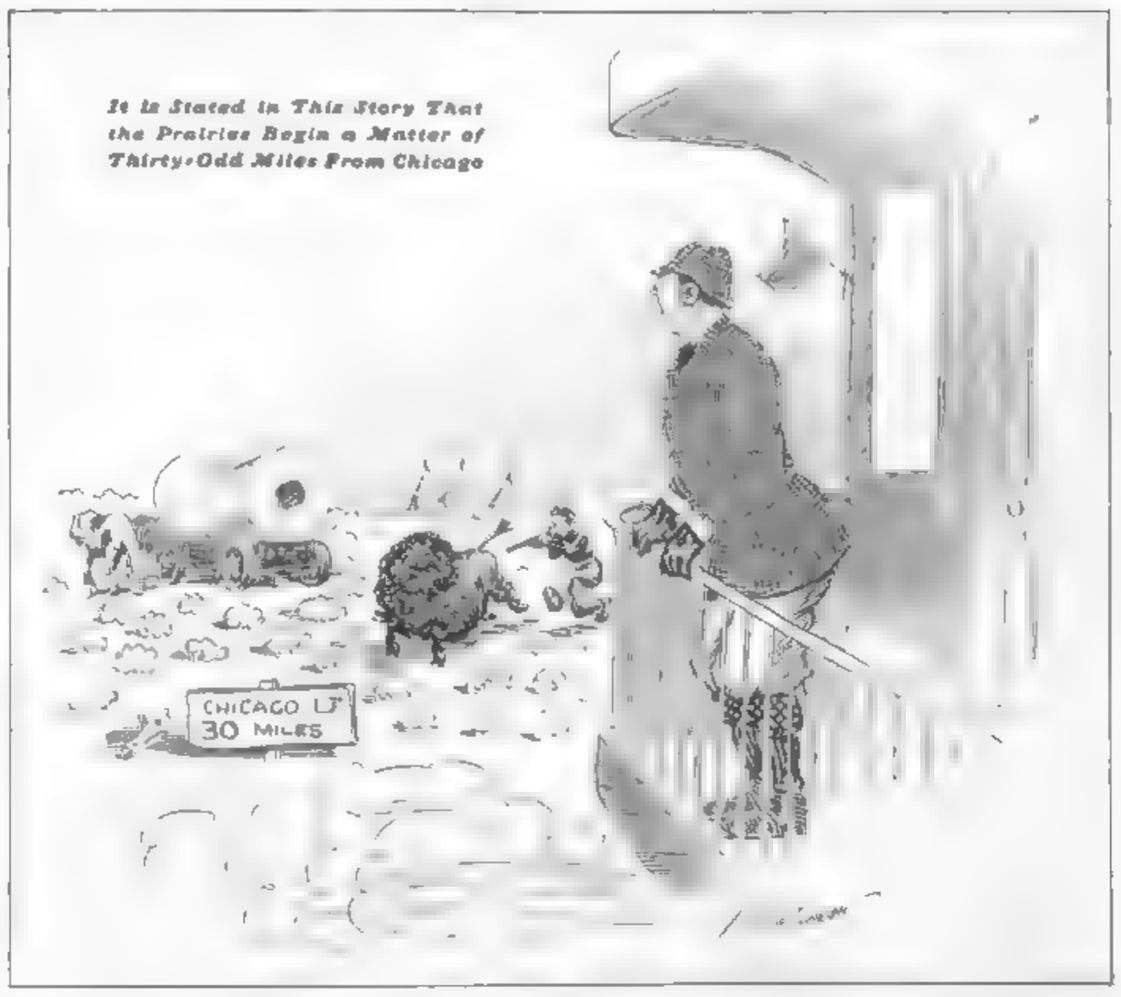
Though Americo-English may not be an especially musical speech, it certainly does lend itself most admirably to slang purposes. Here again the Britishers show their inability to utilize the vehicle to the full of its possibilities. England never produced a Billy Baxter or a George Ade, and I am afraid she never will. Most of our slang means something; you hear a new slang phrase and instantly you realize that the genius who coined it has hit on a happy and a graphic and an illuminating expression; that at one bound he rose triumphant above the limitations of the language and tremendously enriched the working vocabulary of the man in the street. Whereas an Englishman's idea of slinging slang is to scoop up at random some inoffensive and well-meaning word that never did him any harm and apply it in the place of some other word, to which the first word is not related, even by marriage. And look how they deliberately mispronounce proper names! Everybody knows about Cholmondeley and St. John. But take the Scandinavian word fjord. Why, I ask you, should the English insist on pronouncing it Ferguson?

American Slang From British Pens

AT OXFORD, the seat of learning, Magdalen is pronounced Maudlin, probably in subtle tribute to the condition of the person who first pronounced it so. General-admission day is not the day you enter, but the day you leave. Full term means three quarters of a term. An ordinary degree is a degree obtained by a special examination.

An inspector of arts does not mean an inspector of arts, but a student; and from this point they go right ahead, getting worse all the time.

When an Englishman undertakes to wrestle with American slang he makes a fearful hash of it. In an English magazine I read a short story, written by an Englishman who is regarded by a good many persons, competent to judge, as being the cleverest writer of English alive today. The story was beautifully done from the standpoint of composition; it bristled with flashing metaphors and whimsical phrasing. The scene of the yarn was supposed to be Chicago and naturally the principal figure in it was a millionaire. In one place the author has this person saying, "I reckon you'll feel pretty mean," and in another place, "I reckon I'm not a man with no pull."



It Is Stated in This Story That the Prairies Begin a Matter of Thirty-Odd Miles From Chicago

Another character in the story says, "I know you don't cotton to the march of science in these matters," and speaks of something that is unusual as being "a rum affair." A walled state prison, presumably in Illinois, is referred to as a "convict camp"; and its warden is called a "governor" and an assistant keeper is called a "warder"; while a Chicago daily paper is quoted as saying that "larrikins" directed the attention of a policeman to a person who was doing thus and so.

The writer describes a "mysterious mere" known as Pilgrim's Pond, "in which they say"—a prison official is supposed to be talking now—"our fathers made witches walk until they sank." Descendants of the original Puritans who went from Plymouth Rock, in the summer of 1621, and founded Chicago, will recall this pond distinctly. Cotton Mather is buried on its far bank, and from there it is just twelve miles to Salem, Massachusetts. It is stated also in this story that the prairies begin a matter of thirty-odd miles from Chicago, and that to reach them one must first traverse a "perfect no man's land." Englewood and South Chicago papers please copy.

Getting back again to guides, I am reminded that our acquaintanceship with the second member of the Mark Twain brotherhood was staged in Paris. This gentleman wished himself on us one afternoon at the Hôtel des Invalides. We did not engage him; he engaged us, doing the trick with such finesse and skill that before we realized it we had been retained to accompany him to various points of interest in and round Paris. However, we remained under his control one day only. At nightfall we wrested ourselves free and fled under cover of darkness to German soil, where we were comparatively safe.

I never knew a man who advanced so rapidly in a military way as he did during the course of that one day. Our own national guard could not hold a candle to him. He started out at ten A. M. by being an officer of volunteers in the Franco-Prussian War; but every time he slipped away and took a nip out of his private bottle, which was often, he advanced in rank automatically. Before the dusk of evening came he was a corps commander, who had been ennobled on the field of battle by the hand of Napoleon the Third.

He took us to Versailles. We did not particularly care to go to Versailles that day, because it was raining; but he insisted and we went. In spite of the drizzle we might have enjoyed that wonderful place had he not been constantly at our elbows, gabbling away steadily, except when he excused himself for a moment and stepped behind a tree, to emerge a moment later wiping his mouth on his sleeve. Then he would return to us, with an added gimpiness in his elderly legs, an increased expansion of the chest inside his tight and shiny frock coat, and a fresh freight of richness on his breath, to report another deserved promotion.

The Brigadier's Boast

AFTER he had eaten luncheon—all except such portions of it as he spilled on himself—the colonel grew confidential and chummy. He tried to tell me an off-color story and forgot the point of it, if indeed it had any point. He began humming the Marseillaise Hymn, but broke off to say he expected to live to see the day when a column of French troops, singing that air, would march up Unter den Linden to stack their arms in the halls of the Kaiser's palace. I did not take issue with him. Every man is entitled to his own wishes in those matters; but later on, when I had seen something of the Kaiser's standing army, I thought to myself that when the French troops did march up Unter den Linden they would find it a tolerably hard trip, and if there was any singing done a good many of them probably would not be able to join in the last verse.

Immediately following this our conductor confided to me that he had once had the honor of serving Mr. Clemens, whom he referred to as Mick Twine. He told me things about Mr. Clemens of which I had never heard. I do not think Mr. Clemens ever heard of them either. Then the brigadier—it was now after three o'clock, and between three and three-thirty he was a brigadier—drew my arm within his.

"I, too, am an author," he stated. "It is not generally known, but I have written much. I wrote a book of which you may have heard—The Wandering Jew." And he tapped himself on the bosom proudly.

I said I had somehow contracted a notion that a party named Sue—Eugène Sue—had something to do with writing the work of that name.

"Ah, but you are right there, my friend," he said. "Sue wrote The Wandering Jew the first time—as a novel, merely; but I wrote him much better—as a satire on the anti-Semitic movement."

I surrendered without offering to strike another blow and from that time on he had his own way with us. The day, as I was pleased to note at the time, had begun mercifully to draw to a close; we were driving back to Paris, and he, sitting on the front seat, had just attained the highest post in the army under the régime of the last Empire, when he said:

(Continued on Page 65)

Friends and Acquaintances of Mr. Taft Will be Shocked to Note the Great Change in Him When They See Him Here in Wax

Feeding Hour in the Parrot Cage at the Zoo Never Produced Anything Like So Noisy and Animated a Scene

THE LANTESCANE ROSES

By Grace Ellery Channing

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

"Take All the Time You Want. I'll Stroll Toward the Piazza"

PERSIS pushed her coffee cup away and leaned back in her chair with a little frown. She was distinctly though vaguely unhappy, as no one has right to be on a terrace, with the Mediterranean spread out below, a blue tent of air above, blossoming oleanders nearby, and a viny pergola in the distance. Let us add, also, a well-spread breakfast table before one.

A well-spread breakfast consists precisely of a pot of coffee, another of hot milk, a tiny one of cream, a pat or a square of butter, and two crisp brown rolls. The remains of exactly this ideal breakfast, multiplied by two, which is the only known means to improve it, stood at this very moment on the table between Persis and her husband.

I have forgotten to mention the husband before. Yet he was very much there; and really there seemed to be no reason, at first blush, why he should not be included in the list of causes why Persis ought not to have been even vaguely unhappy. Yet Tom More, innocent as he both looked and was of the fact, was the very essence of his wife's discontent.

For Persis had hoped for a thing that had not come to pass, a thing almost as vague as her unhappiness because it had not come to pass. She had fondly fancied that when Tom and she were once in Italy together something would happen to their lives. Just what, she herself hardly knew, but something—a something that would render existence quite different from existence as it had been in their fairly expensive apartment in New York.

For one thing, there would be less business about it; it would be that much farther from Tom's office and Wall Street. As a matter of fact, Tom had nothing at all to do with Wall Street, except to bank there; but to Persis that served as a convenient synonym for all Business, with a big B, which devoured her husband's days—not that she had anything to complain of specially or was of a complaining disposition; she had been very reasonably happy during all the years of her married life, but she wanted more—to be unreasonably happy. And it is to her credit, or to that of those who reared her, that she preferred to be so with her own husband. She nursed no secret flames; she had really never seen anybody she liked better than her husband.

Tom More was essentially a good fellow—even his wife thought so; but she had expected her husband to be something more than a good fellow, at least as regarded herself. She did not for a moment question his loyalty or devotion; it was patent that he loved her—in his own way—only sometimes she would have liked to be loved in another way. And latterly it had struck her that she detected in him the faint first beginnings of a certain matter-of-courseness which she justly resented, seeing there is nothing less a matter of course than marriage.

For his part Tom seemed satisfied enough. He was busy; that was the real difference in their case. There was between them that great and growing gulf which America makes between the keen man of business and the cultured woman he marries, who goes on culturing on his money. Tom's days were spent chiefly at his office, making money, and Persis' days were spent in spending. With the money Tom made she attended functions, clubs, lectures, theaters, operas; taking in with an admirable catholicity of spirit whatever came her way—Grierson, Ibsen, Bergson, the Academy Show, the Futurists and the Russian dancers.

Tom was pleased that she was amusing herself, and proud of her culture, even when that a little amused him. He had conscientiously tried to fulfill the American man's ideal of giving his wife everything she wanted, never doubting that what she wanted must be good for her to have; and, therefore, when she wanted a European trip he immediately offered to send her over with anybody she would name. Persis, however, wanted a European trip precisely with him. There were in her, unsuspected by her husband, certain loyalties of sentiment.

It had not been an easy thing for Tom to get away, even for two months; but Persis' augmenting unrest, culminating finally in a visit to an eminent physician, who had addressed a few cryptic sentences to Tom in private, had led Tom to see new light on his duty as an American husband. The trip, the doctor had said with a shrug, might save a nervous breakdown.

Tom had been horrified at the very notion of Persis' having nerves. He remembered hastily all the nervous invalids in their circle, and that Persis had indeed been what Tom charitably called almost irritable more than once of late; and he instantly subordinated business to Persis. Between the two there could not be a moment's question. Business, after all, existed mainly in order that Persis might be suitably supported. He spoke cheerfully to Persis of the European trip.

"Anything to make you happy, Persis!"

And they had a really good time planning it. They had had a good time carrying it out as well, as two well-bred and well-meaning persons are likely to do in traveling through interesting places. Once having come, Tom had thrown himself into the trip with the same energy he would have devoted to Construction—which was his branch of Big Business—at home; his thorough and tenacious grasp of Baedeker at times almost got on those nerves that Persis was supposed to have left behind. On the whole, however, they had had a very good time indeed. Persis had no just cause for grievance or discontent; merely she had made the disconcerting discovery that they remained substantially the same persons in Italy they had been in New York.

Up to now nothing had happened materially to alter their relations to life or to each other, and now they were on their lingering way up to Genoa, to take their steamer back—back to the same colorless life as Persis saw it; back to the same gorgeous and varied world where things were done according to her husband's vision of it.

And all the time Italy was getting more colorful every hour, with an ardor of conscious life to come that made all Persis' untried capacities for living cry out for satisfaction, for something to happen to her too.

With the vague hope of making it happen, she opened the one note that was her meager portion of their mail, glanced through it and laid it down.

"We are just going to miss Janet Seabury," she observed languidly.

Her husband, from the midst of his letters, without looking up, murmured an absent "That so?" They had just made connection with their mail, and his was, speaking continentally, of a largeness. Persis glanced at it with resentment. By the printed letterheads she knew they were business—that business she hoped they had left behind in America.

Persis frowned once more; and her discontented eyes, wandering across the terrace background of ilex and oleanders, were suddenly caught and arrested by another pair of eyes, belonging to the only other occupant of the terrace.

They were dark eyes—naturally, Persis would have told you, since they belonged to an Italian; actually there are plenty of blue-eyed Italians, beginning with His Majesty, the king—but these were the perfect dark Italian eyes of fiction, of the opera, of one's dreams in one's early Italian period. They were set in a very handsome face to match and were fixed on Persis without any effort on the part of their owner to disguise his interest in her.

It was quite a moment before Persis, absorbed in her train of thought, woke to their import; then she turned her own deliberately away, drawing herself up, at the same time, very slightly in a way that carried reproof. Not for nothing had Persis been well brought up.

The owner of the eyes smiled, ever so slightly too, beckoned to a waiter, paid his score, rose, bowed like a well-bred foreigner to their table impersonally in passing, and went on his way. Now that he was not looking, Persis' eyes followed him thoughtfully. He was undeniably suited to the landscape—she could not say why.

She fell to studying her husband. He was a fine, clean and lean American, as typical of one type as the Italian was of another. One felt that Tom More's cleanness ran, like the scarlet thread of the British navy, all through. His hair was brown; his color fresh, but not ruddy, because he was American, not English; his teeth were white, and his blue eyes held ever imminent the glint of their racial and inimitable humor, unmistakable as the Celt's, but usually were serious and determined as a man's must be who wars daily for his own bread and his wife's diamonds and automobiles.

Really there seemed to be no reason why he, too, might not have fitted into the landscape, thought Persis, if only —— She sighed ever so little. Immediately her husband looked up.

"Tired?" he asked with concern. "Didn't you sleep last night?"

Persis shook her head, which might be an answer to either question, and returned one of her own:

"What are we going to do to-day?"

"Whatever you like," replied her husband promptly, qualifying with—"just as soon as I've dashed off a few notes. These"—he indicated some of the obnoxious letterheads—"have been twice forwarded. Burton must be dancing in the air by now."

"Oh, take all the time you want," said Persis politely. She took up her parasol. "I'll stroll toward the Piazza, I think; it looks like a pretty place."

"All right; I'll overtake you somewhere. Can't lose oneself in a place the size of a pocket handkerchief."

Persis made no reply; she did not even turn her head. It was the only sign she gave of her annoyance, but husbands acquire a sixth sense; and, by the pricking of his sixth sense, Tom was led to look after his wife, vaguely questioning. He even hesitated a moment, but those letters were quite too important—they meant more motor

cars and things for Persis in the future; so he compromised by rushing up the hotel steps to dash them off at top speed, as the best concession to a divided duty. Persis was just disappearing down the winding Way.

She dawdled on, twirling her parasol handle impatiently as she went. She was as nearly annoyed as she ever allowed herself to be. A Way barren of all happenings stretched before her mental eyes, sheer up to that steamer plank in Genoa and down on the other side to Broadway. Nothing would ever happen, she knew now.

That section of it immediately under her vision was, however, a very pretty Way indeed, consolingly so. It ran in curves above the cliff, bordered on one side by high-walled villas and on the other by a line of oleanders and tamarisks, through which the blue, marvelously modified by the rose and green and smoky mauves, played an astounding color scale.

Persis was no student of color, for all the Academy shows and the Futurists; so she merely felt the charm—but she did feel it. Over the villa's walls roses smiled and the tops of promising trees beckoned, and every now and then she came to an iron gateway which, closed or open, equally promised mysterious things within. To stroll down such a Way on such a day might, thought Persis, under certain circumstances mean a great many things, and she sighed.

The air streamed its filtered sunshine down; there were sounds within the sounds, odors within the fragrances—and all this was thrown away. Here she was, sauntering alone, and Tom fathoms deep in business, for all the world as though she had been—as she usually was—alone in New York and Tom in his office! Tom responded to none of these influences. Just what effect she expected them to have on him she hardly knew; but some effect. And already she perceived this was a delusion.

She had come in her wandering to another iron gateway between two posts, through which great masses of roses waved jubilantly to her. She drew nearer to read the name on the enameled plate.

"Villa Lant ~Lantes——" She tried the syllables aloud.

"Lantescane," pronounced a voice for her.

She looked up. It was her neighbor of the breakfast table, who smilingly corrected her pronunciation, his eyes on her face. And now he removed his hat politely.

"It is my villa," he said with a strong accent, adding quietly: "I am Count Lantescane, at the signora's service."

Persis blushed crimson.

"I was only looking——" she began stupidly.

"At the roses?" he politely interrupted her. "Every one does. But will you not enter? The grounds are open to the public." Persis hesitated, looked once up the road, saw no signs of Tom, felt what is commonly called a just resentment and entered.

"It is no longer what it was," said the count with a slight sigh; "but the park is pretty. We have a rather good fountain and in the house a few really good pictures!"

He walked beside her with a simplicity that put Persis instantly at ease. After all, it was a very simple thing. The grounds were open to the public, for presently they encountered other strollers, and the count's manner was irreproachable in its courtesy. If his eyes dwelt on her as the eyes of an American man never do, it was with a perfectly respectful homage. He might have, and as a matter of fact he would have, looked at her exactly the same if Tom had been there.

Now the peril as well as the charm of such looking—to the looked-at—is that the more one looks at you thus, the better worth looking at you become. The eye of the beholder does in such a case bring beauty with it, and to both the bringer and the brought there is a pleasantness in the result calculated to lead to and even to justify courting the means.

In her own country Persis was a pretty, graceful woman, who passed unnoted among a million more; but by the time she had made the tour of the little park—she refused to enter the house—and was coming out of the gate again with her arms full of deep-red roses, she was a raving beauty—or, at any rate, near enough it for Tom, hastening with long and conscience-stricken strides along the road, to halt with extreme abruptness at the sight, and pull off his hat with another odd pricking of that acquired sixth sense of his. The count raised his hat and Persis briefly presented the two men to each other.

"I have been giving myself the honor of showing madame my little place," said the count.

"Giving her your garden, too, I see," remarked Tom. "Thanks, very much; flowers are a passion with my wife."

"Ah, indeed!" murmured the count, as though he heard it for the first time, letting his eyes stray meditatively from one to the other of them. "She must not lack them, then, in San Carlo. You are staying some days?"

"More or less," answered Tom, raising his hat.

"In that case we shall meet again."

The count bowed courteously, bringing his heels together, allowed his eyes to rest for a discreet moment on Persis, and turned away. "Seems a decent sort of chap, the count," observed Tom cheerfully, possessing himself of Persis' parasol and holding it dutifully over her head.

Persis did not immediately reply. She was still experiencing the exhilaration that comes of seeing oneself in a flattering mirror, and felt subtly young and excited. As it was not an emotion she could share with her husband, she sought and found an outlet for it in an artistically worked-up enthusiasm for a necklace of beryl and amethyst scarabs, strung on a wire of gold, in a curio-shop window to which they presently came, and beneath the awning of which they halted for protection from the blazing sun. She expressed so much admiration for it that Tom went in and priced it, returning with a fabulously named price, which Persis, ashamed at the success of her insincerity, vetoed.

Tom himself pronounced it rather a faded show for the money, and suggested a cab back to the hotel, mopping his brow the while. He was amazed to have his suggestion gracefully accepted—not that Persis was tired. It was a long time since she had felt so untired, so gayly alive; but she sat back against the carriage seat and let her gaze follow the dreaming sea below, while the red roses in her lap wilted apace.

"You'd better throw those things away and let me buy you some more," said her husband, observing their state as he handed her from the carriage at the hotel.

"Funny these roses can't stand their own climate better! I don't blame them, though; they look just as I feel."

"It is the Lantescane rose; it has been in the count's family for generations," said Persis, a trifle piqued. She did not add, as the count had done, that he did not give it to everybody.

"A family rose, really!" said Tom with a grin. "They run that family racket harder than a Bostonian, don't they? Family trees I know; but a family rose tree——"

Persis did not reply; but she took the roses up to her room and put them in water, and when she dressed for dinner that night she fastened one to her gown. Then she stepped out on the tiny balcony, throwing the casements wide to the evening breeze. After all, it had been rather a nice day—almost as if something had happened. Below them the gulf of blue water, now opalescent, was studded with the looped-up sails of boats drifting home. And the boatmen were singing; somebody was playing a mandolin.

"Oh!" exclaimed Persis, flinging out her arms. "Isn't it wonderful!"

Tom, standing beside her, gave the scenery an honest and appraising look.

"It is certainly mighty pretty," he conceded.

Persis turned on him.

"Confess! This is better than Broadway?"

The hint of a smile parted her husband's lips.

"They're rather different, aren't they? I admit this is prettier; but if you want me to say I honestly prefer it—I can't."

"Well, I do!" flashed his wife with emphasis. "I could live here forever!"

Tom looked apologetic and slightly troubled; he did not want Persis to live here forever. When he spoke it was diffidently.

"Well, I dare say if I had been caught young—young enough—I should feel that way too; but as it is, honestly I think a little of it goes quite a long way. I'm used to being busy, you see," he explained apologetically. "It's different with you." To make a complete job of it he added: "And, after all, I don't see that it's so awfully much better than the Hudson."

The Hudson! And being busy! For a moment Persis wished they had never come. Her silence was eloquent and affected her husband as eloquence is meant to do. He followed her humbly down the stairs. Persis was all at once wondering whether the count dined in the hotel.

He not only dined there, but was their opposite at the table d'hôte; and, though he addressed himself almost exclusively to Tom, he made Persis aware, by forestalling all her little wants, that he lost no movement of hers; and his eyes told her that his Lantescane roses became her.

After dinner the two men smoked cigarettes in the garden and struck up a kind of acquaintance. Persis did not smoke—she severely disapproved of it for women; but to-night, following from her terrace the moving lights of the cigarettes, she half regretted her piety. Men were such companionable creatures! They seemed to find plenty to talk about. The count was a very intelligent man and a gentleman; Tom, by that birthright of the American man of affairs, was eminently a good mixer. Persis sighed and went to bed.

The next morning she woke with the sense of a little new interest in life, though it was some moments before she could remember what it was. She looked out a fresh waist from her store, fluffed her pretty hair with unusual care, and stepped out on the terrace to order coffee, while Tom stopped to get the mail.

She did not know what she expected, yet there was expectancy in the glance that swept the terrace. Nothing was there save an orderly array of tables, chairs and waiters; but on one of these, precisely that set apart for Tom and herself, flamed a great torch of crimson roses. Then at once Persis knew what it was she had expected, and her cheeks sent forth a tiny answering flame. She asked a quick question of the waiter who respectfully drew forth her chair.

"*Da dove?*" It was almost all her Italian, but she supplemented with it a gesture even more Italian.

"From the garden of the *signore conte*," replied the waiter respectfully, accurately shoving the chair under her with an adroitness born of a lifetime of chair shoving. And at

No Doubt He Flirted With Every American Who Came Along

"I Am Count Lantescane, at the Signora's Service"

that moment the noise of another chair being shoved caused Persis to glance up, to meet the eyes of the Count of Lantescane, with a little smile in them, as he glanced from her to the roses and bowed. She asked no more questions, except of herself. Ought she to tell Tom? She decided that she ought—at least if he showed the least symptom of noticing, and she waited for his approach with indecision.

He came with downbent head, reading his letters as he came, and handing hers silently sat down, without observation or comment, and fell to an intent perusal of business. Persis watched him with mingled exasperation and relief. After all, it would be time enough if it happened again, she reflected. Meantime she kept her own gaze discreetly on her plate; and it was only when he paused for a brief morning salutation on his way out that the count's eyes found an opportunity to tell her she was even more charming this morning than she had been yesterday. Persis ostentatiously left the roses on the table.

The next morning there were fresh ones, and a fresh smile from the count as he openly regarded them and her in turn. Persis decided she would speak seriously to Tom if he betrayed even the smallest sign of intelligence in the matter; but he betrayed none. Apparently he supposed roses grew glued to their breakfast table or else that a benevolent Italian landlord furnished them free and fresh; or, more likely, thought Persis, he never even saw them at all. Something was happening to steel and iron just then, and Tom read his way unseeing through most of his meals. Persis decided to wait.

Every day thereafter fresh Lantescane roses appeared at Persis' plate, and each morning the dark eyes of the count saluted her with their little secret smile of deepening understanding. That was all, but it was enough. It was, indeed, abominably too much! To have an understanding, a continued understanding, with a man about which your husband knew nothing! The count, however, contrived to throw about it an amazing glamour of naturalness. His manner to Tom caused Persis alternately to shrink from his duplicity and to admire his command of the situation. And Tom went on reading his letters and Baedeker.

At first Persis told herself that to mention the matter was to make too much of it; later she came to feel there was quite too much of the matter to make it mentionable. She had tacitly accepted the roses by the mere fact of not rejecting them; she had also tacitly accepted the count's smiles by the mere fact of not rejecting those. Tom would wonder why; he might even resent it.

Well, Persis resented the presence of the big B, which prevented him from seeing what she had certainly taken no particular pains to hide. She carefully cultivated this resentment—she had to; it was her only justification—until with this simple and slender implement of wrath she had accomplished marvels. Not only did it enable her to go on accepting the roses, but it eventually permitted her to return smile for smile as she exchanged bow for bow, while Tom was unfolding his everlasting paper.

And here is the curious point: to have accepted smilingly the count's bows, smiles and roses would have been as nothing, the mere commonplace of polite intercourse, if Tom had been a party to the transaction; the whole quality of the adventure lay in Tom's ignorance, his willful ignorance, thought Persis severely.

The count was the great man of San Carlo, she had discovered. The last of his ruined family, he retained the almost feudal prestige of a time when the little village had been an appanage of the Lantescane lordship. His acquaintance with them, distant though it was, gave them increased importance with the people of the hotel. And he was more than discreet. If he looked at Persis he talked with Tom—when he talked at all—only now and then addressing a few phrases to Persis; but those few phrases were spoken in another tone of voice and with another manner, which subtly conveyed that the rest had been but chatter and it was these few words with her that counted. It was impossible not to watch for that little change of voice.

Altogether and in spite of a guilty conscience, or perhaps because of it, Persis was enjoying herself, enjoying herself almost indecently. She grew prettier and younger every day. Tom said the climate agreed with her, and Persis had hopes that he would propose staying on longer therefore; but he did not, and she herself could think of no tolerable reason to produce looking to a change in the sacred schedule by which her husband inexorably moved. They had laid out the route beforehand; it was the only way, Tom said, to get the whole out of anything—just make up your mind and stick to it.

So Persis saw, with an unprotesting sigh, the approaching end of her little idyl on that day when Tom reminded her it was time to pack her trunks. Of course she had expected it to end; and they had certainly exhausted San Carlo. It was impossible to explain to Tom that she would like to stay and hear a man's eyes tell her daily that she was more charming every day, especially when she was not the very least in the world in love with said man—not the very least in the world! Though why it would have been any easier to tell Tom if she had been is no plainer to me than it was to Persis herself, except that she may rightly have felt it would have been more respectable. She packed the trunks, only leaving out her very prettiest dinner dress, which she presently donned for their last dinner.

"I shall miss my roses," she thought with a sigh, as she fastened one for the last time on her gown.

She was all in white, having indeed made a quite unwarranted toilet for the occasion; but she would have been shocked to death if told that she was dressing for any man except her husband.

What she told herself was, she was dressing for the weather, which was certainly very warm—even Tom had remarked it; perhaps she was not to blame for not being able to distinguish it from the count's eyes, which were also warm. Warmest of all were her own cheeks when she joined her husband in the dining room.

"Aren't you unusually gorgeous to-night?" he commented gayly; and she murmured that the dress was cool.

The count's eyes at once told her she had not dressed in vain. No one ever does dress in vain for a foreigner. Had he had the opportunity he would have told her in conventional terms that her gown became her, taking as much conscientious pains to do so as an American would have taken to appear oblivious. As it was, his eyes told her respectfully—and it became more becoming on the spot. Decidedly she was going to miss those roses!

She had already begun to do so the next morning when she came down ready for departure. The count was there. She saw him give one quick inquiring glance from her hat and veil to the baggage, and then saunter slowly up to the desk, where Tom was paying the bill and leaving a forwarding address for Janet Seabury. The count said a few words to Tom; and then, when Tom went out to see the baggage stowed in the motor car, she saw the count stoop and copy something from the hotel register.

Persis pulled down her veil and decided to pass down the hall without stopping; but the count, hat in hand, was waiting deliberately to salute her, and before she knew it she was standing before him, with her veil thrown back. For a moment she looked straight into those somber wells of light that were the count's eyes. The next she was giving him her hand and saying under her breath:

"I shall miss the roses."

The count, who had bent in European fashion to kiss her gloved fingers, straightened himself and looked back into her eyes. "*Chi sa?*" he said with an enigmatic smile. "Perhaps not. *Chi sa?*" he repeated before he released her hand and turned, smiling, as Tom drew near.

"All ready, Persis!" announced Tom.

The two men exchanged a handshake, and the count's good wishes and the count followed them to the door, where the entire population of San Carlo apparently had gathered, nominally to wish them a "*buon viaggio!*"—in reality to reap an impatiently expected harvest. While Tom was engaged in scattering this, Persis from the depths of the car looked up once more to the top of the steps, where the count was standing bareheaded, but no longer smiling. He was still there when the car bore them away.

"Really, he's a very decent chap," Tom declared. "I gave him my card—told him if he ever came over to look us up." Here he extracted a Baedeker from his pocket. "I hope our rooms will be all right in Genoa; had to wire for them ahead." Receiving no response from Persis he subsided into what is known to good tourists as the Book.

There was nothing the matter with their rooms at Genoa, and no regrets kept Persis from healthy sleep that night; only the next morning the image in her glass did not flatter her quite so much, and she was aware of a certain flatness about the going down to a hotel breakfast, as of already tasted food. One hotel breakfast is exactly like another hotel breakfast.

It was not until she was fairly in sight of the table reserved for them by a beckoning waiter that she regained her animation and color with a rush. There on the table was a flaming torch of roses—red roses—Lantescane roses; and when Persis raised half-frightened eyes she knew fatally what they must encounter before they actually met Count Lantescane's smiling at her across the room. He must have seen her come in and he bowed with a perfect self-possession; but Persis turned suddenly from hot to cold.

After all she was from New England, and this—nobody would call it at all nice! She resolved to speak to Tom at once, and the only reason she did not was that he caught sight of the count as he entered the room and stopped to shake hands with him cordially before he came over to her. After that, to say anything seemed absurd. She remembered, too, and for the first time gladly, that they were sailing at noon; the count would certainly not follow them across the ocean.

"Quite funny—meeting the count again!" vouchsafed Tom genially. "Came up on the midnight train, he says, to look at a little *vigna* he has up here; but it's odd we struck the same hotel."

And Persis answered weakly:

"Oh, I dare say every one comes here."

"Baedeker gives it a star," said Tom in explanation.

He made no observation concerning the red roses, probably being convinced by now that they formed an integral part of an Italian breakfast, and Persis hurried through her coffee and did not encourage conversation. As soon as possible she went off to put on her hat.

But she was not to escape the count; the two men were talking together when she presently returned.

"And you are sailing, then, at noon?" she heard the count ask, and Tom's reply, with an ill-feigned attempt to conceal his joy:

"At noon, by the Savòia."

Then they caught sight of her, and two hats automatically removed themselves while the count's heels as automatically clicked together. "It is a fortunate destiny that enables me to salute you once more, *signora*," he said, with his gentle and melancholy gravity of tone, "and to wish you farewell." His eyes said all the rest. They said it so well that against her every resolution Persis once more held out her hand to be kissed.

"That is the last of that nonsense!" she told herself severely behind her veil on the way down to the boat.

And while Tom went to look after table stewards and deck stewards she hunted up the room steward and went to her cabin prudently to forestall the future. On its threshold a whiff of fragrance met her and she stopped appalled. There on the stand was a superb mass of the Lantescane roses.

"Who brought these?" she asked the steward.

"A *signor Italiano;* doubtless a friend of madame."

"Who Brought These?" She Asked the Steward

(Continued on Page 69)

OUR CONTINENTAL POLICY

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

A Fleet of American Warships

By Melville Davisson Post

THE situation in Mexico brings the Monroe Doctrine forward out of the region of academic speculation. We have had much discussion of the Doctrine and its application to the various courses the United States was advised to follow before our decisive step at Vera Cruz; but the air has not been cleared. Confusion, for the most part, results from failure to recognize the precise limitations of this policy—to differentiate what President Monroe defined it to be from the vague notion of a continental protectorate so insistently in the public mind.

There can be no greater hardship than to live under indefinite laws. The greatest safeguard of the citizen is that the laws shall be so certainly defined that no question can arise about their meaning. There is a like peril when national policies are not certain. If we are to consider the term Monroe Doctrine to be synonymous with the terms National Honor and General Welfare, or the like, then it is simply out of the question to undertake to say how any policy may affect it. These latter are terms that change with education, ideals and public sentiment. No man can say what our conception of national honor or public welfare may be; therefore no man can say what acts of foreign nations may be taken to contravene these vague ideals.

If, however, we define the Monroe Doctrine to mean that no land on this continent shall be considered as subject to foreign colonization, and that no foreign nation is to be permitted to impose its system on any American state—that is to say, no land of any American state shall be taken by any European Power, and every American state shall be permitted to work out its own governmental policy, independent of European intervention—then we have established a measure we may apply accurately to any proposed national act.

The Army of the Allies at Peking

THE United States was urged in the beginning to regard Mexico as in a condition similar to that of China during the Boxer Rebellion—a country in a condition of internal chaos, with no responsible government, and with the lives and property of foreigners at the mercy of flying squadrons of bandits. The President was advised to call a conference of the Powers of Europe and march on the city of Mexico as we marched on Peking.

It was pointed out that this armed intervention in China was accomplished as a concerted action and without any grave clash between the different authorities. In the march on Peking there were Japanese, Russians, British, Americans, Germans and French. This force was, without difficulty, put under the general command of the highest foreign officer in China, who at that time happened to be Field Marshal Count von Waldersee.

The legations besieged in Peking were relieved; order was restored and maintained until China was able to guarantee the general safety; and then the troops were withdrawn. China was impressed by the fact that the nations of the earth were determined to put down anarchy wherever it might appear, and to insist on some form of orderly government everywhere in the world.

In the beginning certain authorities urged the United States to take precisely this course with Mexico. There were subjects of all the great Powers in Mexico; their lives and property were in jeopardy. And it was pointed out that these nations should be as willing to care for their unofficial subjects as they would be for the personnel of official legations; and consequently the same duty devolved on them to restore order in Mexico as to restore it in China. It was further indicated that if one nation should act alone—for instance, the United States—all patriotic Mexicans might resent it; but they could not resent allied intervention.

If Mexico were a country unaffected by the Monroe Doctrine, or what it is imagined to be, this course might have been undertaken long ago; but the Monroe Doctrine was generally considered to stand in the way of such a plan. It is interesting to consider just how far this position is tenable.

Mr. Roosevelt said to Congress, in discussing the Monroe Doctrine:

"We do not guarantee any state against punishment if it misconducts itself, provided that punishment does not take the form of an acquisition of territory by any non-American power."

And, again, he said to the Fifty-ninth Congress:

"Moreover, we must make it evident that we do not intend to permit the Monroe Doctrine to be used by any nation on this continent as a shield to protect it from the consequences of its misdeeds against foreign nations. If a republic to the south of us commits a tort against a foreign nation, such as an outrage against a citizen of that nation, then the Monroe Doctrine does not force us to interfere to prevent punishment of the tort—save to see that the punishment does not assume the form of territorial occupation in any shape."

And Mr. Olney said, during the Venezuelan controversy: "It [the Monroe Doctrine] does not relieve any American state from its obligations as fixed by international law, or prevent any European Power directly interested from enforcing such obligations and from inflicting a merited punishment for the breach of them."

Mr. Roosevelt was clearly of the opinion that Southern states could not use our policy to protect them from European Powers if they flagrantly outraged the rights of any foreign nation. It therefore happened that he did not consider the Monroe Doctrine to be involved when the ports of Venezuela were bombarded by German, English and Italian warships.

He took the position that if any Southern states refused to follow the usual customs of civilization, in their foreign relations, they must suffer for that defiance; and that, so long as territory of the state was not actually taken, our policy was not involved, no matter how severely the offending American state was punished for its misdeeds.

It is therefore certain that, so far as the Monroe Doctrine is concerned, European nations have the right to punish Southern states for gross violation of the ordinary humane customs of civilization, and they have the right to protect their citizens and their property. The main point is that European nations shall not occupy the territory of those states. We seem to have made a distinction: their ports may be bombarded, but marines ought not to be landed—the idea being that the Monroe Doctrine would not be violated by the landing of troops in Southern states, but that European nations, having once occupied territory of an American state for a rightful purpose, might remain for a wrongful purpose. And to continue to occupy territory would be a violation of the Monroe Doctrine.

Some years ago European nations were about to seize the customhouse of the Dominican Republic. The United States undertook to act for them and took charge of the customhouse of that government, on the theory that if Santo Domingo were once occupied by European Powers it might continue to be occupied by them. A permanent occupation of the territory of any Southern state would be a violation of the Monroe Doctrine and would call for our interference.

The landing of European troops on the soil of a Southern state is not regarded by us as a violation of the Doctrine, but as a thing that may lead to a violation of it. It is not the act that contravenes our policy, but the probable result that may contravene it.

Intervention Under American Leadership

IT SEEMS, therefore, clear that if foreign powers, independent of the United States, were to undertake to make a concerted march into the interior of a South American state, we might be forced to protest against it on the precedent of Santo Domingo—that is to say, on account of the fear that the Monroe Doctrine might be involved by the refusal of some one of the Powers to withdraw its troops. If the United States, however, were assured that these forces would be withdrawn and that no permanent occupation of the territory of the Southern state could result, then the Monroe Doctrine would not be drawn into the question. It would be no more involved than it was involved by the bombardment of Venezuela.

How could the United States be certain that the Powers would withdraw their troops? It would seem that if the United States should lead in any required intervention, and the whole expedition should be under the leadership of a superior American officer, as the Chinese expedition was under the leadership of Field Marshal Count von Waldersee, the difficulty would be removed.

It appears practically certain that the Powers could make no valid objection to a plan of this character if they should ever find it necessary to enter a Southern state. Small forces of Great Britain, France, Germany, and of other nations, associated with a larger American force and under unquestioned American leadership, might make such a joint intervention without infringing the Monroe Doctrine.

If it does not violate the Monroe Doctrine for European powers to protect their rights by bombarding Southern ports from warships, it is difficult to see how the policy is violated when foreign nations protect their rights by landing troops, if it is certain that the troops are to be removed after the wrongs have been corrected. If a concerted action by warships, in which we do not join and over which we have no control, is no violation of the Doctrine, how can it be a violation of it to have a concerted action of troops in which the United States takes the leading part?

If the whole expedition were under the command of an American general, as the whole Chinese expedition was under that of Field Marshal Count von Waldersee, it seems exceedingly unlikely that any portion of this command would be able to remain on Southern territory if the American officer commanding the expedition deemed it advisable to withdraw.

The current idea that Mr. Olney and Mr. Hay expanded the Monroe Doctrine to mean that the United States must alone settle all internal affairs of America, without interference by or suggestions from European Powers, is not sound. The Doctrine never meant anything like that. It meant precisely what Monroe said in his message. Mr. Olney's dictum that we are practically sovereign on this continent was gratuitous, as are the efforts of later secretaries of state to make the Doctrine vague and general. We are under no obligations to accept them.

There is no more reason why the United States should accept these modern theories as definitions of the Monroe Doctrine than there is reason for our accepting those of Polk and Grant as properly illustrative of it. President Polk suggested that we ought to seize Yucatan, because, under the Monroe Doctrine, we were bound to take over any territory that a European Power might be tempted to annex; and that was the theory adopted by Grant when he wished to seize the eastern end of the Island of Santo Domingo. It was a novel and ingenious conception of the Monroe Doctrine, but not one likely to appeal to us; as though one should say to his neighbor: "A highwayman may take your purse; and therefore, to prevent that misfortune, I shall take it myself." A piece of irresistible logic!

There can be no doubt that a concert of the Powers to police all disorderly places of the world is an advance. It shows that the human race is beginning to move vaguely as a unit and to consider the welfare of all. That it may lead to universal peace, to a sort of federation of all peoples, is a hope not entirely of the fancy. Every concerted move, then, looking to the welfare of all is to be encouraged. The joint action of civilized nations carries more weight and incurs less antagonism than that of a single Power. It is the force of united national opinion. As a man is more influenced by the concerted act of his neighbors than by the act of one, so a nation must be more impressed by the joint act of all the great Powers about her.

The Nation Not Bound by Heresies

IF THE United States should be of the opinion, then, that it would be wise for all the Powers interested to intervene at any time in Southern affairs, for the purpose of establishing order and protecting the lives and property of foreigners, it can be done under the dominating leadership of this country without affecting the Monroe Doctrine.

The fact cannot be overlooked, however, that this policy is not accurately understood by the people. Unfortunately the conception of it is uncertain. The general impression is that we have forbidden any armed European foot to touch, under any pretext, the soil of a South American state. This is a foolish, dangerous and profoundly erroneous idea. That is not the Monroe Doctrine—it is a heresy superimposed on it; but it is widely believed and is the current opinion of the average citizen.

Therefore it must be recognized that if, in the beginning, the Administration had undertaken to negotiate joint intervention of all the Powers in Mexico it would have been subjected to the gravest criticism. Those opposed would have marshaled a vast patriotic sentiment. A popular appeal would have been made to patriotic motives. The Administration would have been charged with the abandonment of American ideals and a surrender to European domination.

All this criticism might have had no base in reality, but it may very well be doubted whether any Administration would dare to undertake the experiment of stemming such a current of misunderstanding. It might be that a great executive, sufficiently in the confidence of the whole people, would have been able to go forward with it, and so to clearly define the limitations of the Monroe Doctrine that the people would have been able to see that no national policy of this country would be violated by such a course.

Looking at the situation from all quarters, however, one must admit that the undertaking would have been extremely doubtful. Old wars, especially with Great Britain, have left their heritage of bitterness. Emigrants from oppressed countries have brought with them their sentiment against the dominion of monarchies. Any policy that would seem to conciliate or invite a joint action of European nations on this continent would inflame this sentiment.

This sentiment is anachronistic and a pressure against a federation of the human race, but it exists and must be reckoned with. Even the great peace movement that Count Mouravieff inaugurated on the twenty-fourth of August, 1898, at the direction of the Emperor of Russia, has, from time to time in this country, been opposed by this sentiment. The pressure of it was so great that the representatives of the United States declined to sign the twenty-seventh article of the Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes, except with the reservation that nothing therein contained should be construed to imply a relinquishment by the United States of America of our traditional attitude toward purely American questions—thereby excluding the United States from the obligation of submitting any American question concerning this continent to The Hague Court.

If the Chinese and Japanese had excluded any Asiatic question, and European Powers any Continental question, international questions to be settled by arbitration would have been difficult to find.

However, if any Administration were powerful enough to substitute in the public mind the actual Monroe Doctrine for the current Monroe heresy, the joint intervention of all Powers, when such a course might become necessary in South American affairs, could be had without violation of any American ideal.

We have seen that the United States could hardly permit foreign Powers to intervene in Southern states exclusive of ourselves—not because the Monroe Doctrine would be thereby violated, but because it might be violated by the refusal of some one of the Powers to withdraw its forces after the necessity for them has passed. And we have seen that the United States, dominating a concerted movement of the Powers, could intervene in Southern states without violating the Monroe Doctrine, but at the peril of rousing a great sentiment that might destroy the Administration which undertook it.

A measure to avoid the pressure of this false sentiment lies in the plan of settling disputes on this continent through the mediation of American governments only, and the recent efforts along that line are a decided advance. Such stable governments as Argentina, Brazil and Chile could very well join with the United States in maintaining order where it is necessary, and to protect the lives and property of foreigners. Such a coöperation of American Powers with the United States could, of course, in no way affect the Monroe Doctrine or any American tradition. It is probable, also, that it would provoke less resentment on the part of the American state so entered than if the invasion were by European troops.

It is by no means a mere fancy that we shall be able in time to effect a confederation of Southern states, which, with the coöperation of the United States, shall undertake to settle all American disputes without the intervention of any European Power. This would be an ideal solution of the difficulties on this hemisphere. A good deal has been done toward such coöperation, and it may be accomplished. It is an end well worth every reasonable effort.

It must be admitted, however, that to make such cooperation permanently effective we must get rid of the sentiment against us in the South; we must get rid of the heresy of a protectorate and the unsolicited elaborations of the Monroe Doctrine gratuitously made by some of our officials—the idea that we sit as a sort of overlord, and that all Southern states must maintain the kind of government we think is suited to them, or the sort of civilization we deem advisable. We should have to make it clear that we take the Monroe Doctrine to mean precisely what it does mean.

It is proper to remember that, if the United States were to effect a permanent working coöperation with the South American governments for the purpose of settling disputes on this continent, the Monroe Doctrine would in no sense be violated; but the modern acceptance of it, usually attributed to Olney and Hay, that there is an obligation on the United States to settle the internal affairs of America herself, without interference and suggestions from any other Power, is heresy. It never was the Monroe Doctrine, and it cannot be taken to be the Monroe Doctrine to-day except by the use of that elastic construction for which our courts are famous.

The Egotism of Mr. Seward

THIS brings us to the inquiry as to whether the United States is, in fact, under any obligation to take any active course toward a Southern government unless our national honor is involved or our citizens are in peril. The foreign notion that because the United States declines to permit a European Power to colonize any part of America or to land troops for the purpose of oppressing any South American state, or impose its system on it, we are thereby under obligation to police Southern countries, is error.

By the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine this country does not undertake to establish order in any South American country, or to collect the debts of any foreign Power, or to force any Administration to meet its obligations.

Our traditions do not obligate us to send an invading army into any South American state unless our own national honor demands it. We have not undertaken, as Mr. Roosevelt has pointed out, to protect any Southern state from the result of its wrongdoing. We undertake to protect it only from foreign colonization and from being forced to adopt a form of government suggested or imposed on it by a European Power.

Thus we stood calmly aside and allowed England, Germany and Italy to bombard the ports of Venezuela; and before that, in 1861, outrages on foreigners became so flagrant in Mexico that they led to a treaty of joint intervention. Great Britain, Spain and France felt it necessary to intervene. Later Great Britain and Spain withdrew their troops; but Louis Napoleon remained. Afterward the United States pressed France to withdraw her troops, which was finally done.

It seems strange that Mr. Seward, in presenting the request of the United States, made no mention of the Monroe Doctrine. It has been explained that this arose from the egotism of that official, who took himself to be an authority as great as Monroe and his Cabinet.

At any rate, since the Monroe Doctrine was announced and accepted, European nations have interfered in Southern states for the purpose of protecting the rights of their citizens and their property; and we have felt it our duty to object only when there was danger that these foreign Powers would remain on American soil.

Our only reason for putting the customhouse of Santo Domingo under American control was the fear that if

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PHOTO FROM COMMERCIAL MUSEUM, PHILADELPHIA

View Over Mexico City From the Tower of the Cathedral in the Central Square

THE FAKERS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

VI

HICKS remained in Mrs. Lake's boarding house, but he expanded a bit. He took a larger room on the second floor, and fitted this up as he thought a room should look. He had a banjo on the wall, though he couldn't play a note on it. He had a guitar standing in a corner, and so far as he was concerned it might as well have been in Senegambia for all the music he could make on it. He had Indian clubs over the mantel, and couldn't swing them to save his life. A pair of foils hung under a picture of No Cross No Crown that went with the room, and Tommie didn't know which end he would grasp if he had to use one.

He had picked up a snowshoe and it was displayed conspicuously near the door, and he had no idea whether snowshoers used one or two shoes in their progress.

A pair of Harvard pennants had the place of honor opposite the entrance. Hicks always considered himself a sort of a Harvard man, for he would have been one if his father had not died, and he spoke of "Dear old Harvard" whenever he was sure no one was present who had been to Cambridge. Once, while looking in the window of a pawnbroker's shop, he had been sorely tempted to go in and buy a Greek-letter fraternity pin displayed there, but he refrained. He knew he might one day run across a member of the fraternity entitled to wear that pin, and he felt he wasn't quite up to negotiating a grip and password and all that.

One day, while browsing in a second-hand store, he came across a framed photograph of President McKinley, which was signed "Yours truly, William McKinley, July 16, 1897." It was one of the hundreds of such photographs signed by every president, and it had fallen into the hands of the junkman. Hicks bought it, had it reframed and hung it in his room. He spoke of the picture frequently and told how President McKinley gave it to him when he visited him at the White House. "An old friend of mine from boyhood up," he would say, as if he were on the closest terms of intimacy with the president. From time to time he added other photographs to his collection, but put up none but pictures of prominent men. As soon as a picture was hung, the pictured one became the long-time friend of T. Marmaduke Hicks.

"Jee-ru-sa-lem!" Whispered Hicks. "That's the Most Stunning Woman I Ever Saw"

He was popular in the boarding house. In addition to being good looking and lively he had an emphatic way of speaking, using many gestures to make his point, which in almost every instance concerned himself, and never hesitating to exaggerate to make himself heroic. He was skilful at this, and usually managed to have an element of truth in what he said in case any one disputed him too harshly. He was an adroit flatterer and paid particular attention to the ladies, talking to them and fussing over them; and they to the last one pronounced him a most charming young man and sang his praises wherever they went. He would let an old lady bore him for an hour with a quavering story of her troubles and pains and aches, if he thought she would say a good word about him sometime. And she always did. When he was talking, and saw an expression on the face of one of his listeners that betokened doubt or even incredulity, he immediately shaped his conversation to convince that doubter and directed the force of his argument or narrative to him.

It was customary at Mrs. Lake's for the boarders to gather round the piano at night for a little close harmony. Hicks had a voice with two or three good notes in it, but he could not carry a tune or sing anything alone. He knew just when these notes would carry, and he used them every time he had a chance. He never knew the words of a song, but faked them, humming along until he could throw in one of his good notes. When he was asked to sing a solo he laughed and protested he couldn't think of it. Modesty forbade!

The custom of dressing for dinner on Friday nights he scrupulously observed, and, discarding his ready-to-wear dinner jacket, he had secured a full-dress regalia and wore it with much effectiveness. He was tall and of good figure, and attracted attention at any outside functions he attended. These were not many, for Hicks did not seek much after society. He was busy studying politics and law, besides doing his work for Paxton. He had been to a White House reception or two and went occasionally to the theater, taking, in regular succession, the various unattached ladies who lived with Mrs. Lake.

One Tuesday night, after all the regular guests were seated in the dining room and Hicks had begun to explain learnedly to his table companions what was the exact political significance of a measure pending in the Senate, Mrs. Marnie, a business woman who was one of the regular boarders, interrupted him with a long-drawn: "Oh-h-h!" Tommie looked at her. She was staring at a man and a woman who stood in the doorway. Tommie turned and stared also, as did everybody in the room. The soup was neglected.

The woman entered, followed by the man. They walked down the center of the room, apparently unconscious of the presence of any persons there save themselves.

"Gee!" said Hicks half aloud. "A corker!"

The woman was tall and dark. She wore with much effectiveness a black spangled gown cut in a low "V" both front and back. The trail was long, and the spangles, which shimmered softly in the shaded light of the dining room, were so closely set together that they gave out a little soothing, rustling sound as she moved. Her arms were bare and white and round. Her gown was molded so closely to her figure that every curve was accentuated, and she carried herself with grace, advancing with a glide rather than a walk. Her neck and shoulders were creamy white, her black eyes flashed brilliantly, and she exhaled a slight perfume that seemed to be the combined odors of many flowers. Her purplish-black hair was arranged in an elaborate coiffure which held a rhinestone ornament that glistened and sparkled. She wore no color of any kind save one red rose at her waist, a little on her cheeks and plenty on her lips, which were vividly crimson and contrasted sharply with the healthy pallor of her cheeks.

"Jee-ru-sa-lem!" whispered Hicks to Mrs. Marnie. "That's the most stunning woman I ever saw."

"Sh-h-h!" Mrs. Marnie whispered back. "Don't talk—look."

The man was big and blond. He wore evening clothes correct to the smallest detail. When they reached their table, which evidently Mrs. Lake had allotted to them previously, he pulled back the chair for her with elaborate courtesy, bowed to her after she was seated and helped her arrange her draperies.

"*Merci!*" she said to him prettily, looking up and smiling.

"Lucky dog!" thought Tommie.

The man bowed to Mrs. Lake, made another bow that included the rest of the room, sat down and began a conversation in French with the woman. He talked in a low voice, but all those in the room heard him, for no other person said a word and all were staring. The woman replied vivaciously in the same language, using her hands in pretty gestures and shrugging her bare shoulders expressively and frequently. Apparently the man's conversation was interesting, for she punctuated what he said with frequent tinkling laughs and often turned to him in smiling enjoyment of some particularly entertaining remark.

"They've just come back from abroad," Mrs. Marnie whispered to Hicks, for Mrs. Marnie went to Paris frequently in the course of her business and knew French. "They are talking about some of the places they have been to and the big people they have visited. He has been recalling a time when they were at a villa at Deauville staying with some French fashionables, and they've said some things about being in Russia too."

"Not Americans, then?" asked Tommie.

"Oh, yes, I guess they are," Mrs. Marnie replied, "but they have been abroad for a long time."

The man and the woman paid no attention to the others in the room, although it was apparent that the woman was acting a little to make an impression, and she was successful. Some of Mrs. Lake's dinner was uneaten that night. The waitresses came and went, removing half-consumed food, for the other women in the room were too engrossed in assaying the newcomer and commenting on her among themselves to have much time left for eating.

"Looks like a regular Frenchwoman to me," said Tommie.

"You never can tell," the wise Mrs. Marnie replied; "but that's a French rig she has on, you may be sure of that."

After they had finished their meal the man rose, helped the woman with her chair, waited deferentially until she had preceded him, and, bowing again to those in the room, followed her as she swept out, her spangles rustling in cadence to her graceful movements.

As soon as they had passed through the door the room buzzed with comment. "Who are they?" chorused the boarders at Mrs. Lake.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hugo de Mountfort Lester," Mrs. Lake replied. "They are here for a short stay and are foreigners, I think, for they talk mostly in French."

The boarders gathered in the big hall round the fireplace and discussed the Lesters. The women took acute stock of her costume, her figure, her hair, her general appearance, her reddened lips, her gestures and her shrugs; the men contented themselves with the general statement that Mrs. Lester certainly was a peach. The Lesters did not come down again, and at ten o'clock Hicks went up to his room. He repeated the name over many times—"Hugo de Mountfort Lester."

"By George!" he said as he turned out his light; "I'd like to know that woman. She's a corker—a regular stunner. I wonder who they are."

Hicks dallied over his breakfast, hoping the Lesters would come down, but they did not. Mrs. Lake explained, after he had made a casual inquiry about the new guests, that they had arranged to take their breakfasts in their room, saying they had lived in France so long that they preferred the continental meal of coffee and rolls. They were discussed again at the tables. The women generally

concluded that Mrs. Lester was French, although one or two thought she must be a Russian, as she had used a few phrases of that language, or of what they took to be that language, the night before. The man undeniably was an Englishman. All were agreed upon that.

Tommie usually ate his luncheon at the Capitol, but he made an excuse to Madden about some papers left in his room, and came to the boarding house in the hope of having another look at Mrs. Lester. As he turned in at the house Mrs. Lester came out on the porch. She was dressed in a blue tailored suit which displayed the numerous perfections of her figure to the best possible advantage. She wore a *chic* little French hat and she was altogether the best-dressed and most charming woman Hicks had ever seen. She had a big, squat, ugly bulldog on a leash tugging along ahead of her, and she was saying pretty, endearing things to him in French, calling him her baby and her darling, and otherwise lavishing affection on him that was not appreciated, for the dog tried valiantly to get away from his mistress to proceed on adventures of his own up the street.

Mrs. Lester's eyes sparkled, her cheeks showed just a touch of red, her manner was vivacious and her one-sided conversation with the bulldog animated. Tommie racked his brain for something in French to say to her. All he could think of was *à la carte*, and he knew that wouldn't do. Mrs. Lester apparently did not look at him. She leaned gracefully back against the tugging of the dog on the leash, a fascinating picture.

Just as she started down the short flight of steps leading from the porch to the ground Tommie had a thought.

"*Bongjoor*," he said, lifting his hat.

She turned her head and smiled a bright little smile. "Good morning," in musical English she saluted cheerily and ran along with the dog. Tommie was quite pleased with himself. He didn't know exactly what his *bongjoor* meant, but he thought it had answered the purpose. That night he sought an opportunity to talk to the Lesters, but they went immediately to their room after dinner and next day they left. Mrs. Lake said they had been called out of town. The picture of Mrs. Lester and her dog remained long with Tommie. He often thought about her and wondered if he ever would see her again. So far as the boarding house was concerned the Lesters vanished completely. They did not tell the landlady where they were going, and presently everybody forgot them—everybody but T. Marmaduke Hicks.

Hicks Sent for the Rextown Papers and Gained a Smattering of the Local Politics

VII

THE Spanish war came with its exciting days. Hicks was kept at the Capitol with Senator Paxton almost continuously. He thought of enlisting in order to gain a war record to aid in his future political adventures, but was deterred by stories of long waits for ambitious and embryo heroes at camps where the principal fighting seemed to be with typhoid fever, and by the assurances of Senator Paxton that the war wouldn't last long enough to enable anybody to get any glory out of it. Besides, Tommie was intrinsically no hero. His conception of the situation was that he could be of greater service to his country—and himself—by confining his fighting to the bloodless arena of politics rather than by going to the jungles of Cuba for that futile purpose.

Peace was concluded. The Cuban and the Philippine problems obtruded, and then came the morning when Senator Paxton made his rescue of the child on the avenue. A few days after Hicks' presentation of the episode through the columns of the Evening Dispatch, Paxton called Madden into his office.

Madden was on the most confidential terms with Paxton. He had been with him for fifteen years, and had come to be the senator's political executive as well as his intimate adviser. Paxton had given him every test for loyalty, and Madden never failed to prove true blue. His principal interest in life was to be of service to Paxton, and his chief ambition to do as Paxton would have it done each task Paxton put upon him. He had much of political shrewdness and, though he lacked initiative, once instructed, he was a marvel at performance.

"Bert," said the senator, "have you sounded out young Hicks lately?"

"What do you mean?"

"Have you had any conversations with him about his future? What has he in mind?"

"I think he intends to pick out some place in our state or another, take up the practice of law and go into politics."

"Has he selected a city?"

"Not yet, so far as I know. He is saving his money and plugging at the law, but I suppose he wants to stay here for a while yet."

"Oh, I don't want to get rid of him. He interests me and he's useful too. It isn't often that an old, track-sore, tired politician like myself finds both amusement and aid in an assistant—not thinking of you, Madden, not at all. I like him."

"So do I," said Madden. "And, take my word for it, he'll glad-hand and talk himself into something good one of these days."

"That's my idea. He's fresh, of course, and a bit blatant, but potentially he's the ideal fake friend-of-the-people politician. He's smart and adaptable—I might say ductile—and I never knew a young man who so continuously kept his eye on the main chance."

"Nor I. What he wants is to get along, and he'll get along too if he has half a show. He's the brightest kid we've had in this place since I've been here, and he does his work well. And when it comes to getting publicity the climbing mother of a fashionable débutante is a mere amateur compared with Hicks. He took part in a moot court the other night, and you'd think, to see the accounts of it, it was the president himself instead of Hicks who was there!"

"I have observed that phase of his activities, and I've half a mind to trust an experiment with him.

"What sort of an experiment?" asked Madden, wondering what whimsical idea his chief was harboring.

"The experiment of proving that a man of his peculiar abilities can make a great success in politics by following a certain course of action in a certain way. It has been proved often enough, but not scientifically, Bert, not scientifically. Hundreds of men have done what I have in mind for him to do, but their actions and the results therefrom have been sort of haphazard except in a few instances. They just happened on the scheme that gave them success. What I want is to prove my theory that the greatest popular success of a certain kind in politics can be attained by entirely superficial methods. Do you follow me?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, take a look round the Senate. There's Jaxon, who is nothing but a noise which is always noisiest when the dear people are concerned. And Bogardus, as arrant a demagogue as ever came to this capital, and he is returned times without number because he is continually blatting about what he is doing for the general uplift. Watch McPhyle for a little. Totally without ability except for stringing words together, he has talked himself to the top by the simple expedient of proclaiming himself the only honest man. What do you think of Somerset, who is tied up with a dozen corporations, and who gets away with it by constantly braying his antagonism to all trusts not specifically on his list of retainers? And Anstrutter, who secures his by his reputation of rugged, sterling honesty and his assumption of the plain-as-an-old-shoe pose, when he is luxurious as a sybarite and crooked as a dog's hindleg?

"There are dozens, scores, hundreds more of them in politics—four-flushers, trimmers, hypocrites, humbugs—playing both ends against the middle; posing as religious and pious, when in reality they are foul and vicious; howling for restriction of the liquor traffic because restriction is indorsed by the good people at home, and doing their best to restrict it here and elsewhere by drinking all they can buy or can get others to buy for them; espousing every measure favored by church people, yet living up to none of them in their daily walk and conversation; grafters, who yammer of their purity and pester to death for money some of us who are not so virtuous and are willing to sell their votes for it; men who roar from every stump about their labors for the people and roar behind the closed doors of every committee room and their own offices for their share of the graft; men who are so cheap they can be bought by special favors and by a few filthy dollars; men who haven't an honest conviction on any subject and who are willing to resort to almost any expedient to hold themselves in office; men —— But why go on?"

"What have these to do with Hicks?" asked Madden as the senator paused.

"This: There are certain processes by which these men retain themselves in politics. Most of them are crude workers. They all begin with about the same raw materials Hicks has, and have developed them each along his own lines. Each has his good points as a political faker and each has his weaknesses. Now here is what I have in mind: Why not, knowing these men and many others like them as we do—why not make a scientific, exact compilation of all their excellences as fakers, discarding their weak points, and then combine all those good points in the practices and purposes of one man?"

"Do you mean in Hicks?"

"Hicks is exactly the person I do mean. He is the biggest potential political faker I ever saw. He has it in him. He can get about anything he wants if he will play the game as I shall outline it to him."

"I am afraid I don't understand."

"Well, let me make it specific: Suppose I say to Hicks that I'm interested in him and will finance him to a reasonable extent and send him out to some good town, to live there and practice law. Suppose I get some fun out of it by coaching him, and as the result of my coaching—and yours, Madden, for you know this game—and his natural abilities, we make a foray into politics, Hicks to get the rewards and Paxton to have the fun. Don't you think we could put something over?"

"It might be done," answered the conservative Madden.

"Might?" exclaimed Paxton. "Where's your imagination, Madden. Might? Why, man, it's being done every day of every year by men who are working by impulse instead of being scientifically directed and managed. Men are getting to Washington who are mere clumsy amateurs at this friend-of-the-people game. With Hicks properly located and properly instructed, there would inevitably result a triumph of political fakery that would amaze even us, accustomed as we are to the outcome of such propaganda. I tell you, Madden, we can erect, direct, own and operate a first-class tribune of the 'pee-pul'."

"By George!" said Madden. "We could, and have a heap of fun out of it too. But what do you want Hicks to do?"

"Nothing, nothing on God's green earth he wouldn't do himself, with this difference: What he does he will do accurately; those he does he will do scientifically, without lost motion or scattered effort and in full accord with the latest standards. He will have the expert instruction of William H. Paxton, who knows a few things about this great, bogus game of politics and is pretty thoroughly disgusted with it; more so, Madden, than you imagine."

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Madden. "I am pretty well aware of that phase of it."

"Well, then, why hesitate to give your approval to this socio-politico-Hicksico experiment? Come on, we'll organize a corporation and I'll be the board of directors and take my dividends in amusement. Hicks can be the promoter and reap his reward in promotion profits, and you can be the advisory committee and get the subsidiary increment. What do you say?"

"All right!" Madden was enthusiastic—for him. "It has possibilities. But—" and his natural caution obtruded—"do you think Hicks will stay put?"

"Oh, I guess so, but even if he doesn't, that is one of the phases of the game. You must take a chance. I think he will, for he knows where his interests are better than any other young person of my acquaintance."

"Have you talked to Hicks?"

"Not yet, but send him in when he has some leisure."

Madden went to the outer office. Hicks was filing letters.

"Tommie," Madden said, "the senator wants to see you."

"Do you want me, senator?" asked Hicks soon afterward.

"Yes. Sit down."

Hicks took a chair, wondering what the senator had in his mind. He hoped he was to get an increase in salary. He was fearful he was to be disciplined for the rescue incident.

The senator looked at his assistant secretary for half a minute. He noted the long hair, brushed back from the forehead; the flowing tie; the general air of a modified political make-up. Then he took an inventory of Hicks' face. He saw a broad, low forehead, a fair nose, a clean complexion. The lips were large and full and the lower one slightly pendulous. The chin was just a chin with no strong characteristic. Paxton dwelt longest on the eyes. They were small eyes, set close together, hard eyes with greenish glints in them. Hicks smiled. He had a pleasant smile, that lighted up his face and made him appear affable and good natured. But there was no smile in the eyes. With a better mouth the face would have been a fairly strong one, but with those eyes and that mouth it was the face of a youth willing to do whatever was necessary, and to consider necessary whatever there was to do.

"Tommie," Paxton asked finally, "what are your plans?"

"Nothing new, senator. I am studying law nights and trying to fit myself for practice."

"Where?"

"I haven't decided. I am considering several places."

"Probably you have an idea of entering politics also?"

"Why, yes, I have thought of that." Hicks wondered what the senator was leading to, for he knew Paxton never asked such questions to gratify a casual curiosity.

"Have you looked over Rextown?"

"Rextown? Why, Rextown isn't in our state!"

"I know, but it may be that opportunities exist elsewhere in this great republic than in our imperial commonwealth?"

"Possibly," Hicks replied, at a loss to understand the drift of the conversation.

"Probably," continued Paxton. "Now I happen to know some things about Rextown, and it seems to me an ideal place for a young and aspiring lawyer to make the scene of his operations."

"Is it?"

"Yes, it's just the place for you, particularly if you desire to go into politics, as you say you do and as I think you should do. Let me suggest that you go to Rextown and join the Democratic party."

Hicks jumped from his chair.

"Join the Democratic party!" he exclaimed. "Why, senator, I am a Republican, my father was a Republican and helped organize the party, and you are a Republican. What do you mean?"

"I mean exactly what I say. Go to Rextown and join the Democratic party."

"But I am a Republican and so are you," protested Hicks.

"I know; I know. I am too old to reform, but you are not. You are young and facing the future. I am elderly and principally concerned with trying to forget the past. I have been attracted by your good mind and general adaptability to your environment. I have thought a good deal about you. I suggest Rextown entirely in the capacity of an old and mayhap astute observer, who takes you up on a mountain and shows you things below that you may obtain. You have ambitions. I have nothing better to do at the moment than to make a few suggestions in an entirely friendly manner that may help you to realize those ambitions. Do you know anything at all about Rextown?"

"Not much."

"Well, it is a fine, thriving city of about forty-five thousand people, and so strongly Republican that no Democrat has been elected to anything there since the war."

"Then what's the use of being a Democrat?"

"I expected you to ask that. As I say, Rextown gives an overwhelming Republican majority and the outlying towns in Corliss County are practically unanimous for the Grand Old Party. The result is that every young man who goes there and all those who have grown up there are Republicans, either from conviction or for the sake of policy. This is especially true of the young men and the older ones who have office in mind. There's no sense in being a Democrat there, looking at it in the light of getting an immediate or a possible something out of politics for oneself, for a Democrat hasn't a chance. Of course I assume you think you would take a nomination in the fullness of time?"

"Yes."

"No doubt of it, not a doubt. However, there is a phase of that situation that may not have occurred to you. In addition to yourself there will always be scores of other Republicans who think the same—who are, in their own minds at least, entitled to office. Now you can see what that means. There will be vast competition for the nominations, much work and worry, and, taking previous services and claims of natives and older men than you into consideration, it is likely to be a long time before you can make enough of an impression to get a chance. It will be years before it is your turn."

Hicks looked incredulous. "Why," he said, "I think I can ——"

"I know you think you can, but you can't. Party service and party obligation go a long way in determining selection for the prizes of politics. Also consider the fierce competition from these hordes of other Republicans, all of them as eager for political increment as you will be. My way is surer than that."

"But you are a Republican," protested Hicks again.

"I know I am, and I suppose I have no right to be advising a young man to desert my party."

"I'm afraid I don't follow you," said the amazed Hicks.

"It's simple enough. Here is a city largely Republican and a county almost unanimously so. There are hardly any Democrats. Still there are enough to keep up a semblance of an organization and to nominate men for the principal offices. These men are named time after time, and time after time go down to defeat."

"And you think I should join that party? What for? I can't win anything."

"That's where you make your mistake. Inasmuch as you already hold certain practical ideas about politics I am showing you the way to get results. Be a Democrat, I tell you. There are only a few of them. They will welcome a recruit, especially an alert young chap like you. It will be the easiest thing in the world, after you get some acquaintance, to secure any of those worthless nominations you may choose, to become a local Democratic leader, to be prominent in the party there and in the county."

"But what good will it do me?"

"None for a time probably. But, my son, sooner or later in every community like this there comes a turnover. Always there is a shift. The people become disgusted with the party in power. They get sore on the leaders. They rise, blindly, but effectively, and turn out those leaders and that party. That is where you would come in."

Hicks was leaning eagerly forward in his chair.

"Do you mean," he asked, "that if I join the Democrats and stick it out I can win quicker that way than if I stand by the Republican party."

"Exactly. The law of political averages proves it. It is as certain as sunrise. All you have to do is to hang on, take such nominations as you can get, and then, when the auspicious moment arrives, you can point to yourself as the patriotic person who has made all these sacrifices in the past, you can demand your reward when there is a reward in sight, and you can land topside up."

"Do you think so, senator? Do you really think so?" T. Marmaduke Hicks was excitedly interested.

"I know it. It is politics. It is history. You can do it, providing ——"

"Providing what?"

"Providing you can bring yourself to abandon the principles of the Republican party, which you revere, the party your father helped organize, and become a Democrat."

"Well ——"

"It's not so difficult," Paxton continued. "Haven't you often, as a result of your observations here, considered the step of joining the opposition in order to relieve the country of this saturnalia of profligate extravagance and criminal disregard of the fundamental rights of the people displayed by the plutocratic Republicans? Haven't you about made up your mind that, in basic principles of government, the Democrats have the more patriotic and the more logical foundation for their political beliefs and practices?

"Haven't you always considered Thomas Jefferson as one of the greatest of Americans?"

"Yes, to tell the truth, I have given the matter consideration from that angle," Hicks answered, without a flicker of a smile.

The Men Contented Themselves With the General Statement That Mrs. Lester Certainly Was a Peach

VIII

HICKS thought much over what the senator had said, and every hour of thought he gave to the proposition added to his eagerness to make a trial of the senator's theory. Backed by Paxton, as he reasoned he would be, he felt he could not lose.

When the senator came into his office next day he stopped for a moment by Hicks' desk.

"Disciple of T. Jefferson, I salute you!" he said cheerily. Then, more seriously: "I am quite sure you have arrived at the very wise conclusion that a man is entitled to change his political principles when he is convinced of the greater patriotism, the greater statesmanship, the greater regard for the plain people shown by the other party. It would be mere blind partisanship, which is

(Continued on Page 49)

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The People Want to Know

CONGRESS appropriates thirty-five or forty million dollars a year for improvement of rivers and harbors. The bills are passed on the time-honored pork-barrel plan. That the expenditures involve huge waste of public funds, and that a considerable part of them is nothing better than graft in an especially obnoxious form, is commonly believed.

If it were generally accepted that such misuse of money derived from the general public obtained in any other field—say, in the railroad field—Congress would immediately order an investigation. Congressman Frear proposes in a concurrent resolution that the House shall order a thorough investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission of river and harbor expenditures. An investigation by a body independent of Congress would be better, but the Interstate Commerce Commission is acceptable.

We feel warranted in assuring Congress that the public would like to know approximately how much of the hundred and fifty millions or upward that has been spent on river and harbor improvement in the last five years has resulted in any tangible public benefit, approximately how much has been wasted, and about how much represents a form of political graft.

We say this without prejudice. A great part of the expenditure may have been quite justified by tangible public benefits resulting from it. The waste may be inconsiderable. But people generally believe that an important portion of the hundred and fifty millions or upward is just a tapping of the public till for the political benefit of individual Congressmen.

Surely that circumstance requires an authoritative investigation. Congress commands extensive resources for investigating. Let it employ them in this case at home.

The Independent Banks

WE WISH nobody would ever again repeat the foolish statement that country banks are dependent on Wall Street and subject to dictation by the financial institutions of that sinful center. The fact is, Wall Street banks are dependent on those in the country. Their relations to the country banks are precisely those of a wholesale merchant to his retail patrons. Many of them employ drummers to invite the trade of country banks. At every bankers' convention you see representatives of the city banks, hat in hand and wreathed in seductive smiles, wooing the favor of country banks.

Last fall the borrowings of country banks were extraordinarily large. At the time of the August report those in the national system owed eighty million dollars—mostly to central reserve banks in New York, Chicago and St. Louis; but, at the same time, these country banks had on deposit with city banks—mainly in New York, Chicago and St. Louis—six hundred million dollars. In short, for every dollar the country bank owed the city bank, the latter owed the former seven dollars and a half.

Nor does borrowing from a city bank establish any dependent relationship. City banks make their profit by lending money. When a country bank borrows from a city bank it owes the lender nothing but the money. If any institutions in the world are free from Wall Street domination and dictation—as to which some statesmen in Washington evidently entertain grave doubts—the country banks are in that position.

Unlocked Directors

ONE section of the new antitrust bill provides:

After two years no one may be a director of a railroad to which he or his firm, or a corporation in which he is a director, sells equipment or supplies. No banker or director or officer of a bank may be a director of a railroad whose securities the bank underwrites or sells as agent of the road; or if the bank purchases from the road issues or parts of issues of securities. No private banker or director of any state or national bank having more than two and a half million dollars capital and deposits shall be a director of any other national bank having more than two and a half million dollars capital and deposits. No private banker shall be a director of a national bank in any city having more than a hundred thousand inhabitants; nor shall any person be a director in two banks in such city, one of the two being a national bank, except in cases where the entire capital stock of a state bank is owned by stockholders of a national bank. No person shall be a director of any two or more corporations engaged in interstate commerce, and having more than a million dollars capital, when the businesses of the corporations are so nearly alike that an agreement between them to eliminate competition would be a violation of the Sherman Law.

Such is the substance of the proposed law to abolish interlocking directors. No doubt, if enacted, it will prove essentially harmless and futile; but the remarkable point is the limitation as to size that runs all through it.

What is the difference in principle between a man's acting as director of two banks with assets of two and a half million dollars and of two banks with only one and a half million dollars' assets? Why should two industrial companies with a million dollars capital be forbidden to have a common director, but not two with only eight hundred thousand dollars capital? Do not the baneful effects of monopoly operate in places of less than a hundred thousand inhabitants as well as in places with a larger population?

This section of the bill dealing with interlocking directors illustrates the old point that in antitrust legislation sin and size are taken as synonymous.

Taxes That Bite

THE outstanding facts in the new British budget are the increased taxes on large incomes and large estates. The new inheritance tax, if it had been in force in this country, would have taken thirty million dollars from the estates of John Jacob Astor and E. H. Harriman.

In dealing with swollen fortunes England bites, while we only growl. The present political complexion of both countries is much the same. In both the dominant political fact is a fight by little capital—more or less allied with the better-paid labor—on big capital. We wage the war by attempting to upset the machinery through which big capital mostly operates and by which it is partly produced. England wages it by direct taxation. Their unearned-increment and inheritance taxes show a deliberate purpose to break up the big family fortune in land which dominated the country for centuries.

The heavy inheritance tax will reduce any other inactive large fortune to moderate proportions by the time it passes to the third heir. The English concern themselves hardly at all with the mechanism of business; but when the product reaches a certain size they appropriate a generous slice of it. The chief fault in our method is that upsetting the machinery of big capital throws little capital's works out of gear, while big capital is by no means restricted to the particular set of operations we attack. The chief fault with the English method is that it may involve a considerable destruction of capital.

For example, taking thirty million dollars from the Astor and Harriman fortunes, to be spent by the Empire State in public buildings that fall apart in the course of construction, or by the Federal Government in pork-barrel appropriations, involves a net loss to the country. On the other hand, the English method does get tangible results.

The Protected Defendant

THE indictment charged two defendants with murder by "choking, strangling, and by beating and striking." The judge's instructions to the jury said that if the defendants acted in concert it would make no difference which "actually struck the blow or choked or smothered" the victim. On appeal the higher court held this to be a fatal error, entitling the convicted murderer to a new trial, because strangling, as charged in the indictment, was a different thing from smothering.

Such instances occur frequently; but the fine technical points on which murderers are liberated or granted new trials were not invented in a lunatic asylum. Strange as it may seem to a layman, there was once a reason for them. In most jurisdictions the defense can appeal on any technical point, but the prosecution cannot appeal at all; a defendant convicted of manslaughter, say, may demand a new trial, and on the new trial he cannot be convicted of murder, no matter what the evidence shows.

The maze of technical advantages to the defendant that survive in our criminal law is a product of past centuries, when stealing a sheep or a piece of cloth was punishable by death and when criminal courts were used by such tyrants as James II for the purpose of political vengeance or private malice.

Almost any device that sheltered the accused from the rigors of the law was then justified—and we retain all the devices, though the reasons for them vanished long ago.

Our criminal jurisprudence operates on the theory that the governor of a state may at any time attempt to put a score or so of citizens to death because they led the opposition to him in the last campaign.

Declining Prices

OUR old enemy, the high cost of living, is on the retreat. It is no unseemly rout; nothing in the enemy's movements suggests panic-stricken flight. However, those persons who make it a business to dog his footsteps with tapeline and microscope are able to announce that every month since last October his toe has receded a little, until at this writing the distance by which he has gone back is fairly perceptible to the naked eye. To express the distance mathematically, put down a decimal point followed by four, six, nine and a cipher.

We should like to claim this wavering of the foe as a tangible result of tariff reform; but in England, where also they follow cost of living with tapeline and microscope, and where there has been no change in tariff, the index number, which is a complex of the prices of leading commodities, has declined, in the same period, just about as much as in this country. It is easy enough to trace the course of prices. To say what any given factor counts for in the price movement is decidedly more difficult.

A College in Politics

FROM Wisconsin comes a piercing cry to rise and regain political liberties that have been lost. Shackled voters of that state are told:

"Under the old caucus rule, with all its faults, you could come together in district and county conventions and voice your opinions. Under the primary you are as silent as the dead. Then, when it came to making a platform your delegates set forth what you stood for. Now you have not a word to say. Formerly every legislature was master of itself. Now we have forty-six rings called commissions, in which is concentrated control over every law."

And, to remedy this appalling political serfdom:

"If a Progressive shows his head for office anywhere, spot him! Vote out the Progressives in either party. Put up conservative men. Then, whether Democrats or Republicans win, you will have a safe, reliable lot of hired men in the legislature."

This is only one among many passionate demands for a revival of the precious caucus, convention and boss régime under which Wisconsin's legislature did indeed comprise a safe, reliable lot of hired men. No doubt the demands are very comforting to gentlemen who did the hiring.

For the ruthless destruction of their former liberties the bosses very properly lay much responsibility on the State University. In the campaign that seems to be shaping a return to the old régime, Progressives and university professors are coupled in denunciation.

"The university," says one spokesman for the safe and sane, "should devote its entire time to education." But education is exactly what killed his crowd.

Paying for War

TO FINANCE our war with Spain the Government borrowed two hundred million dollars, increased the taxes on spirits, beer and tobacco, and levied stamp taxes. Revenue from spirits rose from ninety-two million dollars in 1898 to ninety-nine millions in 1899 and one hundred and sixteen millions in 1901. Revenue from beer rose from thirty-nine millions in 1898 to sixty-nine millions in 1899 and seventy-five millions in 1901.

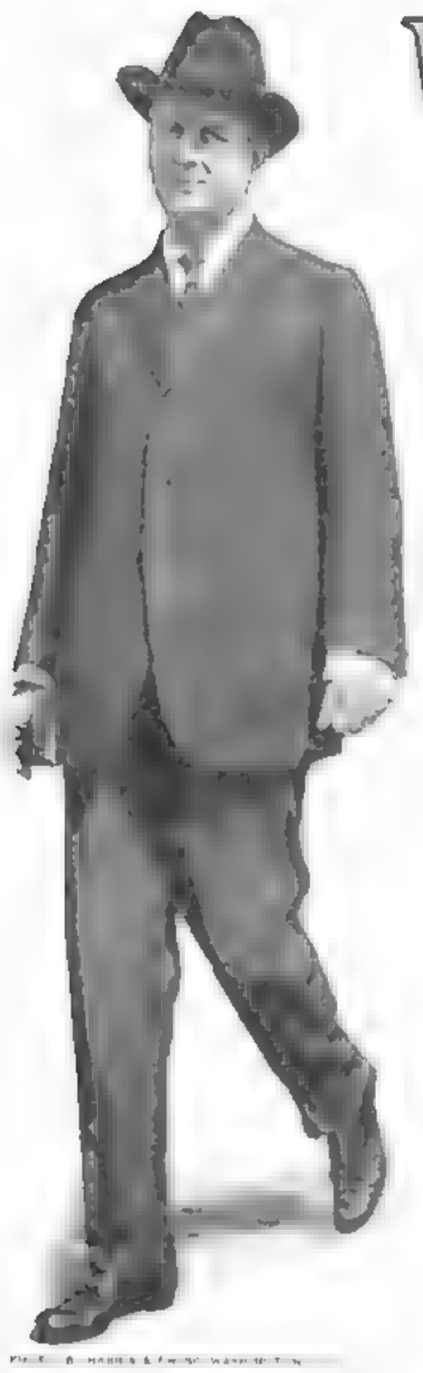
Revenue from tobacco rose from thirty-six millions in 1898 to fifty-two millions in 1899 and sixty-two millions in 1901. Stamp taxes produced forty millions a year.

Since 1898, however, consumption of spirits has increased from eighty-one million gallons to a hundred and forty millions; and of beer, from eleven hundred million gallons to two thousand millions. War taxes on those articles would be correspondingly more productive.

Judging from the experience of France, where tobacco is a state monopoly, that commodity alone could be made to yield a revenue of one hundred and fifty million dollars a year in this country.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



The New Legal Talent in the State Department

YOU may say what you like about William Jennings Bryan—and many persons are availing themselves of the privilege—but he surely does remember the boys who stood by, and particularly the boys who stood by oratorically.

Those, as Mr. Bryan puts it, who live by the spoken word shall be exalted thereby, naturally provided said spoken word or words shall have concerned and consecrated the person who has the exalting privileges—who in a certain department of our Government is none other than Mr. Bryan himself.

Nor is this to be wondered at, for Mr. Bryan is by way of being a word purveyor himself, and it need occasion neither remark nor rejoinder if he shall judge qualification on the output of words to the minute as a basis—of course, as a basis—other merits being considered in subsequent procession. Let me have wordy men about me—as the Secretary of State said, or might have—and I care not who wrestles with international law.

Appreciation, to be sure, is valued of all men and has its definite worth, which is evolved on a sliding scale that begins with opportuneness and ends with appositeness. A fitting thing said at a fitting moment has its virtue; but if it is said in the right spirit and at the exact moment, then that thing stands pre-eminent as a matter entitled to reward.

Therefore, allow me to recall to your memory the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore in 1912, and the first session thereof, when the Democratic National Committee proposed for temporary chairman of that gathering Mr. Alton B. Parker, sometime defeated for the presidency in an almost unanimous manner, but a leading Democrat none the less, and not overly radical in his views, not overly; in fact a man whose habit of mind might be said to veer toward conservatism.

Mr. Bryan, after the presiding officer, Mr. Norman E. Mack, who presided with great dignity and in a whisper had put forward Mr. Parker as the choice of the committee, leaped boldly to the platform, exuding language of protest at every pore, and began to say Judge Parker nay. Indeed he began to say nay not only to Judge Parker, but to Judge Parker's sponsors, to Wall Street, to the vested interests, and to various other persons, things and considerations he held to be good nay-saying objects. He said them nay for quite a spell and offered John W. Kern, of Indiana, as his idea of a nifty and noble temporary chairman. Immediately John W. Kern, his chin whiskers waving like a gonfalon in the breeze created by the impassioned nay-nays of Mr. Bryan, passed the buck right back to Mr. Bryan and nominated Mr. Bryan himself.

Whereupon much oratory ensued and it was clearly apparent that Mr. Bryan did not have the votes. However, there came a moment when a tall Texan scrambled to the lee of Norman Mack and whooped a series of resounding whoops. Inquiry brought forth the information that this tall Texan was none other than Cone Johnson, and Cone certainly gave Mr. Bryan a fine recommendation.

Cone began with an allusion to a few natural phenomena, not perhaps considered in their true significance at the time, owing to the excitement that prevailed. "The tides yonder," he said, "rise and fall; night follows day and men sleep to wake again." Having made this clear, he said a few kind words for T. Jefferson, A. Jackson and A. Lincoln, and then hopped right into his reason for being present, which was: "You cannot do this thing to W. J. Bryan."

High Tide in Nebraska

OF COURSE they did do that thing to W. J. Bryan; but, just the same, Mr. Johnson told them they could not, and he referred to Mr. Bryan in these burning words: "The rising tide"—a great man for tides—"of trust creations, strangling the freedom of trade, and the riot of ill-gotten wealth roused a giant from Nebraska's plains"—the inference being, of course, that Mr. Bryan was the giant the tides awakened from his nap.

There was some more to it. C. Johnson assured the delegates, who were waiting to do what C. Johnson said they could not to Mr. Bryan, that the Democracy must not loiter on the shore. Contrariwise, the Demmies were exhorted boldly to put their barks to sea, "and the Republican ship will go down in the gale of November, lost in the weltering tempest of a nation's just rebuke."

That was not all. Mr. Johnson informed those delegates further: "The fight is on, and Bryan is on one side and Wall Street is on the other." And he concluded in one grand, gorgeous whoop to this general effect: "For this convention to put Bryan to the knife of defeat will send a chill to the hearts of six million and a half Democrats in the United States."

Sad to say, they sent the chill at the moment; but nothing serious came of it and something pleasant resulted to Cone Johnson, for when that other eminent orator, Mr. Joseph W. Folk, transferred his services from the State Department to the Interstate Commerce Commission, instantly Mr. Bryan telegraphed to Cone Johnson to come up and take the place of Solicitor for the State Department. He was solicitous about Cone and he solicited him to be solicitor. Cone came. He was just as solicitous about it as Mr. Bryan was, if you must know. And thus do we rediscover that verbalism is its own reward.

Aside from all that, however, Cone Johnson, of Texas, and now official custodian of the legal machinery of our State Department, is not entirely voice and vocabulary. Indeed, he is a capable lawyer and a rather distinguished Texan.

Mr. Johnson comes from Tyler, which they used to call the Athens of Texas, on the one hand, and the abiding place of the Tyler Gang, on the derisive other. At one time the Tylerites held about all the worth-while political offices in the state. Johnson was of the younger generation, but he learned his politics from the astute Tyler persons who accomplished all this.

He was active for a time, dropped out and hunted foxes and practiced law, and then, about ten years ago, he was changed, through attending a revival, from a passive Methodist to an intense and active one. He preached a sermon that attracted wide attention, and traveled up and down delivering other lay sermons. He changed his view on the liquor question, always the most political of the issues in Texas, and became a fighter for prohibition.

He had been against prohibition earlier in life; and once he had a notable debate with Representative Joseph W. Bailey, who was at the moment in favor of prohibition. Politics changed Bailey's view and religion changed Johnson's; but there were no more debates between himself and Johnson on that issue, the reason being that Johnson rather put a muffler on Bailey in the previous encounter.

Later, however, Johnson went after Bailey again. This was on the issue of whether Bailey should go to Denver as a delegate to the national convention in 1904. Johnson, as leader of the Progressive Democrats in the state, opposed Bailey, and Bailey went home from Washington and fought for himself. Both Johnson and Bailey are great campaign speakers, and it was a ding-dong for some weeks. Bailey won by seventeen thousand votes in a total of three hundred and sixty thousand, but he has never been the same since; and he is now in private life.

Johnson was for Bryan. The Bailey followers opposed Bryan, and that led Johnson to Baltimore at the head of a delegation that gave Wilson forty votes on the first ballot—all they had—and on each ensuing ballot until he was nominated. Also, as I have shown, it led Johnson to make the speech to which some fleeting reference has been made herewith, and, furthermore, it led to the presence at this moment of Cone Johnson in the State Department as the solicitor thereof.

It is quite impossible to print here what Mr. Bailey thinks of Mr. Johnson; but there is no doubt Mr. Bryan thinks he is a fine man—which he is, physically and mentally; and, as it happened, Mr. Bryan had the appointing power.

Getting Back to a Competitive Basis

The Natural Question Not to Ask

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÉMEAUX

In the Two Hours I Spent With the Metzgers, Waite Did Not Say Two Words

THE man who writes special articles is a sort of war correspondent in time of peace. This was especially true, of course, during the muckraking days when all writers had to be fighters or cuttlefish and discharged oceans of ink at the public enemies.

The life had its compensations: it was exciting, it was always changing, and it paid. It had its disadvantages, chief among them being the syncopated friendships—the affections that never grew to full size—the delightful though transitory intimacy with acquaintances who would have become bosom friends with two more weeks, but who stayed acquaintances and were forgotten. And then there were first chapters of romances that never got so far as a second, and tantalizing experiences of all sorts which left an unsatisfied curiosity in you.

I recall many such. Once, on my way to the City of Mexico, I met a Frenchman who had found treasure on an island in the Gulf of California. He was an archæologist of vast erudition and the most amazing memory I have ever known. He had a keen analytical mind and knew all about inscriptions and secret ciphers and codes. He told me, by the way, that the best cipher code in existence was that used by members of the Rothschild family for personal matters—not their commercial code, which is composed exclusively of words of four letters.

The codes of the various foreign offices, he said, would not require two minutes to find the key. I amused myself telling him some of the Sherlock Holmes stories and he always guessed right—except in two instances in which, by reason of my not having given all the clews, he evolved explanations infinitely superior to Conan Doyle's.

He had raised two hundred and fifty thousand francs among his professional colleagues and was going to bring back the treasure. He promised to write me on his return. Never heard of him again!

I ran across a slender little Englishman, with a hyphenated name, whose life was one of those Kiplingesque affairs so many of his countrymen can show. He was starting on a rubber-hunting expedition to Bolivia. After that, he said, he was going home for good. There was but one life between him and a historic earldom—and that life was lost later and—I read in the Graphic—the heir was not found. Never heard of him again!

I met one of those seedhunters of the United States Agricultural Department, who was a great folklorist on the side. He was going after a specimen of the legendary Mictlan corn. Mictlan, in Aztec, means the Place of the Dead. The corn was said to be very white, the ears large and weirdly regular; and each plant was supposed to bear four perfect ears and each ear fourteen rows. The ear did not taper.

He was inclined to believe the legend and thought he might be able to prove that the Aztec priests had gone in for seed selection for generations. He was going to a wild region in Mexico. Never heard of him again! The Department, when I inquired in Washington, had lost track of him.

I met a Belgian baron on the train from Chicago to Salt Lake City. We became pretty good friends and took our dining-car meals together. He owned some mines in Utah. We went to the same hotel together. A cablegram was waiting for him at the hotel office. He opened it, read it, got red, and began to swear in French. I asked him what was the matter and he told me:

"I must kill him. This man, he has gone with my wife—my brother writes. I must return!"

"A duel?" I asked.

"Oh, no. One does not fight dogs! One kills them!" He had grown calm. "Oh, yes!" he told me quietly. "It is the end for him!"

He was a well-known Belgian nobleman and very wealthy. I watched the papers. Nothing!

In San Antonio, Texas, I once made the acquaintance of a Mr. Metzger, whose daughter Nettie took a particular liking to me. She was sixteen, and very pretty, with big black eyes and black hair, said to be inherited from her grandmother, who was a highborn Mexican. All Mexicans that marry into your family are highborn. All others are greasers or yaller-bellies.

Nettie was a nice girl, very romantic at the most romantic of all the ages of a girl, and very talkative. When I say very of a talkative woman I mean exactly that.

When I had finished my work I left San Antonio. I sent the Metzgers Christmas cards in the following December, and later—in April—made another trip to the Southwest to do an irrigation story. I stopped at Sar Antonio on my way back, to get a line on a certain phase of a petroleum muckraking special, and I looked up my old friends, the Metzgers.

They were very glad to see me. Old man Metzger, with a sort of proud affection that later made me feel like a silly ass, took me to Nettie's room and showed me, on the girl's bureau, an oval silver frame, inside of which was a half-tone reproduction of a photograph of myself.

He had cut it out of the advertising pages of a magazine I had honored with a series of articles, and she had begged for it. He had given it to her; but it was really the family's, he assured me. They were very proud of me for being so famous and of themselves for knowing me.

Nettie was still talking. She told me about her fellow—Whitey Waite—a quiet young chap, with curious, disconcerting eyes. They always looked as though they were staring at you and yet they were not wide open enough for that. They were pale blue in color and so very clear they reminded you of turquoise beads. They had a tinge of that gray which you see in some Persian cats.

They called him Whitey because he was so blond—almost flaxen-haired.

In the two hours I spent with the Metzgers, Waite did not say two words; but often I caught him looking at me with those unblinking pale-blue eyes of his, with a sort of meditative expression, as though he had not made up his mind what to do to me. They suggested, also, an absence of eyelids and incessant thinking going on behind the sockets—thinking to which you got absolutely no clew, though you felt the thinking concerned you.

The eyes did not seem to be a part of his body, but a part of his mind; and they baffled you as a snake's eyes baffle you, because you always think a snake is looking straight at you and is prepared or preparing to do something to you. Look out for a man with those eyes. He either is loyal to the death, or else he does not think your death of any more consequence than eating an apple.

I congratulated Nettie on picking out a man who hated to talk and did not seem to object to listening by the hour. Bottling up a woman's speech is fatal to happiness.

"I suit him, all right," she told me defiantly.

"How do you know?" I teased her.

"I know!"

"He never told you!" I asserted.

"No," she admitted reluctantly, "he never told me; but I know it, just as well as though he had told me for breakfast, dinner and supper ten years running."

"Nettie," I said to her paternally, "next to your reticence and your taciturnity, what I most admire in you is your penetration and your modesty."

"I do!" she averred stoutly. "He just looked at me and I knew he knew I—I was crazy about him. And I knew he cared for me; so it was all settled."

"But didn't he say anything?" I asked her.

"Yes, indeed!" She spoke indignantly. "Do you think he is a mute? He can talk!"

"Can he?"

"Yes, he can; and he does too."

She happened to see me grinning and she laughed indecisively, as women do when they wish you to know that they see the joke and enjoy it—only they really do not see and do not enjoy.

"Ah!" I exclaimed very seriously. "He talks! And pray what does he talk?"

"I think you are mean," she said, with hurt dignity.

She was so serious about it that I saw she thought the one man she knew who came from the great outside world of books and romantic people and marvelous magazine makers was not nice to her—or to the one man in all the world for her. So I said contritely:

"My dear child, I was jesting; but really your romance is most extraordinary—and very beautiful. So it is all settled?"

"Oh, yes!" She smiled happily at me and looked as though she could talk about it for fifty years steadily.

"Then he must have said something to your folks."

"Oh, no! He said it to me."

"Nettie, just what did he say?"

"He said: 'I reckon when I get that Panama job we'll get married and go down there together.'"

"He said all that?"

"Yes, he did!"

"And that settled it, of course?"

"Of course!"

I looked at her and clearly perceived that, so far as she was concerned, it was settled indeed. I spoke to her father a little later.

"Nettie tells me she and young Waite are going to get married."

"Yes." He did not seem exactly tickled to death over it.

"Don't you like the idea?" I asked.

"I don't like the idea of her going to Panama."

"Then why do you let her go?"

"Well," he said dubiously, "well, I ——" I could see he had never before thought about his reasons. "Well," he finished, "Whitey said he was going to take her down there after they got married." He had not the faintest notion of dreaming to think of daring to oppose Whitey. It was very remarkable.

I more or less desultorily asked for information about young Waite and heard nothing against him. I learned that he was a quiet, honest, industrious sort of chap, neither very popular with anybody nor especially disliked anywhere. He had always lived with his mother, except when he was working on a ranch in the Panhandle country—I forget just where.

I left the next day and the Metzgers became one of the hundreds of nice, friendly families I had met in my travels—no more, no less.

Some years later a magazine wished to find out how Uncle Sam had become Papa Sam to a lot of ditchdiggers. An experiment in government control of everything, including the cost of food and wages, had created a demand for character sketches of men who were handling millions by the hundred, tackling problems by the thousand, taking chances with life like intelligent heroes, living like decent men and guessing like geniuses.

I therefore went to Panama. I was watching the relocating of the railroad—this was before the Gatun Dam was much more than begun—and as I walked along the track I heard a calm voice say:

"I reckon you had better get a rustle on."

It was a drawling voice—almost purring; but for some reason it reminded me of the soft velvet sheath of a particularly sharp knife. It was a voice that greatly interested me. Everything is interesting to a man who makes his living by writing about anything.

"Who is he?" I asked my cicerone.

"That's the roadmaster. Did you notice how those Jamaican coons hustled?"

"Did I? I consider it the most remarkable thing on the Isthmus, bar none. Why, that man has just got 'em scared to death! Oblige me by looking at them."

The negro tracklayers were indeed working like madmen. One of them, a tall, sculpturesque husky, was positively maniacal in his activity.

"That big buck yonder," I observed, "probably could tear the roadmaster in two. It shows ——"

"Hold on, before you make a break! I'll tell you what it shows: it shows love! That big Jamaican swears by Whitey. Come with me. I'll show you. Hello, Roberts!" He spoke to the lunatic. "What's your work today?"

"I don' know. Arsk Mars Wee-yet!" he replied in the queer jargon of the British West Indian.

Mars Wee-yet approached us.

"How do you do?" he said to me, as though I were an inspector on one of his regular daily routine trips. "Nettie will be glad to see you."

I shook hands non-committally and presently recalled Texas, the Metzgers, Nettie, whose father had cut my portrait out of a magazine, and Whitey Waite.

I hung round a bit longer, but he had nothing more to say to me, his remarks—few and gently spoken—being addressed to the gang.

"I'll see you again!" I called to him.

"Dinwiddie knows the house. Nettie is there. I'll be home at eleven," he answered.

Dinwiddie, my guide, one of the engineers of the division, took me to the Waite cottage. I found Nettie at home. She seemed glad to see me in a subdued sort of way. She told me the latest news of her father and mother; but I noticed she only did so in answer to questions. She volunteered nothing. There was nothing to hide, but her girlish loquacity was gone. This made her a new Nettie.

At first I thought her taciturnity might come from living in the tropics; but I recalled other American women I had met in the Zone and they had not been made reticent by the climate—quite the contrary. Therefore I concluded that Whitey had something to do with it.

"Nettie," I said, "you were an awful chatterbox as a kid. Now you are what novelists would call a saturnine young woman. Why?"

"Most people talk too much," she answered.

"And say too little?"

She nodded.

"You are happy, of course."

"Yes."

"Does Mars Wee-yet talk to you evenings?"

She smiled—and nodded! She had not lost her sense of humor—only her penchant for talking. A woman does not say silly things when she does not talk at all. Nettie had acquired much wisdom.

We conversed—or, rather, I talked in a more or less desultory fashion; told her about some of the things I had done and places I had visited since our last meeting in San Antonio. She listened with interest and, I like to think, with intelligence.

In one of the pauses she rose and went into the house—we had been talking, American fashion, in rocking-chairs on the mosquito-screened porch. She returned with a bundle of old magazines and weeklies.

"He saves everything of yours he comes across," she said proudly—like a mother trying to speak dispassionately about her prodigy. "I read them aloud to him evenings."

"That doubtless gives your vocal cords all the exercise they require," I said.

She nodded—twice! Then she shamefacedly took the precious literature back—possibly she felt she had been too talkative with her nods.

Shortly after eleven Waite came in. He was tanned a brick-red and his eyebrows and hair showed sunbleach. His curious pale-blue eyes showed the same disconcerting immobility of the eyelids, but were less staring.

I decided that this came from the effort to keep himself from blinking in the awful glare of the tropic sun. You saw the infinitude of little wrinkles, such as you see about the eyes of old sea-captains—and also the inscrutability you see in the eyes of people who do their talking in silence, as it were.

He washed leisurely and then came out and shook hands with me—in silence. Somehow I did not feel that I had to supply any conversation, and yet I could swear I was among friends intimate enough to be silent with for months at a stretch. We do not have many such friends—have we now?

After breakfast, which they called lunch, he said to Nettie:

"I had to see the colonel." It was so plain he was apologizing for being late that when she nodded understandingly I did so too. He went on: "I've asked for three months' leave of absence."

She opened her eyes wide and stared at him. He was looking at the floor, so her eyes could not ask his eyes anything. She fell back on her tongue:

"I thought vacation didn't come until February."

He took a letter from his pocket. The envelope was edged with black. She turned very pale when she saw the mourning stationery and her lips moved silently, but I easily read: Mother! Her hands trembled as she took over the letter.

She read with unpleasantly wide-open eyes and quivering lips; then she began to weep softly. Whitey had pushed his chair back from the table and was staring at the tips of his boots.

I looked inquiringly at Nettie, my features composed—as well as I could manage it—to what you might call a general funereal expression. I did not know who had died or when. She understood and for all answer said:

"George—his brother!" She nodded toward Whitey.

Whenever she said he or him she meant her husband. Childless women always talk that way—God bless 'em! - and girls in their first love affair.

I shook my head sadly. I had never heard of George Waite; but he was the brother of a man I had met once, for an hour or two, six years before. Whitey looked up at his wife and said calmly:

"I gotter get 'im!"

She drew in her breath sharply, with a frightened little gasp. Then she stared unblinkingly at him, dumb with terror, fascinated into utter petrification by what she saw in her husband's eyes. Then she nodded—exactly as if a powerful hand had grasped her head and made it bow!

He looked at me. I looked at him. I got no definite message—only an unpleasant gooseflesh ing along the spine; but because this always was a house of silence and now also was a house of death I bravely raised my eyebrows and whispered:

"What?"

"Man got George. Gotter get him!"

The gooseflesh left me and before I knew it I asked:

"When do you sail?"

"Tomorrow! New Orleans!" he vouchsafed.

He rose from his chair and beckoned me with a motion of his hand to follow him. I immediately did so—and felt glad to do it. I do not know why. Really I do not! As he passed his wife he stopped, patted her head and said quietly:

"You can't come with me. I'll cable when."

"I could stay with father and ——"

"No! Here!" he said emotionlessly and walked on.

I followed, still vaguely glad to follow. He took me into his garden. It was his hobby. There were no vegetables—all flowers.

"Most of them from Texas seed," he told me. "Getting 'em acclimated."

He motioned to me to remain where I was, and I did—without the slightest impatience. He went back into the house and called:

"Net!"

"What?"

"The automatic!"

Presently Nettie came out with an automatic pistol in her hand. He took it, nodded his thanks and walked to the rear of the little garden. I saw a target of heavy plank, faced with boiler plate, leaning against banked earth. He painted the target rings afresh with a brush he took from a can he kept behind the target, and then began to practice both drawing and firing quickly from the hip, and deliberately as at a French duel. He was a very good shot—not the best I have ever seen, but very good indeed.

"I've learned to shoot with the sun in my eyes," he explained. Then I understood why he practiced.

"Look here, Waite, do you really mean to say you're going North to kill ——"

He interrupted me and, with a complete absence of heat, said:

"I gotter get the man that got my brother!"

"Yes," I agreed, "you've got to!"

I could not help it—and I could not ask any more questions. A man told me that the only pale-blue-eyed Mexican he ever saw was by profession a bandit and never had the slightest trouble with his followers. They always obeyed him—no mutiny.

I left the Waites feeling that our friendship had never been interrupted. Nettie had begun to pack up his things. She did not stop packing long enough even to shake hands; but she said apologetically:

"I'm sorry I couldn't show you any more attention; but, you see, it was ——"

"Nonsense!" I said. "I didn't come to be entertained, but to see you. I'm very glad I came."

"Me too," she said. "Good-by."

"Remember me to your father and mother when you write," I called from the front steps.

She came to the door, smiled at me amicably, nodded and went back into the house.

Dinwiddie, the young man who had been detailed to act as my cicerone, was waiting for me at headquarters. He told me that Whitey Waite had received a letter, read it, and instantly went to the superintendent and said he had to have three months' leave of absence.

The superintendent began to explain that such a thing was utterly unthinkable—because it was absolutely impossible. Nobody could get the work out of the Jamaican gangs that Whitey could, and ——"

"I'll speak to them," said Whitey. It settled it in his mind.

"Nobody can—and you know it," protested the superintendent.

Then, according to Dinwiddie, Whitey just went up to his chief and said a few words in a low tone of voice. The superintendent jumped back and yelled:

"But you can't, cold-blooded ——"

And Whitey cut in, saying:

"I just gotter!"

"And," finished Dinwiddie, "I'm a goat if the super didn't say:

"'All right—damn it! All right—hell! All right—blank-blank! But you tell the colonel. You know how anxious he is to finish that relocating work.'

"And then Whitey said:

"'No need—I'll just tell my gang what they gotter do.'

"And then Whitey just goes to the gang of Jamaican niggers and says:

"'I'm goin' No'th to-morrow. I reckon you'd better rustle some while I'm gone.'

"The gang began to shake. I swear it. Then Whitey says:

"'You heard me?'

(Concluded on Page 74)

That Stare Made Me Think of Ice-Cold Thoughts

"I Gotter Get 'Im!"

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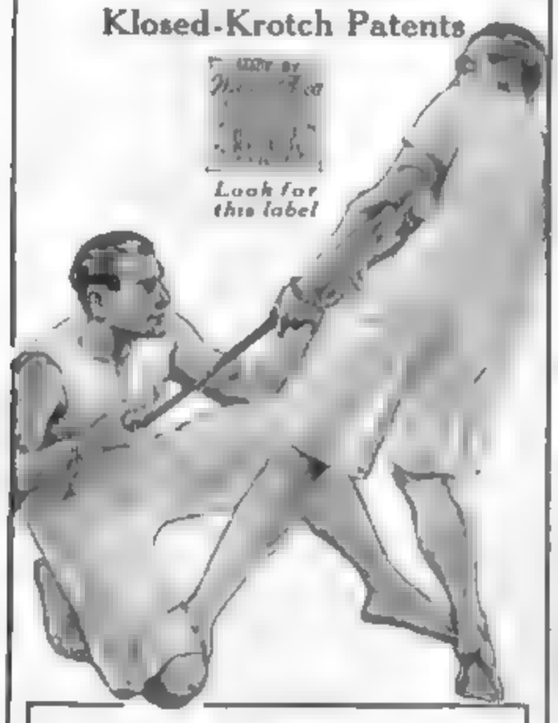

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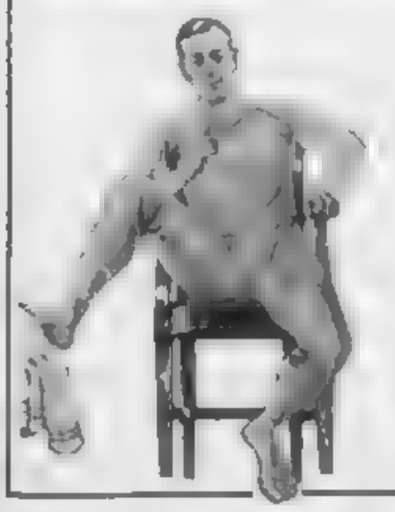

Wilson Bro's Chicago

Public Ownership of Railroads, Waterways and Water Power

(Continued from Page 5)

moved, the capacity of cars and locomotives, the cost of rights of way, the classification of traffic, and the general customs, habits and methods of the people engaged in manufacturing, commercial and agricultural pursuits, that comparisons between privately owned railways in this country and publicly owned railways in Europe are of small value; but Germany, with publicly owned railways, and Great Britain, with private ownership, furnish an excellent demonstration of the comparative value of the two systems.

The total capitalization of the railways in Germany is $109,000 a mile, as compared with $265,000 a mile in Great Britain. The actual average passenger rate paid a mile is ninety-five hundredths of one cent in Germany and one and a half cents in Great Britain. The average freight rate a ton-mile is 1.41 cents in Germany under public ownership and 2.33 cents in Great Britain under private ownership.

Mr. Anthony Van Wagenen's book on Government Ownership of Railroads says: "It costs $5.72 to transport a ton of hardware from Birmingham to London, while the cost for the same class of goods over the same distance in Germany is about $2.25. Cotton goods from Manchester to London cost $8.76 a ton; in Germany, over the same distance, the cost is from $4.86 to $5.60. General machinery from Leeds to Hull costs $6.09 a ton; in Germany, over precisely the same distance, $1.09."

Referring to other conditions, the same authority says: "It may be said that these are not important differences; but what is important is that the German railroads must carry these goods over two hundred miles for about $1.22 a ton, whereas in England it costs from twice to four or five times that to carry it one hundred miles."

No people less abundantly endowed with natural resources than ours could ever have withstood the enormous waste, plunder and larceny involved in the methods employed in financing the railways of the United States. If this reads like the emphasis of overstatement, let it be boldly declared that statistical and court records prove more against private ownership of the railways of this country than any mere list of nouns and adjectives can imply or set down.

An empire of 247,093 square miles—over 158,000,000 acres—of the public lands of the United States has been given to the railways to aid in their construction and maintenance. This is a domain more than equal to the German Empire in extent. In the words of Secretary Lane, who furnished the figures as lately as January, 1914, to the Congress of the United States: "These land grants equal in area a territory as large as the combined areas of the New England States and New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia." And Secretary Lane continued: "How much other public aid has been given to private railroad building, in the form of cash bounties or subsidies or guaranteed interest and principal on bond issues, cannot even be approximated with any degree of certainty."

Railroads Under Receiverships

In this connection Douglas County, Kansas, my home county, with twenty-five thousand population, has contributed more than half a million dollars in bonds and cash to aid the construction of railways in that county. Missouri contributed thirty-eight million dollars and received six millions from the railways, making the net loss to the state thirty-two millions.

In spite of these enormous public subsidies, in spite of high rates, in spite of the frequent control by the railway politicians of Congress and legislatures and courts, 735 railway companies, operating 136,156 miles of road and involving nearly eight billion dollars of stock and bonds, have gone into the hands of receivers. In other words, until agencies of the Government took hold of more than half of the roads, squeezed a part of the water out of them and compelled them to be temporarily honest, they could not run successfully. The operation of railways under government receiverships has been surprisingly successful and furnishes an argument of no small value for government ownership. The actual general manager of some of these railways under receiverships has been a Federal judge, not a trained railroad man.

Efficiency? Has not Mr. Louis Brandeis, in his brief to the Interstate Commerce Commission, pointed out leaks of many million dollars, not to mention the assertion of experts he examined, who declared that three hundred million dollars a year could be saved to the railways by more efficient management?

Efficiency? Is it efficient management to kill or injure every year one trainman for every nine trainmen employed? Think of it! In nine years every trainman employed in the operation of railway trains in the United States would be killed or injured if there were no new men to fill in the gaps and share the burden of killings and injuries. And inefficiency is only one indictment of the American people against the railways.

Waste goes along as one factor of inefficiency. Waste is inherent in the system itself, waste that would be almost entirely eliminated by the mere fact of changing from private ownership to the unity of national public operation. For their legal departments alone the railways expended last year about twelve million dollars; and that sum did not include the salaries of many highly paid general solicitors and counselors. A large share of this expense would be unnecessary if a bureau of the Government, with its corps of assistants from the Department of Justice, had the management of the rail highways of the country.

The Cost of Getting Business

The Interstate Commerce Commission asserted recently that the railways lose annually at least fifteen million dollars by giving free service to industrial companies. This is not only waste, it is also a fraud on the shippers who are competing with such industrials.

Simply for getting the business by their traffic departments, the railways are spending fifty-six million dollars annually. The soliciting that makes up the bulk of this expense simply enables one railway to take business away from another. For the most part it is pure waste. For the year ending June 30, 1911, the people, through the United States Government, paid the railways fifty million dollars for transporting the mails. In the same year the people, through the express companies, paid the railways seventy million dollars for transporting packages. The railways' middlemen profits in those transactions amounted to many million dollars.

The enormous profits made by the Pullman Car Company, enabling it to swell its capitalization from one million dollars in 1867 to one hundred twenty million dollars in 1910, are waste, chargeable to private ownership of the railways. In this country the railways pay the Pullman Company for routing sleeping cars over their tracks. In some European countries the sleeping-car owners pay the railways. So, also, are the great profits taken by private refrigerator car companies and express companies chargeable to waste. If the railway had owned and operated the Pullman, express and refrigerator-car companies, the enormous profits that these companies have absorbed could have been used to lower freight rates for the benefit of the public.

The total of these wastes runs between two and three hundred million dollars annually. Some of them cannot be stated in exact figures, because of the juggled accounts and the varying contracts the railways have with the allied companies.

I have mentioned larceny as one count in the indictment of the methods that have been so generally used in financing our railway properties. Is that too harsh a word for the almost countless repetitions of acts infinitely worse in their effects on general property rights and more criminal in their intent than most of the acts for which common criminals fill our jails and penitentiaries?

"Reliable authorities have stated," said Secretary Lane in his letter to a congressman, already referred to, "that the actual cost of construction of the Union Pacific Railroad was approximately fifty million dollars. The cost to the railroad company

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DUFF is the largest maker of jacks in the world, and Duff service covers every lifting requirement known to engineering—from a capacity of 500 tons per jack down.

Duff-Built High Speed Jacks

are the world's standard for railroads, rapid transit lines, locomotive and car works. Write for Duff literature on any form of lifting requirement.

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Pittsburgh, Pa.

Established 1883

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Duff High Speed Ball Bearing Screw Jack, with Cyclone Lowering Device. Capacity—25 tons. Pat. Feb 11, '13 and Mch. 14, '14.

of this construction was ninety-three and a half million dollars, nearly forty-three million dollars being taken in profit by the contractors and the Crédit Mobilier." A long time ago that, some one may say. Yes, it was; and railway high finance has not improved since then. Instead of the Union Pacific's beggarly plunder and swag of forty-three million dollars, the swag and plunder that wrecked the New Haven road in this present period has been estimated at two hundred million dollars. The Frisco's wreckage was brought about in the same time by the grafting of still unenumerated but certainly many millions. If such things be not larceny they are as flat burglary as was ever committed.

Through all the railway years the way is marked by such deals as these and by such so-called legitimate deals as Jay Gould's watering of the Erie to half a million dollars a mile; by E. H. Harriman's water-logging of the Chicago and Alton, and by his use of the credit of the Oregon Short Line to traffic in stocks and bonds of other lines, and pile new millions on millions of fictitiously created wealth, on which the public pays interest. The space of a magazine article can scarcely enumerate the deals by which the railways of the country have been used to pile up ill-gotten fortunes instead of to develop the land for the people.

Even waiving every other advantage and need of government ownership and operation, I believe firmly that private ownership and operation cannot much longer perform the necessary function. I mean that the present system will break down if it has not already broken down. I mean that the Government itself is the only organization strong enough to perform the transportation service adequately—as adequately as it will have to be performed to meet the demands of our commerce.

Mr. Hill's Prediction

Consider the statement made by Mr. James J. Hill, of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific and Burlington Railroads. It was made in an open letter to the late Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, in 1906, the year of a memorably disastrous car shortage. It was repeated in November, 1907, in an address by Mr. Hill to the Commercial Club of Kansas City. In that speech he said: "A year ago I said it would require five and a half billion dollars, or one billion one hundred million dollars a year for five years, to make our railroad facilities equal to the demands on them. The figures are staggering, but twelve months have confirmed them and enhanced the difficulty of securing such investment. In the last year the railroads have raised in one way and another in the neighborhood of a billion dollars. Much of this has been obtained on short-time notes at a high rate of interest. Most of it has gone into terminals, renewal of old equipment and purchase of new, and other necessary improvements. It was a forced investment, the funds for which were raised not to make our railroads adequate to their task but simply to keep them at their present working level.

"It has been used to keep the wheels of industry from slipping backward, but there has been very little new construction. The needs of the moment were too severe for that; and, though substantially the amount of money suggested by me as indispensable has been collected and spent, the railroads have barely held their own and the future remains to be provided for. Not less, but in the opinion of competent judges perhaps fifty per cent more, should be spent annually for the five years to come."

That was more than six years ago, and the indispensable demands on traffic facilities have necessarily increased. On their own showing the private railroad companies are utterly unable to perform the functions that must be performed. If that is not true then they and their spokesmen must stand convicted of the grossest misrepresentation in order to force increasing rates to support new stock and bond deals.

The railways themselves fear their own deficiencies and the consequences of their own wrongdoing. They fought the Alaska Railroad Bill as they fought the Panama Canal, for they do not wish the proof given of what the Government can do in the way of railway construction and railway management, even under the most unfavorable conditions. The railways themselves have brought the government ownership issue to the front in seeking to head off that step by a persistent campaign of misrepresentation and one-sided discussion of it.

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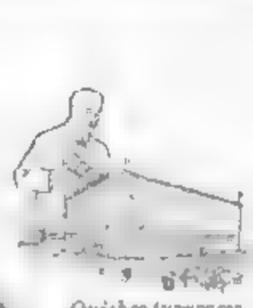

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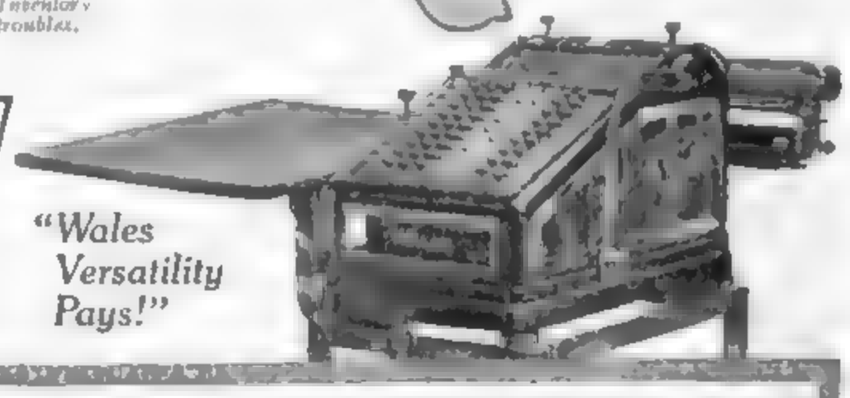

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In these days of rising business costs, when stock must be moved more quickly than ever before to maintain your profit, when costs must be known and distributed more completely to insure operating economy, you must have some way to get the vital facts about your business quickly and surely when you want them. Details heretofore neglected must be studied, analyzed and turned to account.

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By enabling your bookkeeper to get and give you information otherwise unobtainable or hard to get, it protects your interest and saves your own time and energy.

At the same time it saves money in your bookkeeping department by preventing mistakes and by doing away with bookkeeping drudgery.

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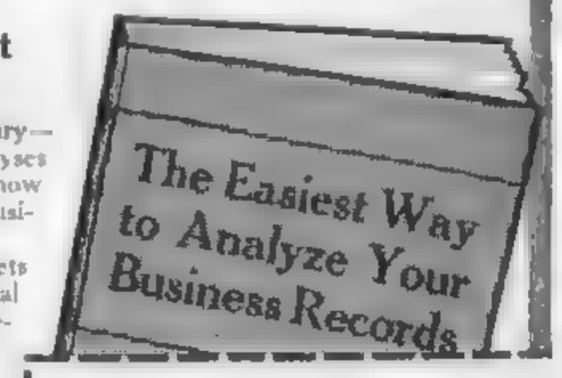

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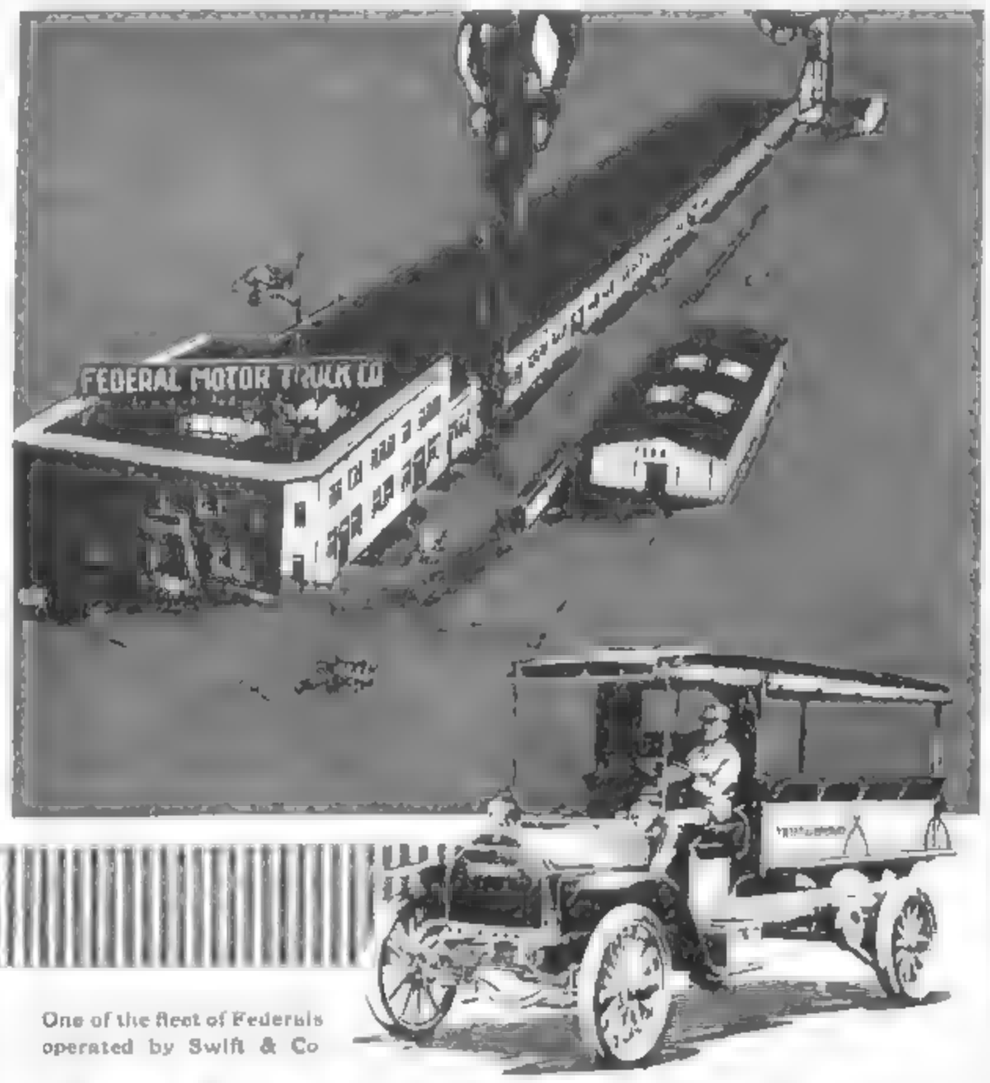

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PACKING HOUSES

find in Federals their cheapest, most efficient delivery system

Probably in no business are delivery problems more difficult than in the packing of meat products. Deliveries must be prompt, efficient and regular; the loads, as a rule, are heavy; and the location of customers necessitates driving under all sorts of road conditions.

It is also true that hardly any other business has such a thorough accounting system, such a complete knowledge of delivery costs.

When, therefore, packing-houses in all parts of the country are discarding all other forms of delivery in favor of Federal trucks, it speaks volumes for the efficiency and economy of Federalized transportation.

Federal trucks, to any packer, will mean not only a considerably smaller investment in delivery equipment, but a very much smaller operating cost.

We are prepared to prove this to your satisfaction by the experience of many other concerns in your line; and shall be very glad to go into your own delivery problems in detail.

Write for interesting booklet applying especially to packing-house delivery.

Federal Motor Truck Company

104 Leavitt Avenue **Detroit, Michigan**

The experience of other countries—those having government ownership—has borne out the teachings of our own opposite experience. "The rapid extension of industry in Germany has called for a parallel development in the facilities for transportation," Consul Norton, writing from Chemnitz in 1907, reported. "In most respects," he continued, "this growth has been more harmonious and better adapted to meet the natural economic needs than has been the case in the United States under corresponding conditions. This is due in large measure to the fact that most of the railroad lines are under government control and to the consequent uniformity in management and avoidance of unhealthy rivalry."

The square-deal effect on all railway labor, and incidentally on all labor, with one central management of the whole transportation system in government hands, would be a prodigious benefit of government ownership.

United States statistics show, as Professor Scott Nearing has set out in his Wages in the United States, that twenty-two per cent of the nearly one and three-quarter million railway workers in the United States receive a wage of less than eight dollars a week. The figures are for 1909, but they have not changed sufficiently since more than to make up for the increase in the cost of living.

Fifty-one per cent of the railway employees of the entire country receive less than six hundred twenty-five dollars a year. Only seven per cent receive more than a thousand dollars; and of the few high-priced railway men or operatives none receives more than all in that limited class would receive under government ownership, and probably none of them receives as much.

It is a real menace to the country that more than half of the workers in one of the most useful occupations in the world should receive less than a living wage.

Saving on Bond Interest

If it owned the railways, the United States Government could guarantee to every railway worker a wage that would at least support him and his family up to the standard of the average American home. It would not get the money for this by leveling down the wages of the high-priced, better-skilled operatives. It would get it from the savings represented by the lower rate of interest that the railways would have to pay on railway bonds, principal and interest guaranteed by the United States, as compared with the sum total of interest, dividends and surplus earnings the railways now pay to their stock and bond holders; and from the savings of the vast waste that has been partly enumerated earlier in this article, resulting from inefficiency, the duplications of expenses, the traffic departments, the virtual rebates to industrials, the profits over the actual cost taken for mail transportation, express carriage, Pullman and refrigerator car service, and so on. Who shall state with complete accuracy just the number of hundreds of millions of dollars these possible present savings would represent?

Of the first item alone, consider that the railway interests, dividends and surplus earnings for private benefit amounted to $833,734,571 for the year ending June 30, 1911, as shown by the last published report of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Now in a letter read to the United States Senate by Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, on January twenty-first of this year, Mr. Clifford Thorne, of the Iowa Railroad Commission, states that the United States Government would have to pay in yearly interest on bonds representing the full present market value of all the railway securities, including stocks and bonds, $419,075,201. The difference between this latter sum and the $833,734,571 now paid to private beneficiaries is $414,659,370. Mr. Thorne's figures are based on a government rate of interest of three per cent; but, using a four-per-cent basis for railway bonds guaranteed by the Government, the saving would amount to approximately three hundred million dollars annually.

The saving, regardless of interest rates, in that one item would be vast, nor does all this offered present saving take into account the future saving. Here and now I can only indicate these. The "unearned increment" of land values in city terminals, country right of way, and so forth, are piling up hundreds of millions of "capital values" that the railroad rates under private ownership must also return interest upon. The other

The Smuggled Calabash

A Tale of Crime and Reparation

Jones of Philadelphia (not the Jones you know) had business in Detroit. Before returning he crossed over to Windsor with the fell notion of buying a swell calabash and bringing it back without paying duty.

He got away with it, with much less trouble than he expected. But Jones was afflicted with a conscience. He was sorry before he got to Mansfield and it was a contrite Jones who left the train at Broad Street Station.

At home his wife made it worse. She said it sounded downright dishonest, and every time the postman rang she jumped with terror at the idea of Custom men, U. S. marshals, Federal prisons and things.

Poor Jones couldn't make that pipe taste right. He never enjoyed smoking it—got no pleasure out of it. He almost gave it away once, but instead he stuck a $5 bill in an envelope and sent it to the Detroit Custom House, hoping that would ease his conscience.

He had no sooner mailed his letter than he found that he wanted to smoke. He felt for his tobacco but he had none, so he walked over to Harrison's desk and asked for a pipeful and got it from Harrison's tin.

He lighted up with trembling fingers. Would his conscience money spent make that beautiful pipe taste as it should—as he had longed for it to taste?

Oh, Joy! Oh, Bliss! Oh, Rapture! The pipe tasted glorious, the smoke was incomparable. He leaned back in his chair and sank into a reverie of pure pipe pleasure. Suddenly he roused himself.

"Harrison," he burst out, "would you believe it? Now that I have repented and paid Government the duty I cheated it out of in this pipe, it gives me the sweetest, nicest, slickest smoke I ever experienced."

And Harrison said, "Oh, forget it! That pipe got good because I gave you some Edgeworth—if you had started in smoking Edgeworth you would be ahead the $5 bill you just dropped down the mail chute."

Now the question is, Was it conscience or Edgeworth that made Jones begin to enjoy his pipe?

We'll let you decide this by testing Edgeworth yourself, and we'll furnish free the tobacco for a thorough test.

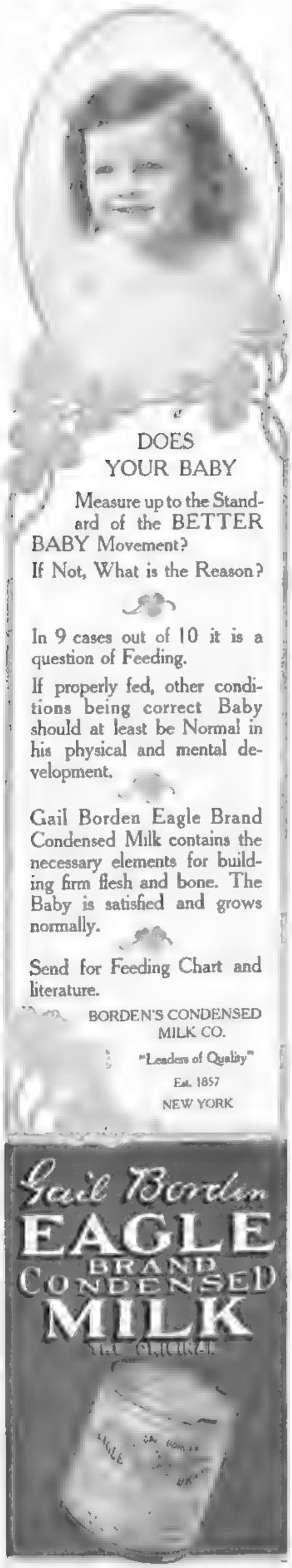
If you will send us your address and your dealer's name on a post card we will postpay a sample package for you to try. We want you to try Edgeworth for the same reasons that you would want people to try any product that you had spent years in perfecting and that you made as well as you knew how. So send and get your sample.

Edgeworth is made from the finest Burley that grows on the ground and comes in two forms—Sliced Plug and Ready-Rubbed.

The retail price of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is 10c for pocket size tin, 50c for large tin, $1.00 for humidor tin. Edgeworth Sliced Plug is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. It is on sale practically everywhere. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

If you want the free package, write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen (10 cent size) carton by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.



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YOUR BABY

Measure up to the Standard of the BETTER BABY Movement?

If Not, What is the Reason?

In 9 cases out of 10 it is a question of Feeding.

If properly fed, other conditions being correct Baby should at least be Normal in his physical and mental development.

Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk contains the necessary elements for building firm flesh and bone. The Baby is satisfied and grows normally.

Send for Feeding Chart and literature.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.

"Leaders of Quality"

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"increases" that result from the great tractive power of locomotives and the vast increase in carrying capacity of freight cars—these benefits now inure to private parties instead of to the people, as would be the case if the public were the owner.

With these increments piled up on top of speculations and excessive capitalization, is it any wonder that the following dialogue concerning the railways' present demand for increased rates took place in an Interstate Commerce hearing?

COMMISSIONER LANE: Is there any reason to believe that these increases would stop with the present increase if it should be allowed?

PRESIDENT WILLARD, of the Baltimore and Ohio: Increases in rates?

COMMISSIONER LANE: Increases in rates; yes, sir.

PRESIDENT WILLARD: No; I think not. I think the tendency of rates will be to continue upward.

COMMISSIONER LANE: You think there will have to be a progressive increase?

PRESIDENT WILLARD: Yes, sir.

I wonder whether the tremendous importance of an increase in freight rates, with further advances in prospect, is generally appreciated. I fear not. Many regard the proposed increase of five per cent as a very slight matter; but the cold facts are: A five per cent increase for the Eastern roads, involving fifty million dollars, is but an opening wedge, that in the end will mean a general increase for all the railroads in the country, aggregating one hundred fifty million dollars. These increased charges will be paid primarily by the merchants, and finally, in the higher cost of food, clothing, shelter, coal, lumber, and so on, by the public. The most prosperous year for the railways was 1913. Their total income was the largest, and their profits would have been the greatest in history if they had used the same proportion of their revenue for permanent improvements and maintenance that had been expended during preceding years. The excessive proportion of railway revenues invested in cars, engines, terminals, tracks and improvements during 1913 represents profits, but in the form of property instead of cash. There was not the slightest justification for the advance in freight rates demanded by the railways and refused by the commission in 1910 and there is now no justification for an increase. The facts submitted by the railway officials themselves condemn the whole scheme.

The Public Suspicious

There has been an immeasurable increase in the wealth of the world and we are enjoying comforts and luxuries undreamed of by our ancestors, chiefly on account of useful inventions and the advance from the cruder methods of transportation to the present system. These are the factors which have contributed most largely to the marvelous advance in our material civilization during the past hundred years. But are we come to an end of this advance so far as aid from cheaper transportation is concerned? After the age-long forward march, are we now to face the other way and retrace our steps? If the cost of everything we buy, including transportation, is to advance, it cannot mean anything else but that we are nearing the end of the increase in the comforts and luxuries of civilization. And I for one refuse to believe that transportation cannot be made very much cheaper and very much better than it now is. I believe it can be made so under government ownership and control. I see no such hopeful prospect otherwise.

Even if an increase in freight rates were as imperatively required as the railway people claim, it would be exceedingly difficult to secure the higher rates sought. The people are justly suspicious of the correctness of the arguments advanced for the proposed increase. They do not believe all the facts are in their possession. They think it is likely that the New Haven and the Frisco, and possibly other roads, need more money right now, but they are exceedingly reluctant to furnish the added money in the shape of higher freight rates. Under government ownership the people would know or could learn all the facts at any time. If an advance or reduction in rates were needed it could be easily made. In Belgium and Germany the fullest publicity is given regarding railroad rates and

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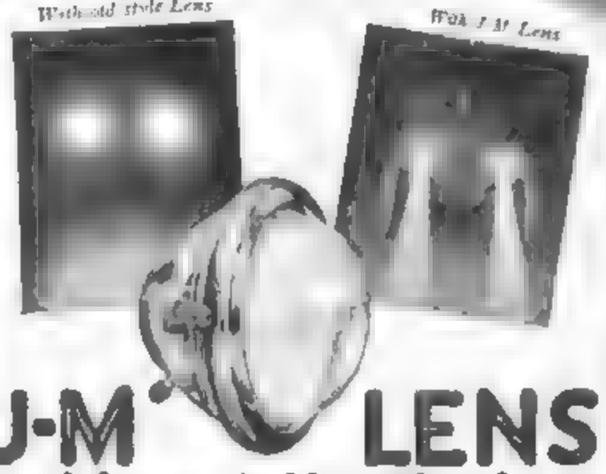

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Non-Blinding

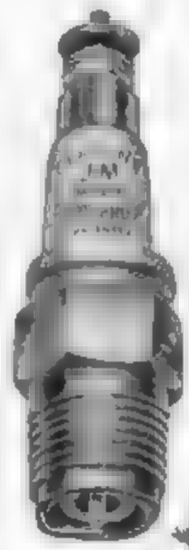
Instead of a blinding glare, confusing to pedestrians and drivers of approaching vehicles, the J-M Lens gives double safety—*first* by projecting a powerful, searching beam forward and downward *on the road*—and *second* by throwing a soft, suffused glow about the front of a car that makes the radiator, fenders and tires clearly visible.

This obviously great improvement results from a lens of pronounced curvature frosted over its entire surface except for a small oval area slightly below the center which has been left transparent—giving at once the advantage of searchlight and sidelight combined. The J-M Lens requires no special fittings, is easily attached to all standard lamps, and costs only $5.00 per pair—*a small price for night safety.*

J-M (Mez-ger)
Soot-Proof Spark Plug

Imitated—but never successfully duplicated. Twelve years of satisfactory service. Its double-chamber construction effectively prevents short-circuits due to carbon deposits. Its two-unit design permits the porcelain to be removed from, and replaced in the shell, quickly and easily. It is absolutely gas-tight—emphatically will not leak compression. Part for part it will outlast any ordinary plug many times. Nothing short of a blow with a heavy instrument can break it. Its porcelain petticoat is heat-proof.

Ask for it by name—that's the best way of making sure that you get it.



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Madame Lebrun and child

The lovely lady of the little village

will win one of the 50 cash prizes Ansco Company offers—$5,000 in all—for photographs of "America's 50 Loveliest Women." *You* know the lovely lady of the little village or the lovely lady of the big city. It is your duty to photograph *her*, or have her photograph taken and enter it for a prize in this nation-wide competition.

Every corner of the United States and Canada will send its loveliest women's photographs. Interest is tremendous. Bear in mind that the portraits chosen will be shown at Ansco Company's exhibit at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, which opens at San Francisco, February 20, 1915.

$5,000 for Photographs of America's 50 Loveliest Women

Fifty prizes! The first is $500—not one less than $50. That should interest *you*, who know a lovely woman, be she a wife, a mother, a sister or sweetheart. Here is *her* opportunity for fame and *your* opportunity to win a prize!

The Jury of Award, who will select the winners, has been chosen with great care. It will delight every contestant to know that it consists of

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE
Distinguished Actress

HARRISON FISHER
Celebrated Artist

ALFRED STIEGLITZ
Critic, photographer, publisher, whose fame is international

Your Ansco dealer will give you all sorts of interesting information regarding the contest, and will gladly supply entry blanks which name the few and very simple conditions; or write us if there is no Ansco dealer near you. This Ansco contest is *open to everyone*. There are no restrictions as to make of cameras, film or paper.

Contest opened May 1, 1914. You have not a moment to lose.

ANSCO COMPANY (Dept. D)
Binghamton, N.Y.

Producers of Ansco, the amateur camera of professional quality; Ansco color-value film; Cyko, the paper that gives prints of rich, soft quality that never fade, and Ansco photo chemicals. Their value in producing superior results has been proven many years.

finances. Is it any wonder that Mr. Brandeis, in his brief for the shippers and consumers against the increase, said: "Let the consumer beware of the vicious circle of ever-increasing freight rates and ever-increasing cost of living."

All this illustrates, too, the deceitful character of the arguments of private railway advocates. In one breath, when talking to those out of sympathy with the rights of labor, they say government ownership would make railway employees politically arrogant and economically overpaid and lazy. In another breath, when talking to the railway workers, they say the employees under government ownership would be underpaid, servile and afraid to unite and strike for their rights.

The courtesy, efficiency and manliness of the employees of the Post-Office Department is a sufficient reply to such charges.

Would there not be a much greater incentive to diligent work in all departments of railway employment when the men were given a square deal than now when a preponderant proportion of the men do not earn a fair wage, and when most of the real benefits go to those who are not workers at all? Would there not also be a greater incentive in the increased safety to life under government operation?

It is said that railway service would not be developed to its full capacity without the incentive of private profits. The truth, proved over and over again, is that the governments of the world have to do those things they dare not intrust to the incentive of private profits. They have to chart the seas and light the shores to keep the ships operated by private owners for profit from being wrecked.

Block signals were opposed, and now steel cars are being opposed, because they interfere with profits. The Government of the United States built the Panama Canal under the direction of a man who was paid fifteen thousand dollars a year, and it will be operated for the world's benefit and convenience, regardless of profit. In Alaska, private railway building failed and the Government had to go into that pioneer field. What public convenience or service that is in private hands has been run as efficiently and with such wide-awake enterprise as has the postal service, without regard to profit? And so one might go on.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie said to the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives in the tariff hearing of 1908: "Gentlemen of the Committee, allow me to address you in one word: Figures will do nothing but mislead you if you do not apply your brains to such questions as these on which I address you." He said also: "There are more ways of figuring cost than there are ways of killing a cat. It is a simple matter of bookkeeping." And he added: "Well, gentlemen, I have told you over and over again that I do not judge by figures given by interested parties."

Capitalization Per Mile

And so, in keeping with that advice, I have laid the emphasis in this paper on the broader facts and principles involved—facts and principles that no clever bookkeeping can get round. I have used figures only as they have told their own unevadable story. And it is on the broad physical facts that the American people are going to solve this issue between transportation for service and transportation as only an incident to profit. And let me say that the figures, too, yield to analysis and tell the same story as do the broad physical facts. They tell that the railways' capitalization in Europe is larger than the average capitalization here, because, not only do the railways there have to buy expensive rights of way through thickly populated regions, but the roads there have been brought to a far greater standard of efficiency and equipment than have the roads here.

The official report of President Arthur Twining Hadley and others of Mr. Taft's Railroad Securities Commission furnishes ample evidence of this.

"The average capitalization of the railroads of the United States is about ninety thousand dollars a mile," said Secretary Lane, of the Department of the Interior, in a letter, dated January 19, 1914, to Congressman Houston.

"The 2042 miles of government owned and operated railroads in Canada show a capital cost to the Government of an average of $47,237 a mile."

Wisconsin made a physical valuation of all the railways in that state and found the present valuation per mile to be $35,490 on June 30, 1911. The railways of Wisconsin represent more than an average in cost of construction and equipment to the mile as compared with the average cost per mile of all the railways in the country. In making their valuation the engineers in the employ of that state included within that valuation Wisconsin's proportionate share of the cost of the terminals in Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, and also of all the terminals in the cities within Wisconsin. They also made an estimate of the cost of reproducing all the railway lines in Wisconsin from absolutely new material, paying the present price for materials and rights of way, and found that cost to be $44,897 a mile.

The Union Pacific Railroad in Kansas is a high-grade property. The State Railroad Commission, under state laws, placed the physical value of this railway at less than forty thousand dollars a mile. The total capitalization of the Union Pacific System per mile is $146,012.60.

Increases in Dividends

There are very few railways in the United States that are so well built, equipped and managed as the Santa Fe. It has extensive and expensive terminals at Chicago, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Denver, Fort Worth, Dallas, Houston and Galveston. It traverses the mountain ranges west of the Mississippi, and its cost per mile of construction and equipment is certainly higher than the average cost of all the railways of the country. The total capitalization of the Santa Fe amounts to only $58,346 a mile and its stock sells on the market at about par. It is well known that a large amount of the common stock issues of the Santa Fe was used for promotion purposes and does not represent cash paid into the treasury of the railway or any physical property value.

After making fair allowance for depreciation in the value of cars, engines, tracks, bridges, buildings, and so on, on account of age, service and wear and tear, fifty thousand dollars a mile would be an extravagant estimate of the reproduction value of all the railroads in the United States.

Statistics show that the amount of railroad stocks yielding dividends increased from $2,668,969,895 in 1900 to $5,730,250,326 in 1911, how the average rate on dividend-yielding stock has increased from 5.23 per cent in 1900 to 8.03 per cent in 1911, and how the average rate of return on all stock has increased from 2.39 per cent in 1900 to 5.43 per cent in 1911.

The figures on all the hodgepodge of rates will show the most glaring injustices, absurdities and wrongs that most communities know of and fight against.

If it be said that all these evils will yield to regulation, the fact remains that they have not yielded to regulation.

Taxation? The railroads merely charge it as one of their expenses that freight and passenger rates must pay.

Franchise taxation? The courts have held, notably in the Consolidated Gas case, that if the people tax a corporation franchise they have admitted its value for rate-making purposes.

Court review of railway charges? Why, that is one of the chief weapons of the railway against the public. Mr. Justice Brewer, in deciding the case of Smith versus Ames, said: "If it be said that the rates must be such as to secure to the owners a reasonable percentage on the money invested, it will be remembered that many things have happened to make investment far in excess of the actual value of the property—injudicious contracts, poor engineering, unusually high cost of materials, rascality on the part of those engaged in the construction or management of the property. These and many other things, as is well known, are factors that have largely entered into the investment with which railroad properties stand charged." Contrast that record with the clean, honest, efficient government construction of the Panama Canal.

Regulation? Right now the railways are trying to have the Interstate Commerce Commission empowered to pass on all their stock and bond issues, in order that, as the Railroad Securities Commission warned and as others have warned, their securities shall have a practical guaranty of face value by the United States Government.

Regulation? No; it does not regulate in spite of the splendid service of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the lesser though able service of the several state

commissions. A few years ago, as some one has pointed out, everything was going to be made all right by allowing the railways to coöperate, pool or unite with the interlocking directorates, under government supervision and regulation; but now everything is going to be made all right by breaking up railway coöperation and pooling and unity of interests through interlocking directorates. And so it has gone!

President Ripley, of the Santa Fe, and many lesser lights in the railway world are stating without reservation that government ownership of railways is coming, and they are predicting that all kinds of disasters will happen when it does come.

If private ownership is a success, if regulation is effective and satisfactory, why is there such a widespread demand for government ownership of railways and no demand at all for private ownership of parcel post? Universally, railway systems have been founded by private capital; but today practically every country in the world, except the United States and Great Britain, have entered on the project of public ownership.

No railway system once taken by the Government has been permanently returned to private ownership.

According to Professor Richard T. Ely: "Our American railroads are incomparably more in politics than the German railroads."

President Hadley, who is opposed to public ownership, says: "In judging the railroad policy of Belgium by its results, all must unite in admitting that they are in many respects extraordinarily good."

Travel in Germany is six times safer than in the United States, and it is fifteen times safer in Belgium.

Mr. Acworth, the leading English authority, admits, as do other English authorities, that, in spite of over three thousand regulative enactments by Parliament in a country where laws are made to be enforced regulation does not regulate. Private ownership in England emphasizes the tendency everywhere under such ownership and control toward concentration of wealth; while public ownership and control, as in Belgium, Germany, Denmark and New Zealand, tend toward diffusion of wealth.

If the question were submitted to the voters of the United States, how many men and women would vote to turn over our postal service and parcel post to the express companies or to the railways, or to Mr. Rockefeller or to Mr. Hill? A fair comparison of the Post-Office Department, where service is the end and aim of its methods, managements and operation, with the railway companies and their parasitical parlor car and express companies, where profits are of first and service of secondary importance, will be valuable to those who are unprejudiced and interested only in the greatest good to the greatest number. Is there anything so blind and stupid as the familiar but unthinking statement made by defenders of private privilege in this country that the failure of public ownership and operation is proved by the postal service?

If Rockefeller Carried the Mails

Where did these critics of the postal service get the idea that this service compares unfavorably with railway service or with big business of any kind in private management?

In what respect does it compare unfavorably? Not in price; if anything is self-evident it is the statement that if Wall Street financiers were running the postal business of the world today the cost of postage for a letter from Chicago to Liverpool or London would not be two cents, but nearer ten cents.

Nothing in the world is more certain than that if John D. Rockefeller or J. J. Hill were running the postal business, and if anybody were daring enough to suggest that they extend free daily delivery to the farms, Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Hill would reply that the suggestion is ridiculous on its face; that any one should know that free rural delivery every morning could not possibly pay; that it must result in a constant deficit and therefore is not even to be considered by a sane business manager. Free daily rural mail delivery under private postal management would not be introduced in this country before the year 2000, if it were ever introduced.

The best proof, however, that the postal business is well managed lies not alone in the fact of constantly declining charges at a time when the price of everything else has advanced; it is not in the fact that the postal service is a real service and considers the convenience and the interest of the whole public first and profit afterward; it is not in the fact that, though constantly reducing charges for postage, the service is constantly broadening, as in the case of free rural delivery. It is rather in the decisive fact that the postal service is the only big business that touches everybody in the United States against which is no general complaint.

Consider these remarkable facts a moment: Your mail does not go astray. It is not unduly delayed. It is brought directly and promptly to the very door of your house.

It is, considered as a system, satisfactory service. The American people are not slow to complain when things do not go right and they would raise loud complaint if the postal service were unsatisfactory.

To many government ownership seems new and strange. Even if it were new, that would not necessarily be a presumption against it; but, as a principle, it is not new. The Government that may regulate railway rates and service may own and operate railways if such ownership and operation be in the public interest. It is a principle always recognized by our courts that the railway right of way is a public highway, to be used not primarily for the benefit of the owners of the railway but primarily in the interest of the people.

The Paramount Question

A railway company may get its property by condemnation proceedings. The property it gets and properly gets for its own use in this way was evidently not the property of the previous private owners in such a sense that they could do with it what they chose; in fact, no such property rights exist. Much less is railway-owned property the property of the railway to do with as they choose. Property acquired by the railways by condemnation proceedings may surely be taken over by the people collectively under similar proceedings. The public interests—the general welfare of the preamble to our Constitution—is really the only question involved.

The implication of the words general welfare is pretty wide. It is becoming increasingly clear to all our people that there is nothing that makes for the general welfare which the people may not do. We are hearing less often than formerly that the people—the Government—may not do this or that which it is desirable in the public interest to do.

Occasionally some belated person is heard to say regarding some proposed measure that it doubtless would bring benefit to the public, but that it cannot be put in force because it is against our form of government.

What is our form of government for? Do we exist for the sake of a form of government or is our Government in all its forms simply an instrument by which we may serve the best public interest?

In considering this question of government ownership of railways and of the municipal ownership of local public utilities, it should be remembered that the only really important question is the people's rights and interests.

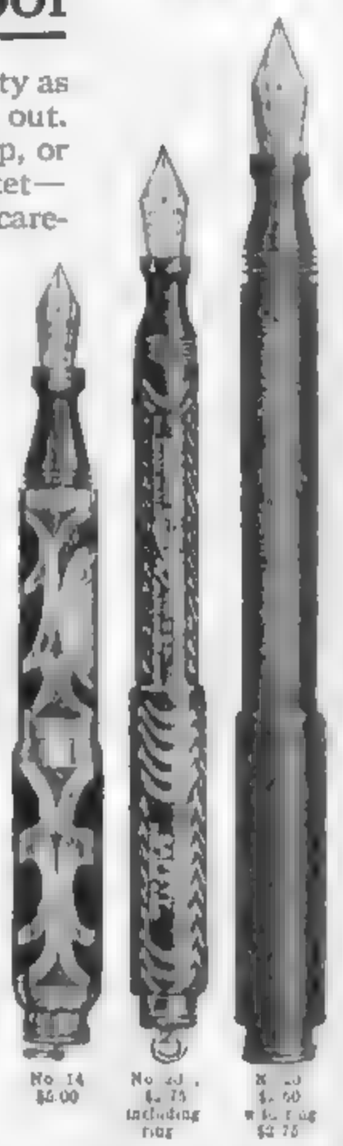
We shall do well to keep steadily in mind the famous saying of Lincoln that "There are no rights against the rights of the people." Of course it must be understood all the time in this discussion that there is no intention of doing any injury to any one. It has always been recognized by our courts that to take over any property for a public or a quasi-public purpose, at a fair rate of compensation, works no injury—no legal injury—to the dispossessed owner.

There are two main functions of government—one is restraint, the other service. Doubtless there should be as little restraint on individuals as possible, and none at all, except in the public interest; but who shall set limits on the service the Government may render the people? Certainly no one except the people themselves. The limit cannot be set by any philosophical theory of government.

There are numberless sound and valid reasons not referred to in this paper why the public should own and operate railways, waterways and water power; but it must always be remembered in discussing this subject that the only way success can be assured is to keep these utilities absolutely free from politics, and apply the same business principles to their management which were used in the construction of the Panama Canal.

Two Great Efficiency Features make the PARKER JACK KNIFE SAFETY PEN Leak-Proof

You can handle a Parker Jack Knife Safety as carelessly as you like—the ink cannot ooze out. It can be carried upside down, right side up, or flat—in a man's trousers', vest or coat pocket—lady's purse, hand bag or work bag—or tossed carelessly into a trunk tray. It is ready for use the instant you want it and positively will not leak. The *Lucky Curve Ink Feed* and *Patented Ink Lock* are the two great efficiency features that make the Jack Knife Safety Pen leak-proof. You will find it a wonderfully handy and loyal companion on your travels or summer outing. *Geo. S. Parker.*



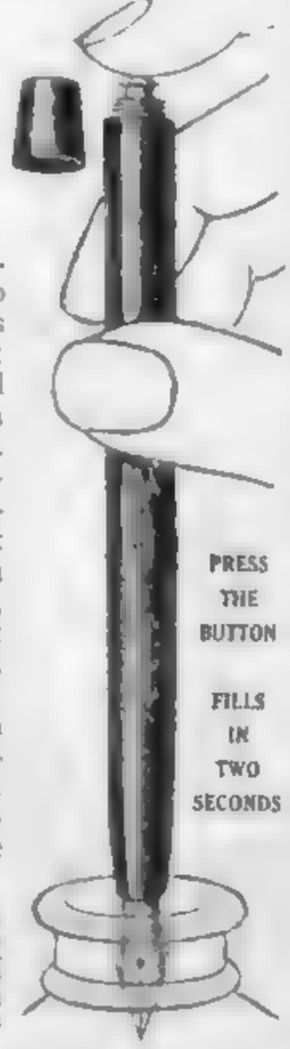
PARKER LUCKY CURVE

Jack Knife Safety FOUNTAIN PEN

The Lucky Curve Ink Feed, borrowing nature's wonderful law of capillary attraction, draws the ink back into the barrel after you have finished writing, instead of allowing it to be pushed out by expanding air caused by the heat of your body when returned to your pocket, as with ordinary fountain pens. Only Parker Pens have the Curved Ink Feed, which is the clever idea that prevents the leak and ink-stained fingers and linen.

The Patented Ink Lock shuts in the ink tight and fast so that even when the pen is carried bottom side up ink cannot get out.

The new Parker Press-the-Button Pen extends the usefulness of the Self-Filler



This new self-filling pen has a perfectly smooth barrel—no outside projections of any kind—nothing to interfere with your grip or impede writing. It fits snugly into your pocket without bunching and there is no chance of an accidental flow of ink. Positive in operation—easy to fill and use. Simply take off shield cap at end of barrel, drop pen point into any inkwell, press the button and it fills itself in two seconds. A new and clever idea in self-filler construction that is winning widespread favor on account of its simplicity, efficiency and remarkable handiness.

The Transparent BAKELITE Pen shows how the *Lucky Curve* stops leaks by Capillary Attraction

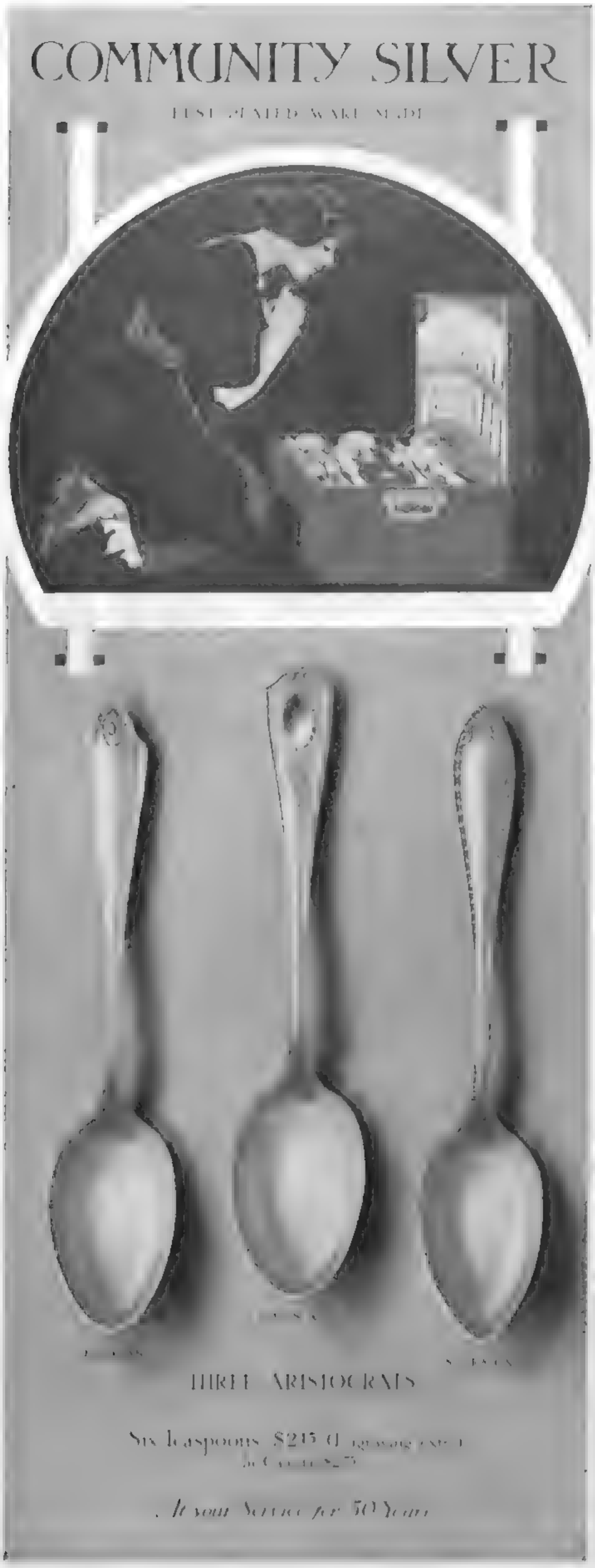
This pen is made with a barrel of *Bakelite*, a new transparent substance that exactly resembles clear amber. You can look right through the barrel and watch the *Lucky Curve* drain back the ink—see it all times just how much it contains in the rear of the sac. All modern makes when the pen will need refilling

Any of the 15,000 Parker Pen dealers will be glad to show you the new Self-Filler Jack Knife Safety or Standard Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pens. More than 200 styles—$2.50, $3, $4, $5, and higher

You can be sure of getting a Parker Pen that will suit you exactly. With stick-tight clip, which disappears to level of barrel when you write, 25c extra. If you cannot locate a dealer, write us and we will send you an illustrated catalog showing all styles.

PARKER PEN CO., 90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

You are cordially invited to visit our New York Retail Store in the big Woolworth Building and see every style of Parker Pen we manufacture.



OUT-OF-DOORS

In the Junk Closet

THE most wholly delectable place in the house, as any outdoor man knows very well, is that certain apartment, room or receptacle usually by the real head of the house called the junk closet. There is where your true outer stores much wealth of clothing, guns, rifles, rods, fishing tackle, footwear, cooking utensils, and the general gear he classifies among his chiefest treasures. You have such a place yourself without doubt. It is full of interest, instruction and history.

For instance when, just the other day, while tugging at a bootlace on the top shelf, you pulled down on your head a blackened and battered kettle—the stewpot that accompanied you on many tours—it might to another have seemed empty at the time. Not so to you! On the contrary it held many things. There is much that a well-educated stewpot can teach any man, savage or civilized, outdoors or indoors.

Not long ago, for want of anything better, I went rabbit hunting with a man who had a sort of shack out in the country, where sometimes he did a little trapping or shooting or fishing at this or that time of the year. We had walked hard and were hungry; so presently we repaired to the shack aforesaid to make us up a meal. No one had been there for some days.

We found a loaf of bread, very dry, and some coffee berries. Besides, we had some rabbits. It does not sound like much of a meal. Perhaps our banquet did not cost us over six cents a plate; but, quite outside the outdoor appetite, the point to be made is that it really was good to eat, and, with no better equipment, you also, in a like case, may knock together something good to eat.

We did not have time in our hunting to stop to make a stew; so for the time we fell back on that American stand-by, the frying-pan—American and wasteful, just as the stewpot is European and economical. Our rabbit was rather freshly killed, to be sure, but fresh cornfed rabbit, when young, is good to eat. The proprietor of the shack, one of those outdoor men who just naturally take to doing things right, proved this to our mutual satisfaction.

One Way to Cook Rabbits

He built a fire in the cookstove and heated up abundance of hot lard in his frying-pan. Into this he put sections of the choicer cuts of a couple of rabbits, which in a few moments were sizzling hot and disposed to be golden brown in color. The point is that he did not simply fry his rabbit and then take it off, more or less tough and stringy. On the contrary, after it was well cooked he poured some water in, with the fried rabbit, put on the cover of the pan, and allowed it to steam for a few moments. This is a trick worth remembering. It made the rabbit very tender and sweet—much better than it would have been if simply fried and left more or less greasy.

Our cook had poured off some of the grease before putting in the water, and now he proceeded to add flour and a trifle of salt, with the result that he fabricated a very excellent gravy for the tender rabbit. Meantime he had cut some slices off the dry loaf and placed them in a dripping-pan, which he shut up in the oven. To my own intelligence this did not seem indicative of bread, zwieback or toast.

Our cook presently opened the oven door and sprinkled his slowly browning slices of bread with water. "That'll make her tenderer," said he; and so it did. The bread was very palatable and sweet, as was the rabbit. The point is that water and steam are of use in handling fresh rabbit or dry bread—something which perhaps you have not yet discovered. What with these two items and a good pot of coffee, we would not have surrendered our banquet plates for six dollars each—that is sure!

We fell to talking of stews, regretting that we had not time to use the five-gallon oilcan, which offered so inviting an opportunity to build a real stew.

"We'll come down here and have a big coonhunt next week," said the owner of the shack; "and we'll just about set that can on early in the evening, and when we come in at midnight it'll be just about ready to be good."

Since we could not have our stew at the time, it was agreed between us that we should devise meantime a formula for a real stew, to be executed in town the following day. It was so devised, formulated and executed.

And here we come to direct proof of the virtues of the stewpot proper.

We called our stew a Brunswick stew, using the name of a compound as famous as it is various, which seems to have come down from the past to the great good of those who hunt or those who like game. Properly speaking, it is a game stew. As to its dimensions, ours filled perhaps two-thirds of a three-gallon stew kettle. The compounding and cooking created great excitement in a certain household for the better part of a day.

We had, as it chanced, a squirrel, besides abundant rabbits. More squirrels would have been better; but in a hunter's stew of this sort you are to use what you have—ducks, rabbits, quails, grouse, or whatever has fallen to your bow and spear. Meat such as venison you can stew, but perhaps in that case you will not get so delicate and tasteful a compound as we certainly discovered ourselves to own.

What Went Into the Stew

We put in our solitary squirrel, as well as the hind legs and saddles of about three rabbits, more or less, carefully cutting out the bloodshot portions and throwing away the flanks and most of the forelegs. The remainder of the meat was washed clean while we took up the vegetable side of the problem.

Into our kettle we poured the contents of one can of mock-turtle soup—real green turtle would have done quite as well—a can of tomatoes, one of corn, one of red kidney beans and one of green peas. We poured off most of the liquor from the peas, but added a quart of water to the contents of the kettle and then put in the meat.

Meantime other departments of the enterprise were active. We had about a pound and a half of bacon—salt pork would have been as good or better—and this was cut crisscross with a hunting knife, clean through to the rind, so that it fell apart in tiny cubes not over an eighth of an inch across. Notice we did not dump these indiscriminately into the stewpot.

On the contrary we fried them thoroughly in the frying-pan and poured off most of the grease, leaving only sufficient grease thoroughly to fry three large and succulent onions, which gave off fragrance of exceeding excellence. The contents of the frying-pan next went into the stewpot. Some one thought it would be fine to put in plenty of salt; we so put in about three tablespoonfuls. It was not too much. A stew needs plenty of salt. We also tossed in a teaspoonful, I should say, of pepper.

Nor was this all. The stew needed some thickening and richening. All the ingredients we had used—meat, bacon, vegetables and all—were first class of their kind. Fresh vegetables would have done as well, no doubt, but we did not have them. Now we took about half or three-quarters of a pound of fine butter, and about a teacupful of flour, and mixed these thoroughly on a plate. The compound resultant, whatever it may be called, also went into the stewpot.

There seemed to be nothing else we could put in at the time; but a glance happening to fall on a bottle of table sauce, which stood near by, we put in a tablespoonful of that for luck—and it was an inspiration! Added to the abundantly spiced nature of our can of mock-turtle soup, we now had a rich and well-seasoned compound, the proof of which was in the eating.

It was now one-thirty by the clock. Reverently we placed our stew kettle on top of the stove, with a good steady fire beneath it, of heat just sufficient to keep it simmering steadily. Then most of us went about other business. The pot was watched from time to time during the afternoon. Sometimes it was stirred to keep the flour from sticking to the bottom. It was only with the utmost difficulty that the assistant who did the stirring could refrain from falling at once on the contents of the kettle, so appealing had its fragrance become within the

space of two hours. At seven-thirty that same night we ate about a gallon of it. It was delicious!

Take our word for it, if you make a stew on precisely the foregoing lines it will be a success. Also, it will be a square meal. It will be first aid to the injured and a balanced ration all in one. Fed on this manner of manna—or manna of manner, as they would say in New York—you shall go forth and prevail mightily in the land. As to what such a stew as this would mean to a party of tired coonhunters at midnight's holy hour —— Hush, man! Let us not speak of sacred matters!

Our camp cook, the hunter and trapper, declares himself of the intention to set up the Brunswick stew as one of the institutions of his shack, winter or summer. He says that in the summertime they often catch a good many mud turtles in their nets, and he is of the belief, in which I concur, that turtle flesh will be excellent in one of these stews. So would quail or grouse be excellent; and in camp one could add beans or rice, or such vegetables as offered.

Perhaps the tin of commercial mock-turtle soup is not ethical; yet, like other unethical things, it is mighty practical. There is something in the high flavoring of the tinned soup that makes the whole compound tasteful. Perhaps even half a tin of the soup would be sufficient. For most tastes, however, the seasoning mentioned above will prove very alluring.

All of which matters very naturally come to your mind when your pet stewpot falls off the top shelf in the junk closet and lands on your head.

What is the best stewpot for camp use? Obviously the one you happen to have. You may use an iron kettle or a Dutch oven or a powder keg, or a square oilcan or lard-case. Or, if you are lucky, you may have an aluminum kettle. Do not get a stewpan with the long handle on the side, for you can neither cook so well with it nor handle it so well. Only, remember that your fire should never be extreme and that your cooking of the stew must extend over several hours' time. Indeed, a good hunter's stew is an imperishable and perennial thing. You may put fresh stuff into it every day and keep it going throughout the season if you like. Do not burn the stew. Take your time about it.

For the eating of a stew a large tin cup is an excellent receptacle, or a deep tin plate. Do not try to make your own dishes out of bark and such stuff in camp. You might do it, but it is not necessary. Also, you can make a fire by twirling a hard stick on a piece of board; but it is much simpler to strike a match on your pants. This is a practical age.

A Thousand-Dollar Secret

As to that large wooden-handled fork and that long-handled spoon so often brought to mind, see that they rest by your fireside; and when you are moved to fabricate a stew take the aforesaid long-handled spoon and bend the top of the handle into a hook. Then it will not slip down into the kettle. This idea is known to but few and is worth at least a thousand dollars to any man.

Do you remember the time in the mountains when you killed your first elk, the one you had longed for those many years? And when you came into camp long after dark, tired and happy, leading your own saddle-horse with the elkhead lashed on it, do you not recall the fragrance which rose to your nostrils where the camp fire was making shadows all over the trees, and where the cook was going about getting things ready, since he had heard you coming?

And do you remember that in the kettle he had a stew of meat and vegetables which he had put on that morning when you started out? This perhaps was the aroma that greeted you when you leaned your rifle against the spruce tree and loosened your belt at the close of the day. The stew and the coffee, and the grilled elk-ribs roasted in front of the fire—even the bit of liver done in the frying-pan—something of a memory—eh? What?

And it all came back when the stew-kettle dropped and smote you on the occipital portion of your cranium, nut or coco.

Nor was that all that happened. When you were putting the kettle back on the top shelf whence it had fallen you knocked from one of the hooks another precious possession. It was fragrant alike in memory and in fact, fragrant with the smoke of the camp and the memories of the open—your buckskin shirt.

It all depends on what you want to do. In church or at a directors' meeting or at grand opera a buckskin shirt is not particularly appropriate. The hunters' clubs of the great cities sometimes give buckskin dinners for the lark of it. These big game-clubs are now active and growing institutions in some of the larger cities—bodies such as the Hunters' Fraternity, or the Campfire Club, or the Boone and Crockett Club, of New York; the Lewis and Clark Club, of Pittsburgh; the Hunters' Fraternity, of Chicago—and so on.

Most or many of the members of these clubs will sneakingly admit the ownership of a buckskin shirt and confess inability to name a proper place to wear it in these modern days. It is the most impossible and yet the most impeccable garment of the sportsman's trousseau.

For the Simon-pure incorrigible there is no smell in the world quite so fine as that of smoke-tanned buckskin. It is as imperishable as attar of roses and far more sweet—the smell of the smoke that lingers with it. When the stew-kettle fell on your head, and you stooped to hang up your wholly absurd, wholly useless buckskin shirt, you could hardly keep from pressing the shirt to your face and taking a deep, strong inhalation, if only for the sake of the pictures in it.

In the old days of the weekly funny papers of America one of the erstwhile famous humorists wrote a story about the man with the velvet coat. It was his allegation that every man, no matter what his station in life, had at one stage or other of his career either owned or yearned to own a velvet coat. Now that I recall it, I wore one myself when I was very young. Did not you? Therefore, as to a buckskin shirt, of course you have one, or want one, or are going to have one.

The Wonders of Buckskin

What a map of the outdoor world hangs in the little junk closet! Here are rolls of buckskin from almost everywhere—Kootenai buck, white and fine; and Blackfoot bighorn, soft tanned; and Crow-tanned elk; and Micmac moose; and caribou from above the Arctic Circle; and other moose from the Peace River country—what a waste of time there has been for some of us, to be sure! But who would part with any one of these useless rolls of buckskin, whether soft and white and odorous, or yellow-brown and rich in smoke? After a while—sometime—one is going to make something out of one or other of these skins. Is it not true?

However, take buckskin just as an article, as a fabric, as a product—an industrial product. It has not only history but exceedingly interesting history. Moreover, it has utility, even where it does not own the stamp of fashion. So far as I knew at the time, I was the first man of my acquaintance to have my shoemaker make me up over a regular last a pair of shoes built of moosehide, smoke tanned by the Cree Indians.

There was never a better pair of walking shoes made than those. Of course they would not turn water; but, made as they were with a flexible sole, they were the softest, coolest, warmest, dandiest boots I ever wore! I made a present of a similar pair to a friend in Winnipeg. They laughed at him—until winter came. He did not need overshoes.

Then again, perhaps you have noticed madame, with her fine white boots to go with her piqué costume in the summer-time—boots made by her own bootmaker over a private last. Being white, perhaps they make madame's feet look a little bit large; but even feminine vanity will condone that in view of the extreme ease of wear. Her bootmaker has sold her buckskin, white buckskin, made by a white man, not worth the tenth of Indian-tanned buck, yet excellent even so.

You can make your own buckskin if you are a regular woods rat. I cannot think of any accomplishment more utterly useless than an ability to make buckskin; but it is the utterly useless things of life that give us nearly all the fun we get. The best teacher you can have is an Indian woman. Indeed it is much better to let the Indian woman aforesaid do all the work of making the buckskin. No white man can really pitch a lodge so it will not smoke, or make buckskin of an even and permanent softness and color. It takes an Indian woman to do either.

Your Indian has no conscience and he knows the best buckskin is summer-killed doe. Buck leather from elk is not so good.

Think of it!

an Oldsmobile

Established — 1880
Incorporated — 1899

for "$1350"

A CAR with every refinement, ample in power, exquisite in line, and with the same relative proportions, on a smaller scale, as the famous Oldsmobile Six.

It is a car to delight the eye, for it has the same general appearance and body lines, and the same faultless finish as the larger car that has during the past season brought added prestige to the Oldsmobile name.

There is a carefully developed idea behind the production of this smaller Oldsmobile. We know there are thousands and thousands of customers waiting to buy this car,—customers who have long been looking for a light high grade, quality automobile, a car that promises all the distinction, beauty of design, refinement of detail, abundance of power, and general mechanical excellence heretofore characteristic of only high-priced cars.

Power in abundance. The motor is a unit power plant, three-point suspension, overhead valve type, all valves enclosed in Oldsmobile aluminum silencer. There can be no doubt that this car develops as much power in proportion to weight as any other four on the market.

Equipment complete, including Delco electric starting, lighting and ignition systems.

Ask for Catalog B, describing the Oldsmobile Four.

There are many who prefer a six-cylinder car to a four.

We have been supplying the demand for sixes in increasing number every year, and will continue to do so—with what we believe to be "The Greatest Six-Cylinder Motor Car Ever Produced."

Combination 4 or 5-passenger Phaeton, touring body type, $2975; 7-passenger touring body $175 extra. Limousine $4300. Catalog A, describing the Oldsmobile Six, sent on request.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS
Lansing, Michigan

This haphazard expression is common among inexperienced motorists. It often brings costly penalties.

The motorist should never rest satisfied simply because he *sees* no trouble.

You cannot spare time to frequently examine your wrist-pins and bearings. Nor can you, after each run, inspect your cylinder walls and piston rings for signs of faulty lubrication.

Every good automobile motor is built to stand abuse—for a time.

No matter how inefficient your oil is, your motor for a while will "seem to work all right."

But high fuel bills often point to power-waste—sometimes directly due to incorrect oil.

And the poorly-lubricated motor which "seemed to work all right" too commonly is headed for the repair shop.

Lubricating oil, to prevent power-waste and premature motor wear, *must* have two qualities.

(1) Its *body* must be suited to your feed system, piston-clearance, bearing design and many other important factors which differ with different motors.

(2) Its *quality* must give full protection to the moving parts under the heat of service.

How can you make sure that your lubricant is correct in body and high in quality?

A safe, scientific guide will be found in the carefully-studied recommendations listed in the Lubricating Chart, printed in part at the right. Each recommendation in this Chart was made after a careful engineering analysis of the car's motor.

For a number of years this Chart has been the standard scientific guide to correct lubrication.

A copy of our complete Chart will be sent you on request.

On request we will also mail a pamphlet on the Construction, Operation and Lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They can be secured from reliable garages, automobile supply houses, hardware stores, and others who supply lubricants.

It is safest to buy in original barrels, half-barrels and sealed five and one-gallon cans. See that the red Gargoyle, our mark of manufacture, is on the container.

For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office. The city address will be sufficient.

Correct Lubrication

Explanation—In the schedule, the letter ... specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should ... means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arctic" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." ... use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" ... models of both pleasure and ... otherwise noted.

MODEL OF CARS	1910 Summer	1910 Winter	1911 Summer	1911 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter
Abbott-Detroit	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	Ar
Acme	Ar	Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc	Ar	Ar	Ar		
American	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Autocar [illegible]	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar
Avery [illegible]	A	B	A	Arc	A	Ar				
Avery [illegible]	A	B	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A
Buick [illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
[illegible]		Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Ar
									A	
Cadillac	Ar	Ar	Ar	Arc	Ar	A		Ar		
Carter-car	A	B	A	E	A	B	A	B		
Case Com	A	B	A	Arc	A	A	A	Ar		
Case			A	A	A	Ar			A	Ar
Chalmers	A	Ar	A	Arc	Arc	A	Ar	A	A	A
Chase [illegible] Owners	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
Cole	Arc	A	A	Arc	A	A	Ar	Ar		Ar
[illegible] Bellevue	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
[illegible]	Arc	Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc	A				
Empire	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Ar		
[illegible]	A	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Hamilers	F	E	E	E	Arc	Ar				
							Ar	A		
Ford	A	Arc	E	F	E	E	F	F	F	F
Franklin	B	Arc	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	A	A	A
Com	B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A		
G M C Truck							A	A	A	Ar
Haynes			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Model [illegible]									Ar	Ar
Haynes	A	E	A	A	A	Ar	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	Ar	Ar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar
[illegible]										
[illegible]	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar		
[illegible]									A	Ar
[illegible]									A	A
[illegible]							B	A	B	A
[illegible] water							A	A	A	A
International	B	A	B	B	B	A				
[illegible]	A	E	A	A	A	Ar	A	Ar		
Jackson	A	A								
	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	Ar
[illegible]										
Jeffery									A	A
[illegible]							Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar
Kelly			Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	A	A
King			A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A
[illegible]									A	A
Kissel-car	A	E	A	Ar	A	A	A	A		
[illegible]									Arc	Ar
Model [illegible]			Ar	A	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	A	A
Kline Kar	Ar	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	A	Arc
Knox	H	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Krit	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	A	A	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	E	E
Lozier	A	A	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	Ar	A	Ar
Mack	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	E
Model S							A	A	A	A
Marion	A	E	A	E	A	Ar	A	Arc	Arc	A
Maxwell	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Ar
	E	E	E	E	F	E				
	E	E	Ar	Ar	Arc	Ar	A	Ar	A	Arc
Mercer	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Model [illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar
Model [illegible]	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Model [illegible]									A	A
Moon [illegible]	A	E	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	A	Ar
[illegible]									A	A
National	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	A	E	A	Ar	A	A	A	Ar	Ar	Ar
[illegible]	A	E	A	A	A	A				Arc
Overland	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Packard	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	A	A	A
Paige-Detroit	E	E	A	Ar	A	E	A	E	A	A
[illegible]							A	A	Ar	A
Peerless	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	A	A	A	A	Ar
Pierce-Arrow	Ar	Ar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Com			Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar
Pope-Hartford	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	A	A	A	Ar	A	Ar
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar
[illegible]	A	A	A	Ar	Ar	A				
Regal	A	E	A	A	A	A			Ar	A
Renault	A		A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Re-	A	E	A	Ar	A	A	A	Ar	A	A
[illegible]									E	E
[illegible]			B	A	B	A	B	Ar	A	Ar
Selden	A	E	A	E	A	A	Ar	Ar	Ar	A
Simplex	Ar	A	A	Ar	A	A	A	A	Ar	Ar
Spare-well	Ar	A	A	Ar	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mead							A	Ar	B	A
Stearns	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar				
Knight					A	A	A	A	B	A
Stevens-[illegible]	A	A	Ar	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	A	Ar
[illegible]	Ar	Ar	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Studebaker-Garford					A	A	A	A		
Studebaker	E	E	A	Ar	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar
Stutz							Ar	A	A	A
Velie	A	E	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	A	A	A
Wayne	A	E	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	A	A	A
White	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	A	A
Winton	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	A	A

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Moose makes far better leather, especially for moccasins. If there were any antelopes left you could even use their hides. The whitest and softest buckskin, for so we still must call the native product, was made from the skin of the mountain bighorn. That was the skin of which the Indian women fifty years or more ago made their finest dresses, genuine works of art of much value today—the sort that once were covered with the now priceless teeth of the elk.

It was marvelous how white the leather was often made by these Indian artisans. Today in the Far North, north of fifty-five, you may go into an Indian's dirty tent and, by proper inducements, find at length, hid under the ragged blankets or odds and ends scattered on the floor, a bag inside of which is a snow-white skin of caribou leather. That is the sort the Indian women use for the tops of their fancy moccasins. They smoke it then; but if they are using it for an ornamental band or flap they leave it snow-white, embroidered with fine silks or ornamented with beads.

I do not know how they make this white tan; but very probably they do it by repeated washings and wringings and rubbings. Perhaps they use a little soap. I do not think they use any alum.

In general, Indian-tanned buckskin means the yellow-brown smoked article. Perhaps you remember grandpa's buffalo robe. It was sort of dark colored on the inside and it was split up the middle and sewed together. That meant it was a genuine Indian-tanned robe, the best ever made. A large buffalo skin was too big for the Indian woman to handle well in tanning; so she split it, tanned the two halves, and then sewed them together with sinew thread, the same sort of thread that Lizette, a woman of the Loucheux, on the Mackenzie, has used to sew her white caribou these centuries past.

Laughing Water tanned her buffalo hides by the same process she used on elk or sheep. The only ingredients she used were brains, muscle and patience; beyond a little smoke, that was all. And the greatest of these was patience. Of course the buffalo robe retained the hair. It was stretched flat on the ground, flesh side up, and then scraped, pared and chipped thin by the Indian woman with her little bone or iron-edged hoe or scraper, a tool you could never learn to use, but which in her hands did magic. She did not salt her buffalo hides and she never had seen alum, that bane of good fur often used as a ready aid in amateur tanning. She simply used patience and muscle, and maybe smoke.

The Indian Woman's Art

In buckskin proper the hair must be removed, of course. If the Northern Indian is making a caribou coat for warmth the hair is left on and the hide is tanned as the old buffalo hides once were. For moccasin or shirt leather, used for tobacco pouches and the like, buckskin proper had to be made. The first thing in the making was to get the hair off.

The savage tanner had no vats. She knew, however, some running stream or muddy pond. Her first step in getting the hair off a hide was to bury it in the water or in the mud for from three days to a week. Usually in four or five days the hair would slip off readily. Then Laughing Water would take her buck hide and throw it over a log or pole, and working from the neck down, with the grain of the hair, either with her little iron hoe or with the back of her butcher knife, which she used as a graining tool, would remove every trace of hair literally with neatness and dispatch.

Sometimes round Chippewa camps I have found great heaps of deer hair, and it felt coarse and gritty, as though it had ashes in it. I suspect that ashes were added to the water to effect the slipping of the hair. This was not necessary or typical in the Indian camp. Usually the process was to bury the hide in clean water.

From this time on, savage and civilized tanning lose all likeness to each other. The white man uses tanning liquids and produces leather. Laughing Water uses nothing of the sort and she produces buckskin, which is not leather at all. There is no romance about leather: you cannot grow enthusiastic over it. It is something dead. Buckskin, however, is not something dead but something alive. All its original chemistry is still there. All the fibers are there, only they are broken, so that they are permanently softened.

Laughing Water takes her buck hide now and reverses it on the beam. Now she begins to scrape on the flesh side. This is a work of art and may be a work of genius, for some Indian women are noted above others for their skill in dressing hides. Here is the operation essential to the success of the Indian tan—all the integument must be removed, all the horny spots taken out, all the flesh removed. Working over the beam or perhaps more often flat on the ground, and quite often with the hide laced in a frame, Laughing Water keeps on patiently, skillfully, with her scraping tool of this or that shape, until the flesh surface of the hide is even and soft. She may do this in one day or in several.

Perhaps the hide now has been a week in the tanning. Laughing Water is in no hurry about it. If she were tanning a bear hide in all likelihood she would lace the hide in a pole frame and use it as she would a buffalo hide. Sometimes Laughing Water spreads the buck hide across her knees and, at risk of limb or finger, trims at this or that spot which does not suit her. The Gros Ventre squaws were said to be the most particular hide-dressers of the Rocky Mountains. Be sure the essential application of their art was in this part of the tanning or that immediately following.

The hide is now a rather ragged-looking article, but it is not parchment or rawhide. It is becoming soft. Laughing Water now calls in the neighbors. They twist and pull the hide every way, drag it round a lodge-pole, throw it over a thick sinew rope and saw it up and down, and do all sorts of things to break the fiber of the hide—that is to say, give it its imperishable quality. It takes muscle and patience to do this. Perhaps in the Far North you may have seen small spruce trees with their trunks peculiarly hewn into triangles, sharp-edged. Here was where the women dragged moose-hides back and forth to make them soft.

Tanning With Brains

The last stage but one of the Indian tanning operation had to do with the permanent softening of the hide. Laughing Water took the skull of the deer or other animal whose hide she was tanning, split it open with her little hatchet, and took out the brains. She now rubbed a thick coating of the crushed brains not on the flesh side but the hair side of the hide, where the grain was most open. If she were tanning a large bear or buffalo hide she might have a pot of mingled brains, liver, scrapings and grease; but the real secret of the Indian tan is animal brains and nothing else. Laughing Water allows the brains to dry into the hide slowly in a cool place; she never leaves it in the sun or near the fire.

After the brains have dried in the hide is again rubbed, twisted, stretched and drawn until it is thoroughly soft. The brains do not leave it greasy, but pliable. They have some peculiar property all their own. This property was discovered by the American aborigine long ago, no one knows how. Laughing Water accepts no substitute. There is nothing else just as good.

At any stage up to this time it has been quite possible to wash the hide clean with soap and water or with water alone, then wringing it and stretching it and rubbing it quite dry. There cannot be too much rubbing and twisting and stretching. No white man will take the pains to do it right, but Laughing Water has done it correctly and she knows that nothing now remains but to smoke the hide.

There were different ways used in smoking buckskin. Sometimes a heavy hide would simply be thrown on top of a flat-roofed frame of poles, six or eight feet above the fire. The best buckskin was not made in this way, however. Probably Laughing Water would make a little pole tepee and stretch two or three hides round the little fire in the middle of it, reversing the hides as they colored. She used whatever fuel she could get for this, but soft or punky wood made the best smoke.

Of late years it is to be confessed the Indian women of the reservation very often use a barrel as a smokehouse—that is to say, they knock out both ends of a barrel and stretch the hide over the top end, over a little fire built on the ground. This smoking is kept up carefully and evenly, and much of the beauty of the buckskin depends on the thoroughness of this part of the tanning.

At last Laughing Water looks on the work of her hands and pronounces it good. Then, some day, she sits down to make a

buckskin shirt. No white man or woman can make a buckskin shirt—yet the Indian woman is imitative of the whites these days; so very likely she cuts out her buckskin shirt on the pattern of an old flannel shirt she has ripped open. It opens part way down the front and is fastened with buttons very likely, the sort Laughing Water can find at the trader's store. She will also execute a little collar for the shirt. Perhaps she will make it double-breasted, like a fireman's flannel shirt; in which case, if Laughing Water is a Chippewa squaw living near civilization, she will execute on the bosom the head of a large buck with flashing eyes. Then she will sell it to you for twenty-five dollars.

The buckskin shirt proper of the old days was simply a tunic, collarless, and not opening in front more than just enough to allow the head to pass through. Sometimes there was a little flap, which buttoned across the neck. Of course no buckskin shirt is entitled to be called such unless it has fringed seams. When the Indian woman, having rolled over her knee the threads perhaps made of the back sinews of the buck himself, began to do her wonderfully neat and accurate seamwork, she let into the seam the edge of a strip of fine leather, which was cut into narrow fringes.

You would not love your shirt so much if it were not for these fringes across the shoulder seams and down the arm seams. Why did the savage artist put them there? It was to protect the seams against wear and the weather. Perhaps some heartless civilized squaw has sold you a shirt sewed with thread. It is bogus. The fringed shirt with sinew thread is the only real article.

How much is a good buckskin shirt worth? Perhaps five hundred dollars. My favorite is a Crow shirt for which I paid eight dollars twenty years ago. In museums you will see Blackfoot or Cheyenne warshirts of the old days which would be cheap at one hundred or two hundred or three hundred dollars. It was by no means the case in aboriginal life that all garments were worked down to one utilitarian pattern. There were artists, designers, persons of style, persons of quality, dandies and belles.

Perhaps the native woman who made one of these valuable old warshirts for her lord and master would be engaged on it many weeks. The strips of twisted ermine had to be made and let in. The little brass cylinders and pieces of shining metal had to be affixed. Broad bands of colored porcupine quills must be executed to adorn the front, where was to lie the phylactery of eagle bones or the like.

Styles in the Yukon Country

Perhaps you may read about how to tan buckskin or how to make a buckskin shirt; but the white tailor does not live who could take two thousand dollars and make one of those old warshirts to save his life or his honor.

So, you see, buckskin may have considerable history and considerable romance hidden in its smoky folds. If you can get a genuine Indian-tanned and Indian-made buckskin shirt today, made on honor by an artist, do not begrudge your twenty or twenty-five dollars.

Buckskin has more warmth for its bulk and weight than any cloth in the world. An old plainsman will tell you the warmest way to wear your buckskin skirt is inside your trousers. The Indian did not wear his so because he had no trousers, only leggings. His shirt was the tunic proper, and this is the type of the plains and the Rockies. In the extreme Northern country, among the Chippewaians or the Loucheux, the coat shirt seems to be more popular, a garment open all the way down the front. This type prevails in the Yukon country also today. I cannot say whether it was the ancient fashion of the garment in those latitudes; but probably it was not.

There was no native product of more barbaric and interesting splendor than the oldtime warshirt of the buffalo tribes of the West. Today their glory has departed. They wear flannel shirts, and if they sell you moccasins those are made of beef hide. The moccasins you buy in Eastern Canada of the trade as moose, and which are sold in most of our American sporting-goods stores as moose, are in nine cases out of ten made of beef hide. They are smoked and look Indiany; but they are spurious. They do not rub soft after wetting.

A piece of genuine buckskin, whether in shirt or moccasin, will wet through like paper, stretch like rubber when wet, shrink like flint when left to dry, and yet rub soft as a glove if you take care of it when drying. My own favorite buckskin shirt has been drenched in many a snowstorm, but it is as soft today as ever.

The best buckskin shirt for a white man has no ornamentation whatever beyond the fringed seams. As to museum value, bones, quills and beads come first, and then the more modern silk embroidery of the mission girls. You can see these at all the Northern fur posts, clear to the Arctic Ocean. The beadwork on the Yukon side of the Rockies is more profuse and rather handsomer than that on the Mackenzie side. Considered as a work of art and beauty, however, the finest buckskin shirts obtainable today come from Fort Nelson, on the Liard River.

Buckskins Too Good to Wear

These artistic garments—and they are indeed things of beauty and not merely examples of barbaric ingenuity—are made coat or jacket shaped, edged with fur down the front and at the wrists, and with one or two bands of fur, usually beaver, round the wrists or arms.

Across the shoulder-yoke, down the edges of the front, and round the wrists are broad bands of stained porcupine quills. This is the most expensive of all the Indian ornamentation and the most beautiful as well.

There are still a few women at Fort Nelson who can do this quillwork handsomely. There was one family at Fort Wrigley, on the Mackenzie, related to the Fort Nelson workers, I think, who also could do it beautifully; for we must see that this is the work of artists not many in number. I have seen such shirts sell at from thirty-five to fifty dollars. The women who made them would not get five cents an hour for the time they put on them. They are beautiful garments, but rather too fine and good for human nature's daily use on the trail. They are to be put on when the priest comes, or when there is a grand baptizing, or when one is a-courting. The post trader may have one, but he will not be apt to wear it very often.

This porcupine-quill work was used by some of the plains tribes, but they did it coarsely as compared with the Liard product. Apparently only the small, fine quills are used. The best dyes are the native vegetable ones.

All this fancy work, however, is part of such history of the savage races as now has to do with contact of white and red life. Perhaps in your junk closet you have more than one buckskin shirt.

The older they are, the better. And it is your oldest one, the one with little ornamentation, the actual hunting tunic made perhaps twenty or thirty years ago—the one with the imperishably fragrant smell of the smoke still lingering in it—over which you hesitate as you hang it up once more in the junk closet.

If you are a very sloppy man, and a lot of us are a heap sloppier than we admit, perhaps you linger over it just a moment or so and look at it thoughtfully. Like many another thing near it connected with the life of the open, it was a product of evolution, the work of an artist. It has thought in it, and history, and romance, and suggestion, and education too.

In short, of the entire household this is the very one apartment, room or receptacle where precisely the best things may be found. And they are classified as junk! Ah, well—and very well! Let it be so. All art is junk, in the same fashion of speech. You cannot really use a picture, but you can enjoy it.

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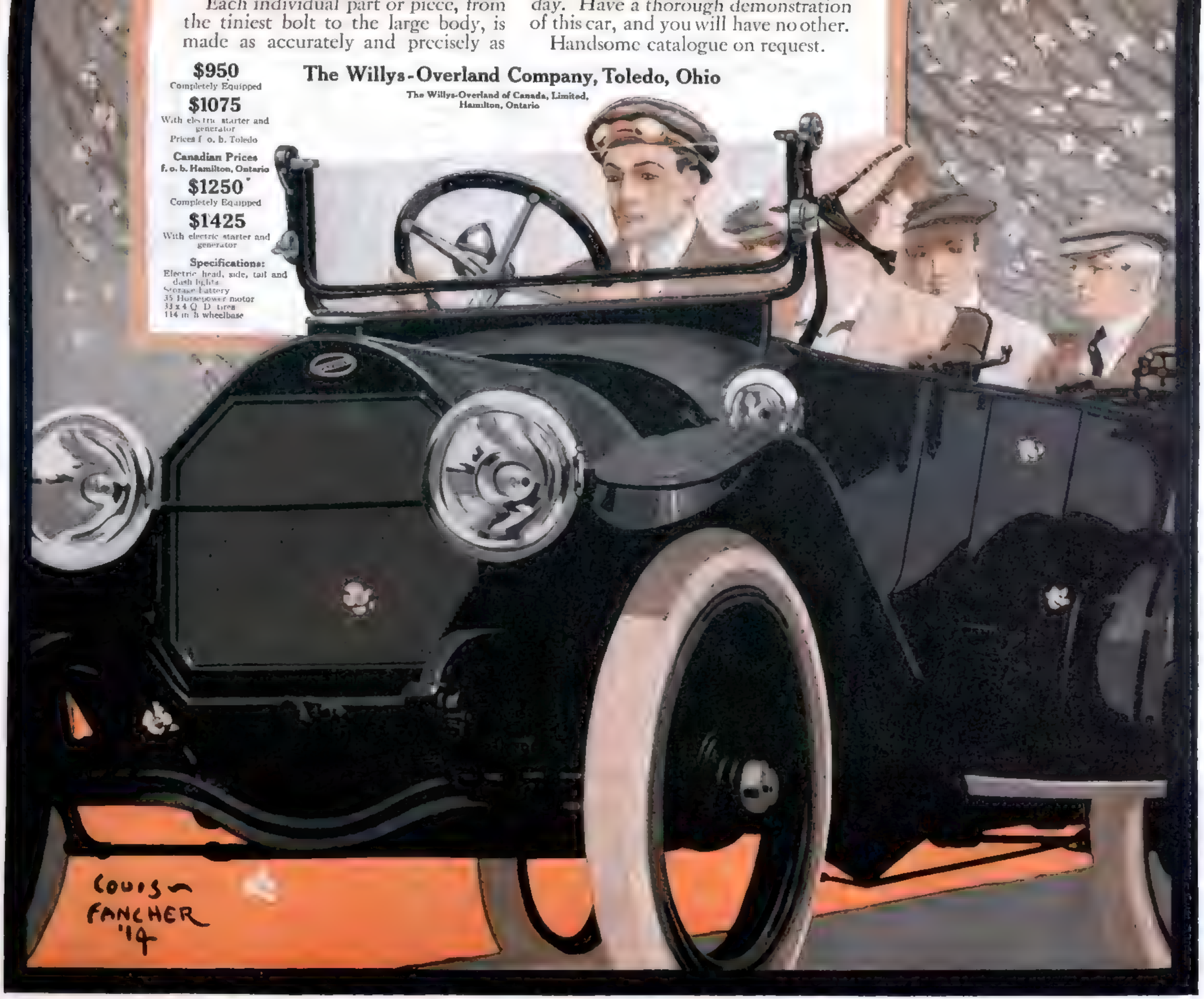

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THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM GREEN

Of the Return of the Prodigals

DEAR AUNT: Hennry Begg and me are back again from spenden a week in camp verry brown and sunburnt and a grate apetight from outdores life witch is mostly eaten and sleepen and playen round in the woods with nuthen to wurry about eckscept the bishup's butter witch has faded away as a boy's wurries genrelly do.

Hennry's muther was offle glad to see him again and could hardly reckonize him becaws he was grone so mutch in a week and so was mine.

Hennry and me went to camp the day after we got your swete letter full of simpathy with a little scoalden and five dollers witch about eavend it up Hennry said.

The five dollers fickst it so we did not haffto walk the ateen miles home for witch we were verry grateful and we had a little munney left over but we could have walked if it was nessary.

We spent a doller extra besides our bored for gelly and pickles witch made us verry poplar in camp and a high standen among the boys who eleckted Hennry capten of the Wood Rangers for too glasses of currant gelly and fore pickles.

It was a grate onner to be capten of the Wood Rangers with a star on your cote made out of haffa tomatto can flattend out and easy wurth that mutch gelly and pickles Hennry said and I could ware it sumtimes in the afternoons when Hennry was sleepen it off in the tent frum too mutch dinner as boys sumtimes do.

One reesen our muthers were glad to see us back was becaws Hennry and me did not tell them about goen to the camp for a week and thare was no way to rite frum the camp and so it was too days before ennybuddy found it out ware we were after looken in all the dry wells and emty barns for us but we were not in enny of them witch wurried our parunts quite a little and thay forgot all about spoylen the butter witch was a little thing beside of not knowen ware two boys went for a cupple days and nites.

Spoylen a cupple pounds of butter is not so verry important beside of probily losen two boys don't you think so?

Hennry's and my father was quite eckscited by our not commen home all nite and the neckst day and not finden us in enny of the dry wells or emty barns and no cricks to be drounded in so it was a grate misstery to them.

Hennry ment to leeve a note in the coffy pot so his muther would find it in the mornen tellen them not to wurry becaws we would be back in a few days but he forgot it on account of the hurry getten started and it was too days before thay found the trale of us witch was quite a releef to them when Hennry's father came to the camp and found us all rite eckscept for cleen shurts witch was easy to ficks by senden sum frum home but we did not need menny close becaws of beein in swimmen a grate deel of the time and not waren mutch but pance the rest.

But a boy's muther thinks if he has cleen shurts he is all rite but it does not wurry him as mutch as it does her. It was a fine week in camp and sleepen on a mattruss full of corn husks but now and then a corncob in your back onley maken you roll over a little and not enny dammidge.

Becaws of not haven cleen sheets it was not nessary to wash our feet every nite after goen barefoot all day witch was a grate releef to us and did not seem to be enny harm to us frum not washen.

Hennry's stummick trubble witch he had the last time he ett onley haffa wottermellun and sum grene pares was all gone the furst day and he would not know he had enny stummick at all eckscept for ware it all went at meeltime.

Hennry said it would take a pretty good size wottermellun to scare him now even if it mite be a little grene witch thay sumtimes are but a boy will tackle one ennyway.

Hennry said it must be a grate thing to be ritch and have a bad stummick and go in the country every sumnier for pleshure but a boy liven in a town of too or three hunderd peeple is apto miss a grate deel of the country for witch we otto be verry grateful to you for senden us the munney to go.

Hennry and me got home all rite eckscept for pance a good deel worn out frum onley one pare in the woods a week sumtimes swimmen in them and sumtimes climben a tree and sumtimes goen through the blackbury bushes and uther things witch are more than one pare of pance will stand but by walken in the house the back way and beein careful we mannidged to make them hold together till we got home but it was a tite squeaze.

Hennry and me went in the back dore and gave the Wood Rangers' warhoop to supprize them witch we did and our muthers came out and hugd us tore pance and all and cride and never throo up the bishup's butter witch was a grate releef to Hennry and me.

It was quite a long time getten us cleen becaws of goen barefoot so mutch and needen quite a lot of scouren after the wurst of our feet was scraped off and then soked for a cupple hours in hot wotter sopesuds to get the rest of it off witch it finaly did but did not look like the same fete afterwurd.

Hennry and me also brought home quite a lot of woodtix witch we did not know about till afterwurd and were a little sore but nuthen seryus.

Hennry's and my muther burnt our pance in the kitchen fire for supper and a cupple of our shurts for dinner neckst day witch would hardly hold together to wash after looken them over.

Hennry's nose was quite badly pealed off frum the hot sun on it and his lip crackt open a little and one ear blissterd and his uther thum cut on a tin can not the one partly blone off and black and bloo in sevrel places frum small axsidunts and his back quite sunburnt down to ware the top of his pance would be and one of his big tose smasht a little frum a rock fallen on it on the bank out fishen.

But he had nuthen the matter with him eckscept those.

After his muther put sum cold creme on his nose and sum vassylene on his ear and sum on his lip and rubbed sum on his back and tide up his thum and put a poltice on his toe he was reddy to eat his supper and go to bed as well as he could from so menny things rubbed and tide on but it onley takes a little wile for a boy to heel up and he is all rite now.

I was so ankshus to tell you all about Hennry I forgot almost to tell you about Hennry and me finden a wosps' nest in a tree out campen.

It was a verry strange thing and Hennry and me did not know what it was when we found it furst but afterwurd we found out.

Hennry let me carry it furst and it was verry old and dead looken but afterwurd it came to life in a grate menny difrunt places when Hennry and me opend it to see if it was ennything inside of it witch it was a grate menny of them all of witch hurried out as quick as we opend it.

Hennry and me had been in swimmen with onley our pance on witch was mutch wurse for us becaws it was more room on us for them to lite.

A wosp is a grate deel like a bee onley he does not make hunney but uther things he seems to do about as well. When thay lite on you it is a verry hot and sharp pane and a hunderd of them tryen to lite on you at the same time is verry eckseiten for a boy who is just out of swimmen with onley short pance on and not verry mutch of them.

It was a grate supprize to Hennry and me and one wosps' nest will last you for a long time if you see the neckst one furst.

We slapt them on the frunt pretty well but we could not slap them on the back and after runnen quite fast for a ways we came back to the crick again and dived in head furst and stade under as long as we could commen up verry slow and careful.

None of them seemd to be able to dive witch was luckey for us but a good menny were buzzen over the wotter and duren us to come out on the bank witch we did not.

After a wile they got tired of waten and Hennry and me came out and lade in the mud all cuvered up witch was the furst cumfurt we had since we met them.

Hennry and me did not tell ennything about finden the wosps' nest to the uther

Preserving Time

Be prepared this year. Use strong, convenient, sanitary enamel ware utensils. They are the proper vessels for fruit and vegetable preserving.

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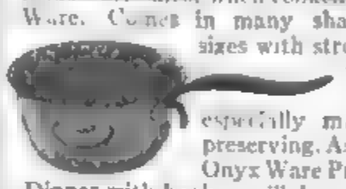
Stands Most Abuse —Best for Every Use

Strawberries, Raspberries, Currants, Apples, Grapes and fruits with strong acids are tastiest when cooked in Onyx Ware. Comes in many shapes and sizes with strong, convenient handles, especially made for preserving. Ask for the Onyx Ware Preserving Dipper with hook—will hang on side of any vessel—handle always clean.



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(as easy to use as to say)

the snow-white, disappearing cream which gently

neutralizes the odors of perspiration

as they occur and preserves the freshness of the bath.

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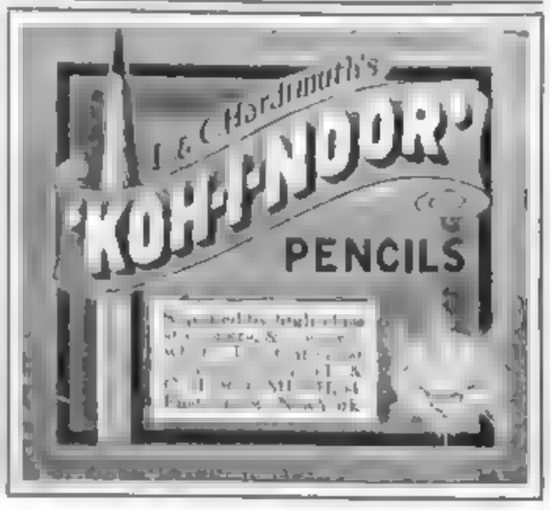

boys becaws we were tired when we got back and did not feel mutch like talken but it was a grate day for Hennry and me and probily we will not forget it as long as we live and all the places ware thay lit on us are not quite gone down yet.

I gess the wosps is about all the campen you would be interusted in and Hennry and me are both grateful for haven on as mutch pance as we had.

Hennry and me are pretty bizzey since we came back organizen the ball nine for sum games this summer.

Hennry and me know a place ware we can get good ball soots for boys for atey sense apeace with shurt pance stockens and caps not the best made but plenty good enough for us. We can eather ware our own shoes or play barefoot witch would not be so mutch expense.

Hennry and me are goen out collecten this week and see how mutch we can raze amung our parunts and other peeple Hennry and me know.

A good menny peeple would be glad to give a kworter apeace and be invited to the furst cupple games free. Hennry said whoever gave us the most munney the nine would be named after them this year witch is a fine chance for sumbuddy don't you think so?

Sumbuddy could have a grate onner for maybe a doller and probly a grate menny people will be ankshus to get it when thay find out about it.

Hennry said Uncle William's Winners would be a grate name but you never can tell.

If the boys should feel like callen it after Uncle William ast him if he would ackscept. The name would last all the yeer.

Hennry and me send mutch love and are verry happy over the way everything came out and the butter appears to be all blone over witch we owe all to you.

Your affeckshunate nephew,

WILLIAM GREEN.

P. S.—Maybe a haffa doller would get the name of the ball nine but a doller would be almost shure.—W. G.

—*J. W. Foley.*

WHAT NEXT?

Promotion Scouts

THE promotion scout is a very recent development in the management of a large corporation, the business of the scout being to find among the employees those who are best fitted for promotion. A Canadian railroad is among the first to attempt this experiment. None of the employees other than the high officials know who the scout is or just what methods he follows to get in touch with the men; so any employee may have company business with him any day without suspecting his identity.

Though it is the duty of the scout to be on the watch at all times for efficient employees, and also, in a lesser degree, to watch for causes of complaint, the greater part of his work is not at all haphazard. Records of availability for promotion are made up for every employee by his superior, and these records give the tip to the scout for further investigation.

If any statement is made in the record that an employee is not available for promotion for some reason or other, the employee is notified of the fact and is permitted to file with the report any comment he may wish to make; and the comment may attract the attention of the scout to his case.

Smelling Bait

THE old belief of fishermen that some fish can smell bait further than they can see it has recently been proved positively true in the case of dogfish, and a smelling bait for fish has now been invented. The proof of a dogfish's ability to detect the odor of dinner was given recently before a meeting of the American Society of Zoölogists.

An investigator reported that when the nostrils of the fish were plugged up it could not detect the presence of food. When food was placed near and the right nostril of the fish plugged, it swam to the left looking for food, obviously because the smell of food was stronger to the left.

This evidence, however, was not needed by the inventor of the smelling bait, for he relied on the old belief to this same effect. His bait is simply a soft-rubber imitation fish, made hollow so that it may be filled with fish oil. The oil is allowed to leak out slowly and so notify the fish that an attractive dinner is at hand.

The Sixth Sense

THE belief of some people that they can always detect the presence of a spider in the same room with them, and of other people that they can tell when a cat is near, is rousing a lively controversy abroad; and a scientific study of the supposed ability has been undertaken by psychologists.

One scientist has advertised for persons who believe they have the strange power and are willing to be tested. The existence of any such sense is denied by many scientists, who ascribe it to the habit of noticing every time a guess is correct and taking no conscious notice of the failures. Others have suggested that it may be true and due to the detection of a faint odor.

Paint Alarms

FIRE-ALARM paint is coming into use abroad. At ordinary temperatures the paint is light red, but when heated it becomes darker. Long before it reaches the temperature of boiling water it becomes black. On cooling it returns to its original shade.

The principal use found for it is in painting machinery parts that are liable to overheating. An attendant needs only to glance at the machinery occasionally to know whether it is excessively hot. It has, however, another application—to give warning of threatened fire.

Smoke Monitors

THE smoke monitor is an ingenious new device to serve notice in the manager's office of a factory or office building that the smokestack of his plant is pouring out black smoke. In many cities the smoke-nuisance laws make the owner liable to a fine if his smokestack gives out heavy smoke, which is enough to make the manager interested in the performances of the chimney. Within certain limits the production of heavy smoke means a waste of money by improper firing under the boilers; so in many plants the shade of the smoke interests the main office.

The device is simple enough, being based on the fact that a spark of electricity cannot jump so far through heavy smoke as it can through clean gases from a coal fire. A small current of electricity is kept constantly jumping across a gap in the chimney, the jump being one that the spark can make in clean gas. When the smoke becomes black, however, the spark cannot make the jump and the electricity takes another path. When it takes this other path it will ring a bell in the manager's office or light a red lamp there, as well as one in the fireroom to warn the fireman.

Testing Fatigue

A MACHINE to show just how tired a man is after a light or a heavy day's work is now proposed by a noted French scientist as the best means for deciding what hours of labor should be fixed for each trade. Many tests on postmen, printers, typewriters and men following other lines of work that require moderate muscular effort have shown that the machine he uses can detect fatigue with much accuracy.

The apparatus is one common enough now to physicians—a device to record blood pressure. His experiments show an increase of blood pressure with increasing fatigue, an additional check on the results being furnished by another blood test.

Having demonstrated that fatigue can be detected with fair accuracy in this way his next step is to find a standard of fatigue that would constitute a fair day's work—in other words, to find the number of units of increased blood pressure that would result from a normal working day.

His preliminary results showed that the amount of fatigue for an eight or ten hour working day varies considerably in different trades.

SAFETY FIRST!
Don't Go Speed Crazy In Your Business
The fellow who has his feet on the accelerator all the time generally has the largest repair bills. Sometimes he takes a trip to the hospital.
You might say there can't be too much haste in business methods. Experience proves there can be.
Advertising is like eating peanuts. There's a fascination to it that keeps you at it. The question is, do you know how many peanuts your business can digest?
Fifty dollars worth of advertising in a real market does more good than $50,000 worth of guessing.
Don't imagine that the books advertised here lay out a campaign for you. They just go ahead of you in your business and point out the stretches of bad road. You take the wheel.
Advertising simplified, stripped of mystery, and applied to your business needs. That's what you'll find in these books.
If you check "A" on the coupon below, you'll receive "Blazing the Trail," a book for non-advertisers. If it is "Building the Roadway," for men who spend $25,000 or less a year on advertising; "C" brings "Keeping the Road Open," for those who spend over $
One book—whichever fits your needs—will be sent free. If you want more than one send 25 cents for each additional copy.
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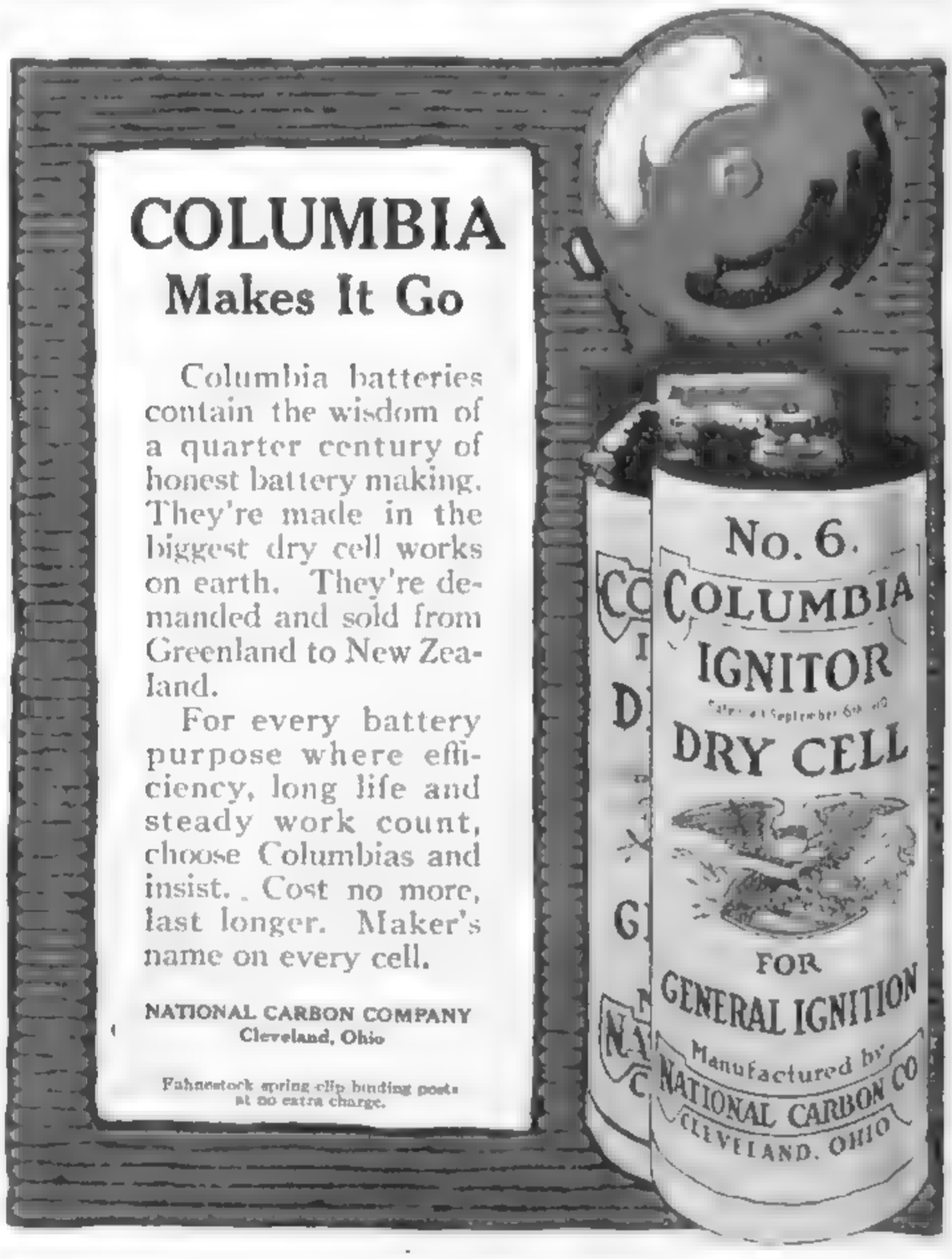
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Columbia batteries contain the wisdom of a quarter century of honest battery making. They're made in the biggest dry cell works on earth. They're demanded and sold from Greenland to New Zealand.
For every battery purpose where efficiency, long life and steady work count, choose Columbias and insist. Cost no more, last longer. Maker's name on every cell.
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY
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Fahnestock spring clip binding posts at no extra charge.
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Kenyon
Weatherproofs

Stylish
Durable, Dependable

Something More Than a Raincoat

There is a "Chic" about a *Kenreign* Weatherproof that identifies it instantly.

Reputable dealers point out the *Kenreign* Label. It's a quality sign for your protection, as well as their own.

The factories shown below stand behind every Kenyon coat, to insure satisfactory service.

Kenyon outing and motor coats, raincoats and overcoats, for men and women, can be had of reliable Dealers everywhere, at from $5 to $45.

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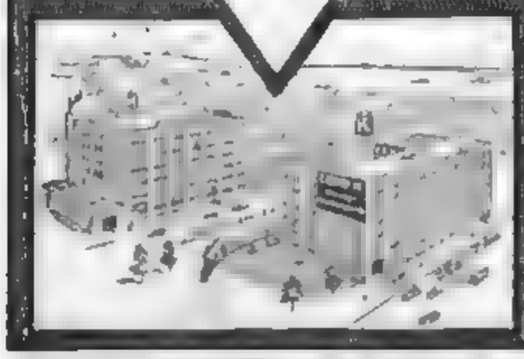

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not only cleanses and purifies the mouth, and neutralizes breath odors, but is an important factor in the preservation of the teeth. For over 30 years it has enjoyed the confidence of physicians and dentists.

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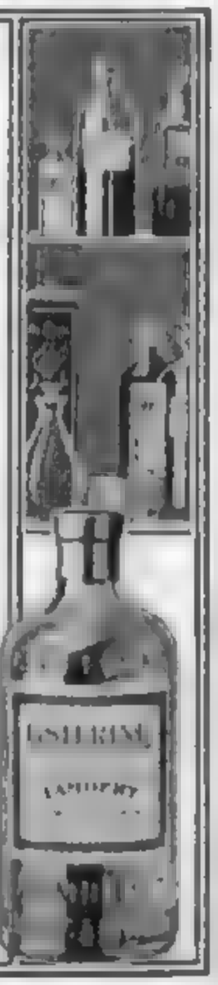


Sense and Nonsense

His Son's Father

GENE BULGER and Ruth Grute, the little daughters of two New York newspaper men, print a paper of their own. It is called The Bugle-Star and it appears weekly and, in the form of manifolded typewritten copies, has a growing circulation in the Washington Heights district of Manhattan.

William Collier was playing at the Criterion Theater. In the supporting cast were his wife and his twelve-year-old son. During the engagement the younger Collier gave a box party at a Saturday matinée for Miss Bulger and Miss Grute and some of their small friends. After the performance the little fellow served tea upon the stage for his guests and altogether it was a gala occasion.

In the following week's issue of The Bugle-Star the following note appeared under the head of Dramatics:

"William Collier, Junior, the greatest boy actor on the American stage, is starring at The Criterion in a new play which was written especially for him by one of our best-known authors. His work is wonderful from start to finish. His father, whose name is also William Collier, is in the troupe too."

Erin Go Higher

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT, the Irish actor, was to play at the Tabor Grand Theater, in Denver, and in view of the popularity of the coming star the management advanced the price of parquet seats from a dollar to a dollar and a half.

The first man in line when the box office opened for the advance sale was an elderly Hibernian. He laid down two silver dollars on the shelf.

"Give me a couple of good seats for Chauncey," he said.

"One dollar more, please," said the box-office man.

"Why so?" demanded the patron suspiciously. "I never paid more'n a dollar to see Chauncey before."

"Yes, I know," said the ticket man, "but you see Dave Warfield, who is a Hebrew actor, is playing up the street next week at two dollars. We thought if a Jewish comedian was worth two dollars, an Irish comedian ought to be worth a dollar and a half."

"Is that so!" snorted the customer. He snatched his silver back and slammed a wrinkled five-dollar bill down instead.

"I want two tickets," he roared; "and don't you give me no change back out of that five-spot neither, young man. If a Jew is worth two dollars Chauncey is worth two and a half, and not a cint less."

No Such Name

PAUL ARMSTRONG tells of a friend of his, an exceedingly deaf man, who was being introduced to a young woman. The young woman was pretty, but she had a strange name. Her name was Dinglefugle.

"Mr. Smith," said the mutual acquaintance, "this is Miss Dinglefugle."

The deaf man cupped his hand behind his ear.

"Please pardon me," he said, "but I'm hard of hearing. What did you say the name was?"

"Miss Dinglefugle."

"I'm awfully sorry," murmured the afflicted one with a strained and puzzled look in his eye; "but I haven't caught it yet."

The other man raised his voice to a shout.

"Miss Dinglefugle!" he blared.

Resignedly, hopelessly the deaf man shook his head.

"It's no use," he said; "sounds like Dinglefugle to me."

Open or Closed?

JUST as a large Irish stevedore walked into a water-front saloon in San Francisco trouble broke out in the back room. There were sounds of oaths, of blows, of chairs being overturned and of crockery smashing.

The newcomer's eye brightened. He moistened the palms of his hands after the approved stevedore's fashion, hitched up his sleeves and started for the rear. Then, remembering the proprieties, he halted.

"Mister Barkeeper," he inquired softly, "tell me, is that a private fight or kin anybody take a hand?"

White Elephants

A LITTLE girl walked into a grocer's store at Bayside, Long Island, and ordered a nickel's worth of animal crackers.

The clerk was in the act of putting the purchase in a paper sack when the small patron halted him.

"Are there any elephants in those animal crackers?" she inquired.

"Oh, yes," said the clerk; "lots of elephants."

"Then please pick them all out and put 'em back in the box again," ordered the customer. "My little brother is afraid of elephants."

The Value of Illiteracy

A NEWLY landed German immigrant who could speak broken English applied for the job of janitor of a flat-house in New York. The owner of the building was impressed with the candidate's earnestness and appearance, but when he found the German could neither read nor write he was forced to turn him down. Nevertheless, he liked the young foreigner's looks so much that he helped him to get work in a construction crew and took pains to keep in touch with him for a while.

At the end of four years the German walked in on his former benefactor. He was well dressed and cleanly shaven. He explained that he had been so busy he had not had time to acquire even the rudiments of an education, but he now owned a thriving grocery business and had saved some money.

"How much money?" inquired the American.

The German drew out a bankbook and showed that he had upward of ten thousand dollars on deposit, drawing interest.

"Good heavens!" said the American. "Fritz, I congratulate you. You're a wonder! You can't write your own name, and yet in four years you've made this much money all clear. I wonder what you would have made if you could read and write?"

The German thought a moment.

"A janitor," he said.

The chief merit of this story is that it is guaranteed as true by the man who saw the bankbook.

The Canny Andy

AS HERBERT COREY tells it, he went to a dinner once where Andrew Carnegie was a guest.

"After the eating was over and the speech-making had started," said Corey, "Mr. Carnegie reached in his pocket for something and pulled out a handful of small change. A dime got away from him and fell on the floor, and at the first chance Mr. Carnegie got down under the table and looked for it."

"Did he find it?" asked one of the audience to whom Corey was narrating the incident.

"Did he find it?" echoed Corey. "He found fifteen cents!"

The Daly Drive

THE late Pete Daly, whose memory is still green wherever theatrical people gather, was a great hand for staying up late. He never went to bed as long as there was anywhere else to go.

In the soft dawn of a June morning he emerged from an all-night café on Lower Broadway and climbed into a hansom, filling it to overflowing, for he was a very large man.

"Where do you want to go, Mr. Daly?" inquired the cabby. All Broadway cabbies knew the big comedian.

"Anywhere," murmured Daly drowsily. Then an idea struck him. "Drive me to the Polo Grounds," he said.

The cab jogged north, bound for the ball park, six miles away. An hour later the driver halted his horse outside a high board fence, climbed down from his perch and shook his slumbering fare by the elbow.

"Here we are," he said.

"Where?" inquired Daly, half opening one eye.

"At the Polo Grounds. Where'll I drive you now?"

"Drive me round the bases," said Daly, and went back to sleep.

Carafes $3.50 up

THE busy man of today has a **Thermos Carafe** filled with his favorite bottled water, chilled to his taste and placed upon his desk every morning. **Thermos** keeps it cold until the last drop is consumed.

THERMOS
Serves You Right—Food or Drink—Hot or Cold — When — Where—and As you like

Thermos makes every walk of life easier. In the home it is a wageless servant, saving endless steps for father and mother, and keeping Baby's milk clean, sweet, and free from infection. Afoot or afield, **Thermos** makes its presence felt in a thousand-and-one ways. No home is truly complete until it has its **Thermos** equipment.

For the June Wedding Gift you will delight the heart of any bride-to-be by sending the **Thermos** Tea, Coffee or Chocolate Jug.

The genuine has ***Thermos*** *stamped on the base.*

Bottles $1.00 upward. Carafes $3.50 upward Jugs $4.00 upward

THERMOS COMPANY
Norwich, Conn. Toronto, Canada

Write for Thermos Picture Puzzle Cut Out FREE

How a small thing has grown large

Twenty-seven years ago, in one small room, with two helpers, a man began a business enterprise—the making of men's garters

IN the left hand corner of this page you see how this room looked: about ten by twelve feet in area; with the bottom of a packing box for a desk.

In the opposite corner of the page you see the factory building as it is now: a fireproof structure, mostly windows, with daylight on all four sides; clean and sanitary.

The number of operatives is now more than 1,000.

These illustrations show how a small thing has grown large.

The secret of it is quite simple; the quality of the goods explains it.

A garter to hold up a man's socks is a small article, at a small price.

Most men spend 25 or 50 cents without a second thought.

Our idea was, at the beginning, and is now, to give the best possible value for 25 and 50 cents.

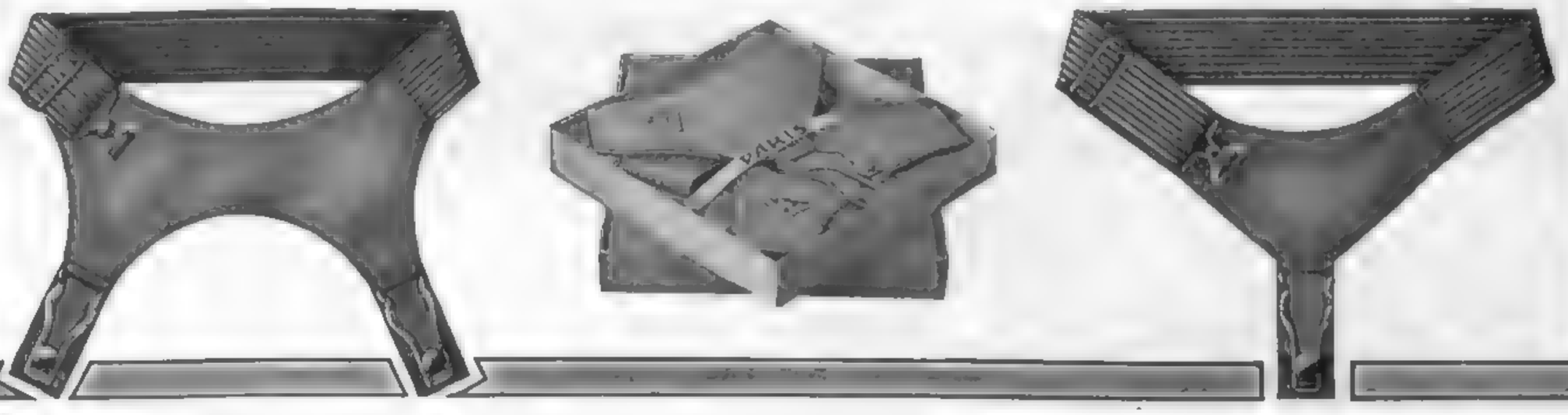
The quality now is better than it was then; the shape is better; the garter fits better.

PARIS GARTERS, the first shield-garters, were originated by us; they satisfied a real need of well-dressed men; and they have been constantly improved ever since.

The **PARIS GARTER** trade mark has now become, all over the world, a sure sign of best quality. For that reason, when you buy garters, be sure you get

PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

A. Stein & Company, *Makers*, Chicago and New York



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Get a Goodrich grip on the slippery streets and greasy roads of spring and summer.

Get your grip on more mileage, too, and get more pleasure with this added distance.

It's the pleasure found in Goodrich "make-good" quality; in safety motoring; in the surefooted way these tires take you everywhere—and make "trouble" take their dust.

Equip your new car or your present car with the

Goodrich Safety Tread Tires

Best in the Long Run

There is no sound reason for paying more than the Goodrich schedule for any high-grade tires:

Principal Sizes	Goodrich Smooth Tread Prices	Goodrich Safety Tread Prices	Goodrich Grey Inner Tube Prices	Goodrich Indian Tube Prices
30 x 3	$11.70	$12.65	$2.80	$3.10
30 x 3½	15.75	17.00	3.50	4.00
32 x 3½	16.75	18.10	3.70	4.30
33 x 4	23.55	25.25	4.75	5.30
34 x 4	24.35	26.05	4.90	5.45
34 x 4½	33.00	35.00	6.15	6.90
35 x 4½	34.00	36.05	6.30	7.05
36 x 4½	35.00	37.10	6.45	7.20
37 x 5	41.95	44.45	7.70	8.55
38 x 5½	54.00	57.30	8.35	9.30

Dealers almost everywhere have Goodrich Tires in stock or can get them for you from one of our branches or depots.

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The B.F.Goodrich Company
Factories, Akron, Ohio.

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The newest advance in inner tubes—a brown tube

We call it the Goodrich Indian Tube because it is hardy, enduring, full of vitality—like the Indian.
It is built for speed—like the Indian.
It is pure breed—like the Indian.
It is "best in the long run"—like the Indian.

Improves the whole tire service—

Goodrich
Indian Tube
The last word in inner tubes

The inner tube that won't get winded or worn in long running

You'll always know the Goodrich Indian Tube by its color—copper brown, like the Indian.
Like all Goodrich products it stands for "perfect parts and dependable delivery of full, better service."
Tell your tire dealer that's the inner tube you want.

ON ACCOUNT OF A LADY

(Continued from Page 7)

"Some fight tomorrow night," said Split-tooth tentatively.

"Those big hams?" said Faraday. "No chance—I could lick 'em myself."

"Naw—not them. Whitey and Sammy."

"Oh!" said the sporting authority. "Yes, if this grudge-fight talk is on the level it ought to be a hummer."

Split-tooth grinned knowingly

"Don't worry," said he. "It's on the level all right."

"How do you know?"

"Never you mind how I know," said Durkee mysteriously. "P'fessional jealousy! Where do you get that stuff? You're supposed to be wise. You've been round and seen a lot of things come off. What is it that makes most of the trouble between pals, eh? What is it that makes a man want to lick his best friend? P'fessional jealousy? Bah! Ain't there no other kind of jealousy?"

"You don't mean to tell me there's a skirt in this!" said Faraday, pausing in the act of spearing a pickle.

"You've been asleep at the switch a long time, but you're waking up now," said Split-tooth. "A skirt! You've said it all. Pity you didn't know about it before you wrote that bunk about p'fessional jealousy. Gee! That handed me a laugh!" Durkee moved away from the counter.

"Say, come back here!" Durkee paused uncertainly. "Come here!" repeated Faraday. "You don't mean to tell me that Whitey and Sammy busted up over a girl?"

"I don't meant to tell you nothing," said Split-tooth. "Do you think I want to get in bad with a couple of lowbrows that have got me shaded on the weight?"

"Oh, come on!" pleaded Faraday. "I'd treat it as confidential—honest, I would. I wouldn't tell a soul where I got it."

"Nothing doing!" said Split-tooth firmly. "Why, you got a nerve to ask me! You eat here a good deal—you could 'a' seen it with your own eyes."

Faraday struck the lunch counter with his open hand.

"The girl at the cash register!" said he.

"Go to the head of the class!"

"What's her name?"

"Myrtle Schmidt."

"How old is she?"

"Nineteen—say, what are you trying to do? Interview me? Nix! You've seen her, ain't you? Brown eyes, kind of dark complected, weighs about the featherweight limit, been working here about two months —— You ain't going to write anything about this, are you?"

"No—of course not!" said Faraday with sarcasm. "I'm just gathering this information for the census bureau!"

"Well," said Split tooth with a sigh, "if you're going to spill it in the paper it ain't my fault. I can't stop you. All I ask is that you leave me out of it—see? I don't mind tellin' you a few things you ought to know—out of friendship—but I don't want no comeback. I can't go on the floor and mix with these rough-and-tumblers, and I ain't going out of my class to oblige anybody."

"Mum's the word!" promised Mr. Faraday. "Now then, how did it start?"

IV

FIGHTING Sammy Dugan sat on a rubbing table in one of the tiny dressing rooms underneath the bleachers of the boxing pavilion, swinging his heels and listening to the roar of the multitude. From time to time he inclined an ear to the earnest words of the Dis-and-Dat Kid, his chief second and adviser.

"Now remember, Sammy, don't git mad! Never mind standin' toe to toe an' sluggin' until somebody drops. Let Whitey fight dat way if he wants to. Wear him down wit' dat left an' den wham him wit' de right. Remember your reppitation, an' ——"

The door banged open and T-bone Riley entered, a thundercloud on his brow. He held a pink sporting extra in his hand, which he thrust under Sammy's nose.

"You're a fine pair of mutts—you and Whitey!" said he. "Look what you done!"

Sammy glanced at the paper and his jaw fell. A double row of black type three columns wide smote him with all the force of a blow between the eyes.

DUGAN AND WILSON TO BATTLE FOR LOVE OF BEAUTIFUL GIRL!

"Wha-what's this?" stammered Sammy, aghast.

"Mighty innocent, ain't you?" sneered T-bone. "I'll tell you what it is! It's my notion of a dirty trick! Here's a girl that's all right in every way—behaves herself like a lady, never mixes up in nothing and ain't looking for publicity. A couple of bum fighters get to quarreling over her and between 'em they cook her up a press notice like this. Listen while I read you a sample."

T-bone cleared his throat and read as follows:

"'The little god of love will referee tonight's battle between Fighting Sammy Dugan and Whitey Wilson, erstwhile friends, but now bitter enemies and rivals for the hand of Miss Myrtle Schmidt, a petite brunette beauty of this city.' Wha' d'ye think of that—eh? 'Rivals for the hand!' Say, do you think she'd marry either one of you tramps?"

"Marry!" gasped Sammy. "Nothing like that. And they've even got her name! Oh, if I can get the fellow who spilled this, Riley, I'll murder him!"

"You're sure you didn't?" questioned T-bone.

"I've never mentioned her to a soul!" cried Sammy. "What do you take me for?"

"Well, somebody spilled it," said T-bone, "and now it's all over town. Whitey says he didn't do it."

"I wouldn't put it past him to do anything," said Sammy.

"That's what he says about you."

"He does? Oh, wait till I get him in the ring! Say, Riley, do you think she'll be sore?"

"Sore!" T-bone laughed unpleasantly. "No; she'll be tickled to death to have her name mixed up with a couple of cheap fighters! A nice girl wouldn't mind a little thing like that at all! I haven't seen her. She's on the late shift tonight; but I'd advise you to keep away from the joint until she cools out."

Half an hour later Sammy Dugan and Whitey Wilson stood in the center of the ring, blinking in the glare of the arclights, ostensibly listening to the referee—an honest, conscientious soul—who droned monotonously about many things, none of which was new.

Said Sammy, glowering at Whitey:

"What did you get that put in the paper for?"

Said Whitey to Sammy:

"I didn't. You did it yourself nobody else knew."

"You did!"

"I didn't!"

"You're a liar!"

"You're another!"

Said the referee, extending his arms and diving between the combatants:

"Here! None of that! Can't you wait till the bell rings?"

Thus, with an added cause for grievance, they waited for the clang of the gong.

The honest and conscientious referee said it was a draw, and three thousand lay brethren applauded that just decision wildly. Then they fell back in their seats, hoarse, hysterical and happy. For once a grudge fight had justified its press notices. As a matter of fact, there was nothing else for the referee to do. With both men on their feet at the end of the battle—dazed, battered and staggering, but still on their feet—he had no choice.

He could not have awarded a decision on scientific points. There were no scientific points. He could not have declared either man a winner on aggressiveness. Both had been as aggressive as wildcats. In the matter of knockdowns honors were fairly even. Whitey had taken the count six times and Sammy five. As to punishments inflicted, there was little to choose. Sammy had a broken nose, but Whitey had lost a tooth. Sammy's mouth resembled a badly bitten damson plum, Whitey had a mouse under his left eye. Sammy had a lump on his jaw, but Whitey had a split lip.

"And as for blood," said the referee, ruefully regarding his soft white shirt, "between 'em they shed enough of it to free Ireland!"

No sooner had the two soggy gloves been hoisted in the air than Sammy dashed out at one angle of the ring and Whitey hopped through the ropes at the other, thus violating all tradition. After a drawn battle it is customary for the gladiators to linger as long as possible, leaving the ring separately in order that the applause may be sustained.

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Chop fine one cup boiled macaroni. Add large can Underwood Deviled Ham and one cup thick white sauce (3 tablespoons each of butter and flour, balance milk). Season with salt, pepper, onion juice. Mix thoroughly, cool and add whites of 4 eggs beaten stiff. Turn into buttered timbale molds. Stand molds in pan of hot water in moderate oven and cook until centers are firm. Serve with tomato sauce.

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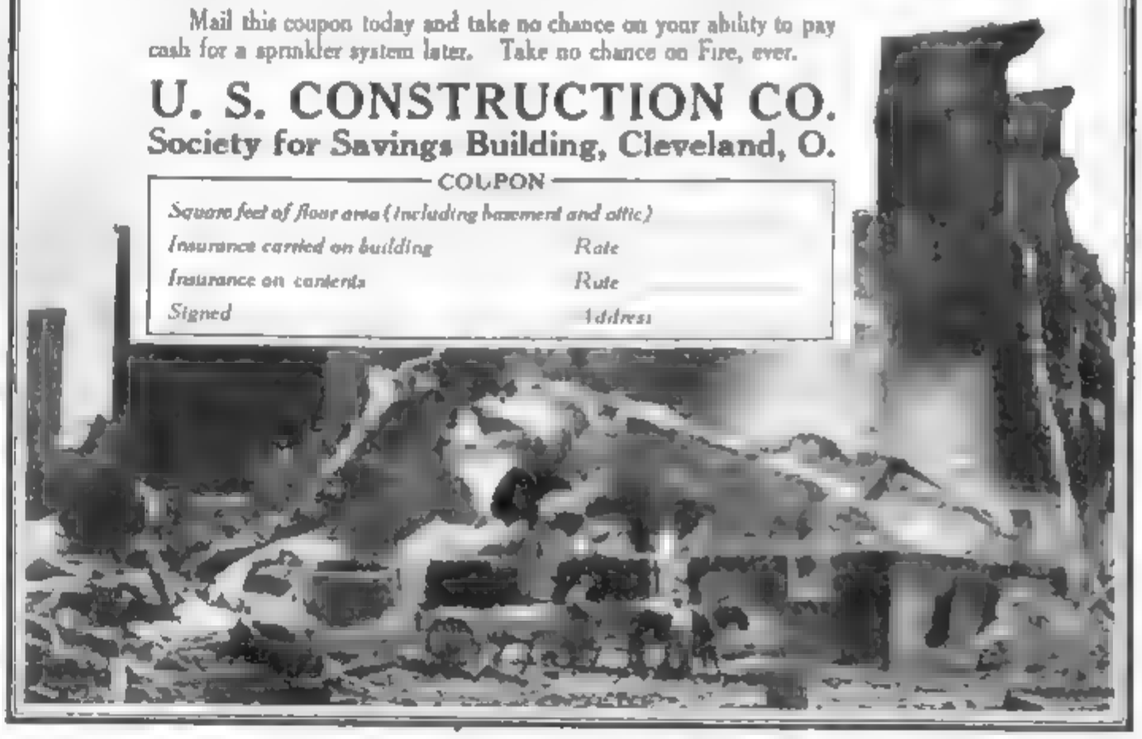

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

Two such precipitous exits were never before witnessed in that arena.

"Say, you gotta have dat nose fixed up," said the Dis-and-Dat Kid to Sammy in the dressing room.

"Plenty of time," mumbled the disfigured gladiator. "I shaded him in every round, didn't I?"

On the other side of the partition Whitey's handlers besought him to allow them to reduce the mouse by the simple and expedient method of lancing it with the blade of a penknife.

"Tomorrow!" said Whitey impatiently. "Where's my pants?"

It was a great race and Sammy Dugan won it by half a block. He burst into Riley's place out of breath, dishevel ed and perspiring freely. Split-tooth Durkee grinned behind the coffee boiler, and Myrtle stared stonily over the cash register. She had put on her hat and coat, and her bag dangled from her wrist. Her nose and eyes were suspiciously red.

"They give it a draw," panted Sammy, "but I win a mile! Say, I want—to tell you—I didn't put that piece in the paper. It was Whitey did that—and ——"

This declaration was interrupted by the accused, who hurled himself into the room, also breathless and perspiring.

"Don't you believe him!" he cried. "'S a lie!"

"Oh, you're both here, are you?" said Miss Schmidt coldly. "Well, I just want to tell you one thing: I wouldn't waste my time on hoodlums like you. I wouldn't look at you outside of this place. I wouldn't speak to you! You're trash, that's what you are—trash!" Her voice grew suddenly shrill. "The idea of you dragging me into the newspapers like this—a couple of lowdown hoodlums like you! My fiancé is going to be in town tomorrow. He's a brakeman on the railroad, and he's bigger than both of you put together. Just wait till he catches you—that's all!"

She had stepped round the end of the counter and now swept out into the street, banging the door behind her. The battle-scarred gladiators looked at each other blankly. After a time they became aware of Split-tooth Durkee, who was grinning at them from a safe distance.

"She's quit her job," said Split-tooth cheerfully—"Says she couldn't hold up her head in this joint again. And say, if what she tells me about this brakeman is right you better leave town now. He's bigger'n a house!"

Sammy and Whitey exchanged glances of deep concern.

"If that's the way it is ——" said Sammy tentatively.

"We better stick together," said Whitey.

They shook hands.

"We can lick him if he's as big as Jim Jeffries!" said Sammy.

"You're whistling!" said Whitey.

They shook hands again.

"You're a tough bird, Whitey, old boy!" said Sammy. "I'd rather fight a champion than take you on again."

"I never got such a lacing in my life as I got from you," said Whitey, thoughtfully stroking the mouse under his left eye.

"Say, what started it anyway?" asked Sammy.

"Why," said Whitey, "Split-tooth, over there, he said that you was knocking me to her."

"He told me the same about you," said Sammy.

They considered the situation gravely, turning this information over and over in their minds. Then they looked at Split-tooth, who squeaked and backed suddenly into a pile of plates, sending them crashing to the floor.

"Nix! Nix!" he begged. "Ain't we always been friends?"

"You go round one end of the counter and I'll go round the other," said Sammy.

"He can't get away," said Whitey.

When T-bone Riley dropped in he found Saginaw in sole possession of the premises, which bore every appearance of having been visited by a cyclone.

"What's happened here?" asked T-bone, estimating the damage with a practiced eye.

"A whole lot of things," said the night cook: "Your cashier has quit. Sammy and Whitey are friends again. It was Split-tooth that got that piece put in the paper. He's in the Receiving Hospital."

"Outside of that every little thing is all right?" asked T-bone.

"So far as I know," said Saginaw.

"Fair enough!" said T-bone Riley.

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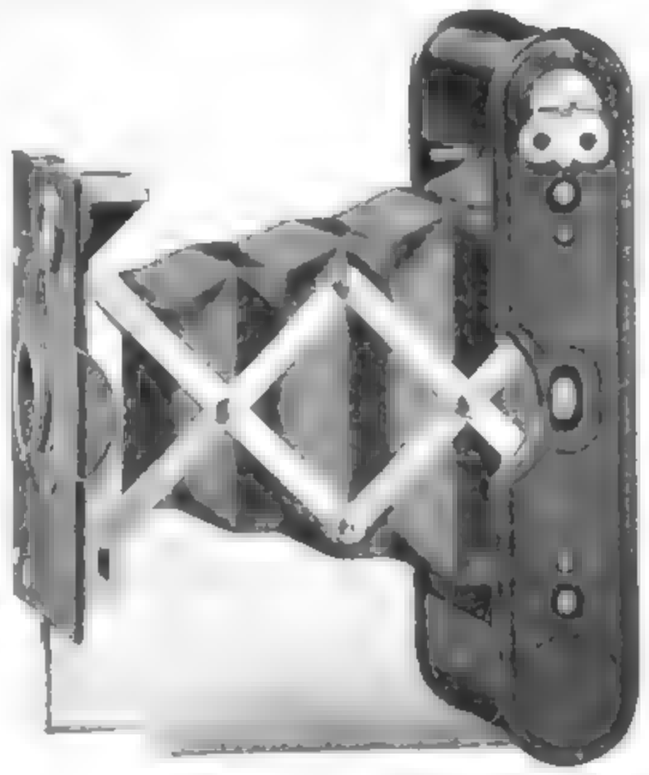
with Kodak Anastigmat lens



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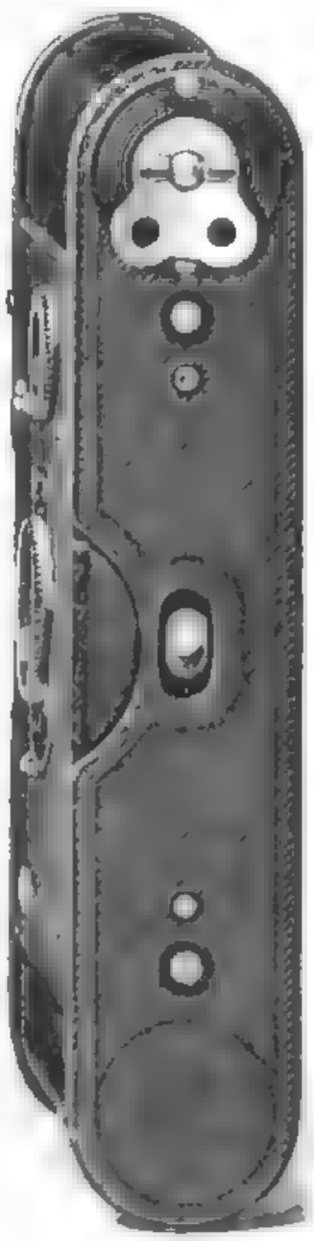
The Kodak Anastigmat lens is ground by skilled workmen, from the finest Jena glass. The result, under experienced superintendence and a system of most rigid tests, is a lens that gives microscopic definition, is free from astigmatism, and renders perfect flatness of field. Its speed (*f.*8) is extremely high for a lens used only with a fixed focus. The Kodak Anastigmat is made exclusively for use on the Vest Pocket Kodak, and it meets absolutely the most exacting requirements.



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The Kodak Ball Bearing shutter into which this lens is fitted, has proved itself the most reliable of shutters—reliable because it works without jar or bang, and so does not throw itself out of adjustment. It has instantaneous speeds for 1/25 and 1/50 of a second, the time action—opening at one pressure of the lever and closing at the next, and the so-called "bulb" action, where the shutter opens when the lever is pressed, and closes when it is released. The shutter has iris diaphragm stops and is equipped also with the Autotime Scale—by which correct exposure can be told at a glance.

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But we reached the limit there. Last year we devoted to lines and finish, to beauty and equipment. Now the car excels in appearance as it does in the hidden parts. Inside and outside, this latest model marks the super-car.

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We adopted the streamline body, now European vogue. The angle dash has disappeared for good. Note the artistic and unbroken lines.

We have given you new-style fenders, a built-in windshield, a flush-set instrument board. We give you rich, enduring finish, deep upholstering, a roomy tonneau. And we give you a driver's seat without a lever in the way.

We have adopted the best system of electric lighting and starting. We give you dimming searchlights. You will see few cars at any price so impressive, so modernly equipped.

But Don't Forget

But don't let simple beauty sell you any car. In an honest car the value lies in parts you do not see.

Reo the Fifth is built to standards which most men call extreme. But time and tests have proved each one essential.

It has vast over-capacity, but there are times when you'll need it. All driving parts are strong enough for a 50-horsepower engine, but there are times when you'll be glad.

We spend six weeks on each car, but the result is exactness. You will find no weakness, no oversight, no flaw.

Our test cars are given 10,000 miles of rough driving, to prove what the parts can stand. But that insures you years of perfect service.

Get the Utmost

Men who have had troubles, upkeep and repairs will tell you it pays to get a well-built car. A car can't be too good. After a few months, a skimped car is bound to prove expensive. Many thousands of men who know this from experience are now buying Reo the Fifth.

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This year we give you a lower price. All the special machinery for building this car has been charged against previous output. Now we wipe out that charge, and give you this year's savings on electric starter and tires.

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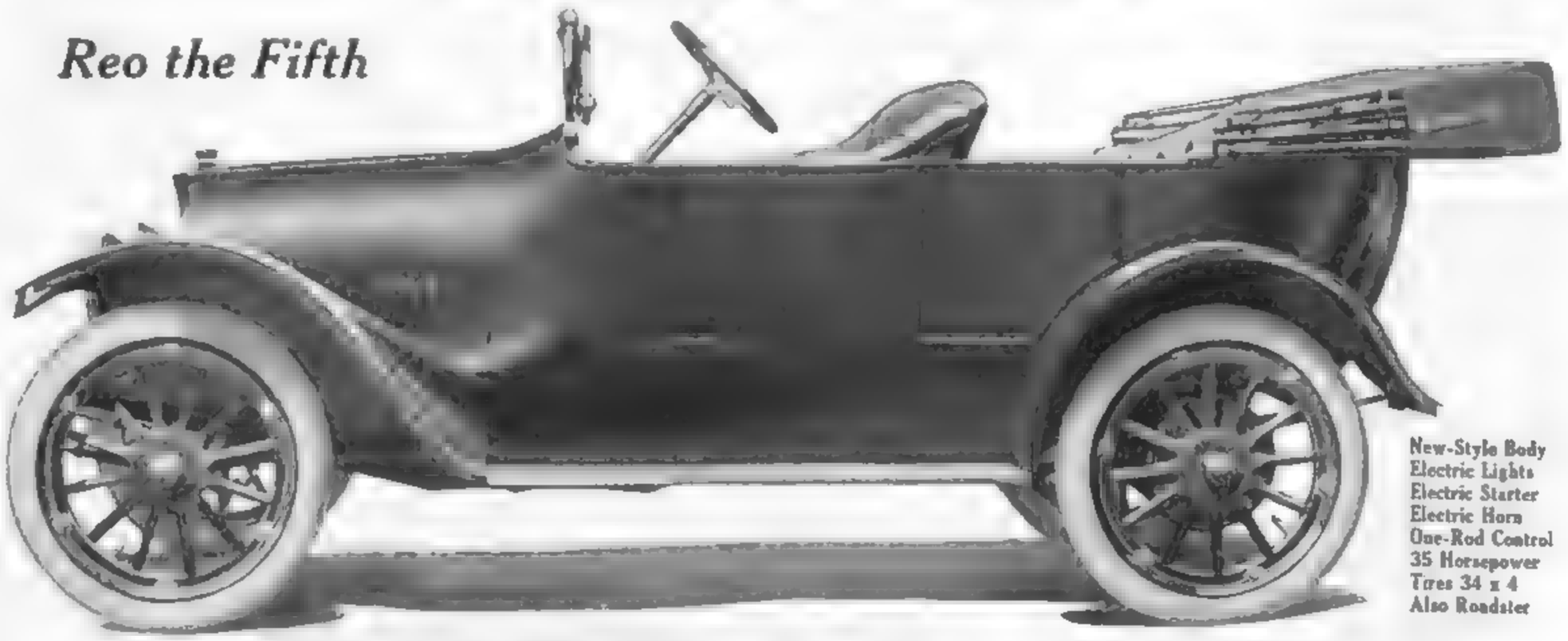

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THE FAKERS

(Continued from Page 23)

the curse of this country, if he were to act otherwise. Am I right?"

"You are right, senator," Hicks answered. "I am for the people, and I believe I can serve them best as a Democrat."

"Good!" exclaimed Paxton, slapping Hicks on the shoulder. "Now come in and take a little dictation."

Hicks went in with his notebook and pencils, pulled out the shelf on one side of the senator's desk and waited.

Paxton lighted a cigar, fussed over some papers and, leaning back, looked up at the ceiling.

"Politics," he began presently, "may be separated into two grand divisions: Practical politics and impractical politics. Practical politics is the kind that wins. Impractical politics is all other kinds. Paragraph.

"Politics has many aliases. It is rarely practiced under its own name, except by those who are designated as the unscrupulous bosses and their henchmen and heelers. All others who engage in politics so engage because some unendurable condition of national or local affairs demands their prompt placing on the payroll in order that these abuses may be corrected. Paragraph.

"Next to getting on the payroll the important object of politics is power. Power is important, because if you have power you can get the money. At any rate you can put others in the way of getting the money, and no politics is a success unless somebody gets it. Paragraph.

"Politics makes strange bedfellows. All combinations and associations you personally make are excusable, because you invariably make them for the good of the people. Paragraph.

"Always be unselfish in politics. For example, if called to choose between two offices, always take the office to which you can be elected, even if it be the lesser one, for any salary at all you can get is better than any salary, however great, that you cannot get. Paragraph."

Paxton stopped, puffed a little at his cigar and then began again:

"The greatest asset of the politician is the people. Paragraph.

"It is well to remember that though the people may not always be right, they are exceedingly numerous. Paragraph.

"Every politician should observe carefully what the people think they demand, and demand that thing instantly, stridently and continuously. As the people pay attention to politics for only a few weeks each year, and the politician pays attention to politics all the time, it will soon fall out that the people will come to think the reforms they demanded and you took up are really reforms that you demanded and they took up. Paragraph.

"Never refer to the people as the people. Always call them the plain people. The great bulk of the people are so plain they like to be told of that characteristic constantly. Likewise, they dote on being held up as the bone and sinew of the nation. Paragraph.

"Always be in sympathy with the wrongs of the people. Never make a speech without referring to the great toiling masses. The great toiling masses like publicity for their greatness and sympathy for their toil. Paragraph.

"The great toiling masses would be mighty uncomfortable and unhappy if they had nothing to kick about; so if there are no outrages on the body politic think up a few. Paragraph.

"The secret of successful political oratory is to tell the people what they already know. If you thunder at them for two hours that honesty is the best policy and virtue is its own reward they will consider you a patriot and vote accordingly; but if you elucidate a new political or economic theory they will say you are trying to sell them out and probably will think you are a crook. Paragraph.

"Money has no place in politics except to defray legitimate expenses. Money is expended illegitimately in politics when you are caught expending it. Wise politicians never expend money in politics themselves. They get some one to do it for them. Then, if detection comes, their hands are unsullied and their motives cannot be impugned."

The senator stopped again and relighted his cigar. "That's all for now," he said.

"What is it?" asked Hicks—"a speech or an article or what?"

"Neither," replied Paxton. "It is merely an epistle for the aid and guidance of any aspiring young man who desires to become a successful politician."

"What shall I do with it?"

"Oh, make a few copies and keep one for yourself. It might be of use to you some day, for it contains the condensed wisdom of thirty years of dealing with the people in public life."

Hicks looked in the Congressional Directory, and found that the representative from the Rextown district lived in Rextown. He went over to that statesman's committee room and introduced himself to the secretary of the representative.

"I'm T. Marmaduke Hicks," he said, "assistant secretary to Senator Paxton."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Hicks," the secretary responded. "My name is Duffield, James R. Duffield. What can I do for you?"

"Oh, nothing much," Hicks replied, "but a friend of mine out home is thinking of locating in some Middle Western city and he wrote me and asked me if I knew anything about Rextown. So I thought I'd drop over and see you and get some points about the place."

"It's a good town," Duffield replied, assuming the tone of a booster. "It's the best town in the Middle West and it is growing by leaps and bounds. It has the best water, the best climate, the biggest buildings, the most complete street-car system, the finest park system, the greatest hustlers among the business men, the most expensive homes, the greatest bank clearings of any town of its size in that section. It also has the biggest jobbing houses, and it's one of the largest mill and factory towns anywhere in the Middle West."

"What's that?" asked Hicks—"a big mill and factory town?"

"One of the biggest," boasted Duffield. "Why, our factories ——"

"How do the men in the factories vote?" asked Hicks, interrupting.

"Oh, they vote the Republican ticket. Paddy Ross, the boss out there, sees to that. Talk about Republican towns and counties! Why, Mr. Hicks, there hasn't been a Democrat elected out there since Hector was a pup, and Corliss County is unanimous for the G. O. P. every crack out of the box."

"What is the factory vote—how much of the total vote, I mean?" Hicks asked.

"About half, I guess," Duffield replied; "maybe a little more."

"How many Democrats are there in Rextown?"

"A thousand in round numbers perhaps. Old Perk Rollins sort of hangs on to them and herds them up at election times; but, pshaw, they haven't got a chance!"

"Still," continued Hicks, who saw possibilities, "if that labor vote should get away from you and go with the Democrats once, they would be able to clean you up, wouldn't they?"

"Sure!" assented Duffield; "but there isn't a chance—not a chance. Paddy Ross holds that vote for us, and Paddy will hang on to it too, you can bet on that."

Hicks asked a few more questions, listened impatiently to another panegyric about Rextown, thanked Duffield, and hurried back to Senator Paxton's office.

"Senator," he said, "that town of Rextown looks pretty good to me. I was talking to a young fellow from there, Malcolm's secretary, and he tells me it is a big mill and factory town and that the labor vote is about half of the total."

"Well?" interjected Paxton.

"He says there are about a thousand dyed-in-the-wool Democrats too, and there might come a chance, on some local or national issue, to shift that labor vote. Then I'd win."

"Such things have been known," commented Paxton, to whom this situation was no news. "How are you getting on with your law?"

"I'll have my degree in February. The examiners will allow me credit for the time I studied back home with Judge Smith, and then I can take the examination."

"Can you pass it?"

"Pass it?" and Hicks laughed. "Why, senator, all my studies have been directed to that end. I have inquired carefully into such principles of the law as will come up in that examination."

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"I see, and such real knowledge of the law as you will eventually have you will obtain after you are out of law school and a member of the bar?"

"That's the idea," Hicks replied.

Hicks applied himself for several weeks, secured his degree and took the examination. He passed by a narrow margin. Senator Paxton told him he would fix it so he would be admitted on motion to the Rextown bar, on the strength of his District of Columbia certificate, and Hicks swaggered about the boarding house because of his new distinction. Also he let it be known generally that, notwithstanding his association with Senator Paxton, he had concluded that the Democratic party more closely approached his ideals as the party that had the interests of the plain people at heart, and that he had decided to cast his political fortunes with the Democracy for that reason. Paxton and Madden chuckled and everybody else predicted Hicks would soon lose his job.

Hicks sent for the Rextown papers and read them carefully, familiarizing himself with the names of the people most mentioned in their columns. He gained a smattering of the local politics of the place and informed himself, as well as he was able, concerning the characteristics of the surrounding country and the intricacies of the city government.

Paxton talked with Hicks frequently about the plan, never going so far with him as he had with Madden, but, by skillful reference to the manners and methods of men in Congress, impressing on Hicks the basic political fact that the general political gullibility of the people as a mass is a natural and legitimate political asset. Hicks, on the other hand, though fully convinced of the truth of this, both from what the senator told him and from his own observations, sought to maintain, and did maintain—to his own satisfaction at least—the pose that he sincerely believed that the people needed his services, and that he could work for them better as a member of the Democratic party. He sometimes combatted Paxton when Paxton was especially bitter and cynical, protesting that the people were not so easily fooled as Paxton thought.

Paxton enjoyed this hugely, for it was evidence to him that he had not misread Hicks, and Hicks thought he was making the impression that what he had in mind was a means to gain a most desirable end, which, as he stoutly asserted to Paxton, was the general good of the people, but which in reality was the immediate and continued good of Hicks. As time went on Hicks became enthusiastic over the idea, and Paxton had much amusement in planning the details.

"How's the Paxton-Hicks coalition coming along?" asked Madden one day.

"Fine!" Paxton replied. "Tommie has swallowed the bait and is trying to make me think he's only nibbling at it."

"He talks to me about it by the hour," said Madden. "I think he's beginning to believe he has a mission to go out and reform things. He's getting a lot of the genuine reformer's earmarks."

"Don't make the mistake of classing all reformers as bogus, Madden," and Paxton was very serious. "There are plenty of men who are earnest and sincere and honest and helpful in their efforts to eliminate a lot of abuses that have grown into our political and economic system. Not all of them are fakers by a long shot.

"I personally have the greatest respect for a man who believes what he says, and who acts on his own honest convictions. The chaps I detest are these canting, hypocritical, faking humbugs we see round us in such numbers. The great fault of our politics isn't graft or dishonesty, Madden, it's hypocrisy."

He walked back and forth across his room.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Look round you. Put any one of nine-tenths of these hand-shakers and four-flushers under the acid test, and that one and all the rest will turn green in a second. Don't spare me. I am as bogus as the rest of them, only I admit it privately, of course, and they don't. I have been thirty years in public life, and I've made a fortune out of politics and secured a reputation, and am counted as one of the leaders of the Senate. Yet I'd be back home running a grocery store if the people hadn't made it so easy for me. They allowed me to bunko them, and I utilized my opportunities. Some day these people

(Continued on Page 53)

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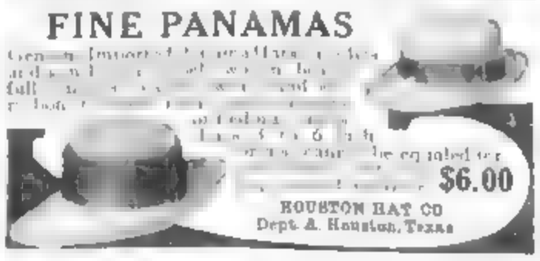

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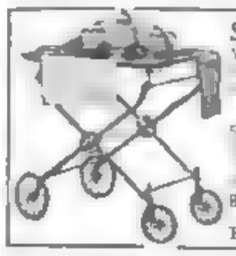

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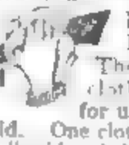

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The chefs in this kitchen have in late years created an entirely new national dish.

It is called Pork and Beans—like the old-time dish. But the name is the only resemblance.

There is almost as much difference between Van Camp's and the old dish as there is between pineapples and crab-apples.

The Old and the New

In the old way, cooks took beans as they came. We pick out the whitest and plumpest. We analyze them for nutrition. We bake sample lots to prove that all will bake mellow.

In the old way, beans were baked in home ovens. Some were crisped, some mushy, some hard. In our new way we use costly steam ovens, and every bean comes out mealy and whole.

We use tomatoes grown from special seed, on special soil—picked when ruddy red. Our sauce costs five times as much as the old sauce. And we bake it with the beans, so every atom shares its delicious tang and zest.

The old-time dish became stale in a few hours. But Van Camp's, if served a year after baking, retains its fresh oven flavor. That is due to sterilization, after the can is sealed.

What You've Gained

The old-time dish was a plain, hearty meal, to be served about once a week. Van Camp's is a delicacy, tempting, enjoyable. Countless homes serve it nearly every day.

The old-time dish, if you baked it at home, took you 16 hours to prepare. Van Camp's is ready on a moment's notice, with a luncheon or dinner, prepared by a master chef. And it costs but three cents per serving.

The Man's Dish

Argue as you will about home-baked beans. The fact remains that all the men folks like Van Camp's Beans better.

They flock where Van Camp's are served. On this account, thousands of restaurants, hotels and lunch rooms buy Baked Beans from us.

Men like beans nutty yet mellow. They like the tang of this sauce. And the only way to satisfy this taste is to see that they get Van Camp's.

Millions have tried this and proved it. Won't you?

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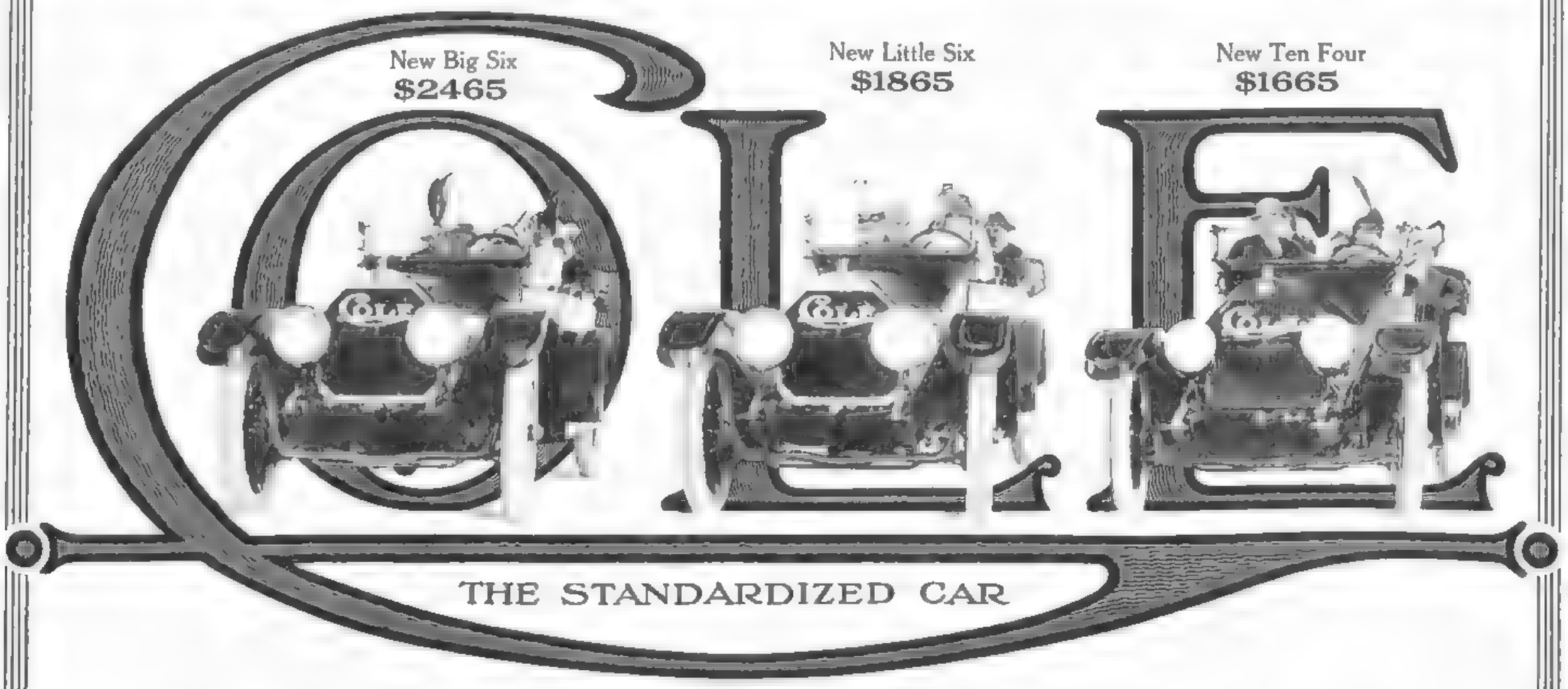
10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can



Dollar for dollar and car for car you never bought the like of these three new Coles

YOUR business judgment will endorse the price; your motoring judgment will endorse the cars. In these new Coles you have the highest achievement of motor-bettering and money-saving in Standardization—the principle that Cole established in automobile-making.

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Part for part and inch for inch the value is the same in each. That is what Cole Standardization means for the owner of every Cole.

The difference in price is the actual difference in cost of building. When you buy the Ten Four at $1665 each of your dollars is buying just the same big dollar's worth of automobile that it would if invested in the Big Six at $2465 or the Little Six at $1865.

It is simply a question of which one best meets your requirements.

In each of these three new Coles you have the most convincing evidence of how Cole Standardization keeps quality up and price down.

In each of these three new Coles you get the work of world-specialists. Each is an entire car—*a Cole*—Standardized, individual and distinctive—giving you combined advantages representing millions of investment.

Cole Standardization solved the problem of producing high-grade cars at prices within everybody's means. See and try these new Coles before you decide. Realize that when you choose a Cole it means much more than the mere purchase; it means that Standardized service is also yours.

Beauty and luxury naturally add the last touch to Cole Standardization.

"Why the Standardized Car?"

Write today for our new booklet, "Why the Standardized Car?" It tells and shows with untechnical simplicity just how and why Cole Standardization produces a better car at a lower cost.

The Big Six and Ten Four are on view at all points and the Little Six is being supplied as rapidly as we can meet demands. But by all means see the Cole before deciding on any car, and know why the best *is* the best.

Cole Motor Car Company of Indianapolis, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 50

will wake up, but until they do they themselves will be the instruments of their own undoing."

"Suppose some one tried to wake them up," suggested Madden.

"Some one will some day," Paxton replied, "but not yet and not Hicks. When that time comes we'll all scuttle for the high grass. Until it does come the game will go on in the same old way, for there's no use trying to get the yolk out of a china egg, or any profit either. So far as Tommie is concerned, he won't try to awaken them. His idea is to keep them fast asleep."

IX

IT WAS arranged that Hicks should start for Rextown in April. Paxton told him he was wasting time in the office, inasmuch as he had his future plans so carefully considered, and urged an early beginning. The senator was much pleased with the eager manner in which Hicks had undertaken this cynical enterprise of his, and was anxious for the actual test of it. He felt sure he had an able and amenable subject for his ministrations, and told Hicks not to let lack of money bother him, as he would assist him financially at the start.

If Paxton had not been frank with Hicks neither had Hicks been frank with Paxton. Hicks was without a scruple and was willing to take any step that would advance him along the line of his ambitions; but he felt he should not disclose these inner attitudes of mind and conscience to the senator. He considered the senator's interest in him as a friendly attempt to aid a young man who had attracted the notice of that statesman by his eminent abilities. Paxton read Hicks like a book, but Hicks did not get further than the preface to Paxton. Paxton had made just the sort of an arrangement with Hicks he had in mind to make, and his preliminary negotiations with Hicks and their working out had given him so much amusement he was sure the processes of development would be even more entertaining. Hicks felt he had concealed his real character from Paxton, and had listened to Paxton's satirical lectures on the abuses of the body politic, which abuses Paxton was daily engaged in making greater, with an air of belief in their literalness that Hicks felt was most skillful dissimulation. Paxton discussed the attitude of Hicks with Madden and laughed over it.

"He's a convert and a crusader, Madden," said Paxton. "I am constrained to think that T. Marmaduke Hicks will add to the gayety of the nation as time goes on."

Hicks finished his work in the office, bade his Washington friends good-by and left for Salestown to see his mother. Senator Paxton drove him to the train.

"Good-by, Tommie," the senator said just before the train pulled out; "good-by and good luck. Remember that from this time forward you are a tribune of the people, a lifelong Democrat since day before yesterday and a foe to the corrupt forces of wealth and plutocracy. Above all, be serious. The people must think you are in earnest, else you are lost. Here are a few further thoughts I have jotted down for you. Keep me informed of your progress."

He handed Hicks an envelope, waved his hand and walked away. Hicks found his berth, arranged his baggage and opened the envelope. It contained a check for a thousand dollars and this letter:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., April 17, 1899.

"*Dear Hicks:* Let me call your attention to the fact that certain traditions and precedents in politics have been in vogue so long that they have the force of rules. Occasionally a politician arises who does not play the game according to the rules, but he can be condemned unsparingly as an upstart and a demagogue and the traditions and precedents thereby preserved.

"Dress is an important thing, and depends somewhat on the section from which you come. Do not in any circumstances allow yourself to overdress, especially as you are to make your appeal to the plain people to whom plain living and plain dressing are marks of virtue. Wear clothes similar in kind to those your constituents wear, or the bulk of them, but do not underestimate the value of a plug hat and a frock coat on occasions. Be dignified, but not too dignified. Be familiar, but not too familiar.

"Gauge your public carefully and be all things to all men, but be careful to be the kind of thing to each man that appeals to that particular man.

"For example, never take a drink with a clergyman and never fail to buy one for a ward boss. You are as good as the greatest citizen of your community and no better than the humblest one. Always remember that—when canvassing the district.

"There is ample precedent for the statement that no frivolous person ever got anywhere permanently in American politics. It is well to be borne down by the seriousness of the situation and to assume an impressive manner of speaking. Do not allow yourself to be led into any public display of wit, and never by any chance make a public demonstration of a sense of humor. When stating your conclusions, state them with an air of finality that is observed when a justice of the United States Supreme Court hands down a decision.

"Never fail to take active cognizance of any movement or issue or policy that is favored by the religious bodies. Align yourself—publicly—with the better elements, and go to church regularly. This will enable you to carry on, with much less danger of detection, the necessary negotiations with certain politically important elements of your community.

"Always keep your promises. That is to say, always claim to keep your promises and always assert vigorously that you do keep them to the letter. An expert politician can find many ways for breaking promises—after he is elected; and after you are elected you have secured your reward and do not need votes for the time being.

"If you have an obvious thing to do, do it in a highly complicated manner. Befog every action. Never make a direct statement on a matter of policy and never do a direct thing until you have carefully calculated the consequences. Many a political career has been ruined by haste in such matters. You may have observed that the trimmer usually lands.

"Do not be led at any time into telling the truth about any political proposition. Truthtelling in politics is the mark of the inexperienced politician, but be careful to lie skillfully and always remember just how you lied.

"If you want a political place, induce several people to run for the same place. Do not select men strong enough to get the place—that would mess things up frightfully—but get aspirants who can control a few votes in the convention. This multiplication of candidates will help you amazingly. Conversely, it will aid you to beat some man whom you desire to beat.

"Never talk; always confer. That impresses the people and looks fine in the newspapers.

"I leave these few final political principles in your hands, confident that you will discover their worth. These and the others I have given you have stood the test of time. They can be relied upon to be most useful. Keep me posted.

Draw reasonably if you need money. Good luck, and don't forget you are a lifelong Democrat. Also, most important of all, be serious—take yourself seriously and the people likewise. "Hopefully,

"WILLIAM H. PAXTON."

Hicks had saved fifteen hundred dollars, and this, added to the Paxton thousand, gave him a working capital of twenty-five hundred dollars. Paxton had secured for him a letter of introduction from a Democratic friend who knew Perkins G. Rollins, the Rextown Democratic leader, and he had a letter to the First National Bank. He had written to his mother to have his father's law books shipped to him, and he had in his trunk his certificate of admission to the District of Columbia bar, neatly framed, also his law-school diploma and his picture of President McKinley.

He arrived in Rextown on the morning of the second day, went to the Hotel Metropolis, which was the biggest hotel in the place, and registered: T. Marmaduke Hicks, Washington, D. C.

Hicks knew enough about the ways of small-town newspapers to understand that a man who registers in a small town from Washington, District of Columbia, is always considered as a potential newsgiver, and always is approached by the local reporters. Fifteen minutes after he was in his room a bellboy brought up the card of Charles Bignall, reporter for the Rextown Globe.

"Ask him to come up," Hicks said to the bellboy, and Bignall came.

"Mr. Hicks?" he inquired as he entered.

"Yes; Mr. T. Marmaduke Hicks."

"I noticed on the register you are from Washington. Is there any news in your

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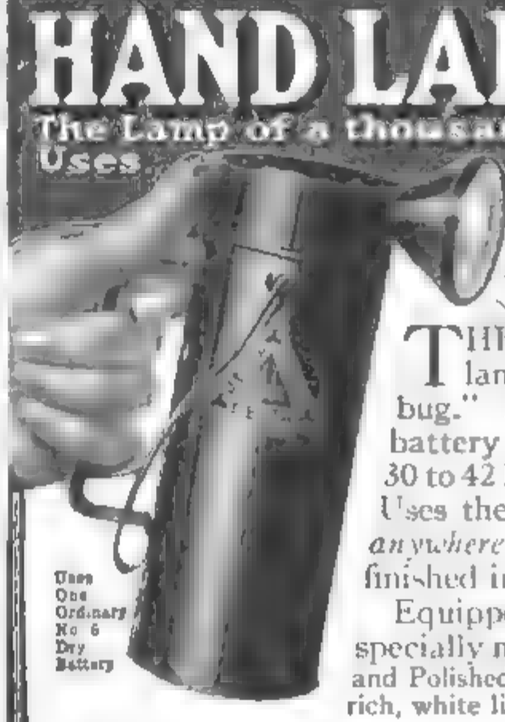

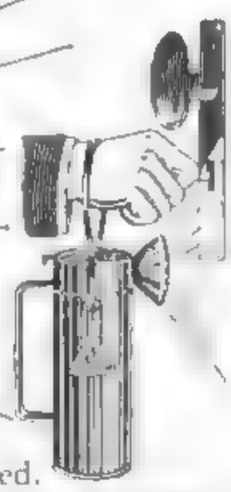

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The Delta Electric Hand Lamp is used by Autoists, Sportsmen, Farmers, Housekeepers, Watchmen, Contractors, Garage Owners, R. R. Men, Inspectors, Physicians, Storekeepers, Bank Employes, Firemen, Deliverymen, Plumbers, Electricians, Army Men, Etc., etc., etc.

A Stream of Daylight —Continuous or Intermittent

The DELTA burns by the hour. Won't ignite gas, gasoline, oil, hay, etc. Gives light in any position. Waterproof, weatherproof, acidproof.

Simple, Safe, Durable and Always Ready!

The DELTA Hand Lamp is indispensable for household, barn, farm, garage, auto, factory, store, camp, boat, delivery wagons, etc., etc. Every DELTA guaranteed. Patents pending.

Price $2, at your dealer, or put a $2 bill in a letter and lamp will be sent direct from factory, postpaid.

Complete—ready for use. Accept nothing but a Delta. Look for the Delta triangle trade mark.

Just Out! New Delta Bicycle or Auto Tail Lamp using ordinary dry battery. RED LENS FREE for tail light or contractor's danger signal.

To Dealers

Get a stock of Delta Electric Hand Lamps, the fastest selling electric specialty on the market. At your jobber or shipped direct from factory.

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DELTA ELECTRIC CO., Dept. A, Marion, Indiana

Manufacturers of Meritorious Electric Specialties

Ingersoll
DOLLAR WATCH
The Watch that made the Dollar famous
Other Models $1.50 to $3.00
Look for the name Ingersoll on the dial
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315 Fourth Avenue
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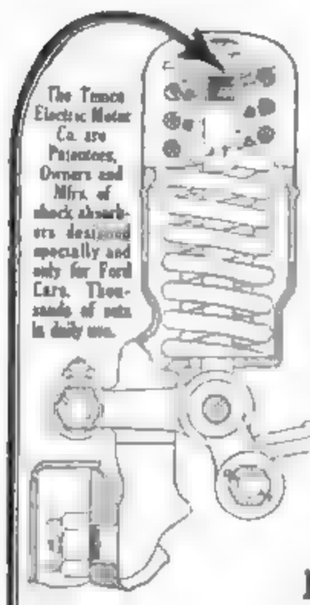
Ford Owners Ride With Velvety Ease

Save Your Tires, Your Engine, Your Car With a Full Set of Double Spiral Springs

TEMCO Shock Absorbers

ONLY $15


The Temco Electric Motor Co. are Pioneers, Owners and Mfrs. of shock absorbers designed specially and only for Ford Cars. Thousands of sets in daily use.

RIGHT NOW—make sure of the luxury of riding—anywhere, all the time, with Temco Shock Absorbers, designed and built specially for Ford cars only. Only $3.75 each—$15 for the full set of four—and you have tire protection, engine protection, car protection, that actually save the cost in cash many times over. And all the comfort and luxury besides.

The old pitching and side jerking is a thing of the past. Car holds the road. Temco Shock Absorbers give a gentle up and down swing on the roughest going—take up all the sharp jars of paved streets—make your car ride with the buoyant sensation of a large launch. You rest in your car.

Stiffness Vanishes

Temco Shock Absorbers give your car great flexibility—actually help the steering mechanism—reduce friction between the motor and the running gear—preserve the alignment—save repair and upkeep expense—keep your car in better condition, thus giving you the most use and the most pleasure—add to the sales value of your car.

All the claims we here make for Temco Shock Absorbers are actual—proved by daily service upon thousands of Ford cars. We will refer you to these owners in all parts of the country. We back every set with our absolute guarantee of complete satisfaction—or your money immediately refunded without question or argument.

Double Spiral Vanadium Steel Springs

The known quality of high-grade springs proves the standard efficiency of the Temco—long double coil sensitive to the least jar—tough and tested quality to outlast any car. This is a new element in shock absorber construction—based upon scientific mechanical principles—not the product of a "cold blacksmith" or experimenter. The special creation of a master designer whose work has won him great reputation. No friction whatever. Design and construction covered by our original patents (Sept. 9, 1913) and patents now pending, covering double spiral spring and other improvements as here illustrated in sectional cut. All infringements will be vigorously prosecuted.

Observe the simplicity of mechanical construction—load is entirely suspended from warranted hanger bolts, yet neither bolts nor springs touch surfaces of polished steel—mud proof—ice proof—dirt proof case.

Sold Upon 30 Days' Free Trial
Fully Guaranteed

Equip your Ford with Temco Shock Absorbers, and learn the possibilities of your car for service and luxury of motion. You can apply them yourself. No changes. No holes to drill. If you cannot get them of your dealer, order direct from us. $15 prepaid to any address in the U. S. Write today for complete information, with illustrated circular—free.

The Temco Electric Motor Company
1004 Sugar St. Leipsic, Ohio

DEALERS: We want you to fill orders for us. Write today for terms and prices.

New Typewriter $18

A Remarkable Typewriter, Carried in Grip or in Overcoat Pocket. Standard Keyboard. Does Work of $100 Machine. Over 35,000 in Daily Use. **Bennett Portable Typewriter** has less than 40 parts, against 1700 to 3500 in others. That's the secret of our $18 price. It's built on the famous Bennett Factory Building Machine Factory sold on a money-back guarantee unless satisfied guaranty. Weighs 4½ pounds. Your property for home use, business or trips. Send for catalog and Agts. Proposition.

$18 U. S. A.

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Use This Genuine Folding
Naco Camera
10 Days FREE

Don't send us a penny—just your name and address, and we will send you full particulars of this Beautiful Camera and our great Ten Day, Free Trial Offer. We want you to test the Camera in every way, note the Rapid Rectilinear Lens, the high grade Non-Curling Film, the easy method of inserting films in Daylight, the improved Automatic Register. The Naco Camera takes Post Card Size pictures and retails at $5.00 cash everywhere. After the ten days trial if you decide it is just the camera you want, send us $2.00 a month for ten months $20.00 in all. If you don't want it, return at our expense. You take no risk. Send today for particulars and our Free Film Developing Offer.

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You Will Like This Underwear It Will Fit You Perfectly.

Scriven's Elastic Seam Underwear

ALWAYS **Fits Perfectly** — Because of the Elastic Insertion **Elastic — Cool — Comfortable,** no matter what position your body assumes.

NEVER **Pinches, Binds, Splits, Pulls** or causes you the slightest discomfort, no matter how much you perspire, stooping or standing, walking, running, etc.

We Guarantee That You Will Like It

Buy a suit of Scriven's Elastic Seam Underwear of your dealer. Wear it—wash it—wear it again. Then if for ANY reason you wish to return it, do so and receive your money back. If your dealer hasn't Scriven's we will supply you.

Sold by 4000 Dealers—Write for Illustrated Booklet

J. A. Scriven Co., New York, N. Y.

visit—anything official, I mean? I thought possibly you might be in the government service."

"No," Hicks replied, "I am not a government official, although I have been more or less in touch with the workings of the Senate for some time. However, I shall be glad to answer any questions you may care to put to me on Washington topics."

Bignall asked him about a pending measure and Hicks expertly analyzed it. Furthermore he discussed several other live topics understandingly and with a Democratic angle and gave Bignall a good story.

"Thank you, Mr. Hicks," Bignall said, after Hicks had finished. "That'll make a corking interview. Give me a scoop on it, will you?"

"What do you mean?" Hicks asked.

"Why, don't talk to the other afternoon paper."

"All right," Hicks agreed amiably. "By the way," he added, as though the idea had just come to him, "you might mention that I have decided to enter on the practice of the law here and hope to take an active part in Democratic politics."

Bignall laughed. "You've got courage," he said, "to come here if you're a Democrat. Why, this town is so Republican the Democrats can't get trusted at the stores. Old Perk Rollins is about all there is to the Democratic party here."

"Well, you might add then that the Democratic party in Rextown has been doubled in size and is now composed of Mr. Rollins and T. Marmaduke Hicks."

"All right," assented Bignall. "I've got to jump back and get this in the home edition. I'll take care of you."

Hicks kept his promise to the reporter by going out on the street and inspecting Rextown. He found it a clean, lively city with good stores, good buildings, good pavements and a prosperous-looking people. He walked about until the Globe came out. His interview was prominently displayed on the first page. The opening paragraph read:

"Mr. T. Marmaduke Hicks, who has been identified with Washington affairs in an official capacity in the United States Senate, arrived in Rextown this morning to take up his residence here and enter on the practice of the law. Mr. Hicks is a well-known Democrat, and in discussing affairs at the Capital made the following comments to a reporter for the Globe."

Bignall had written a very good report of his interview and Hicks was much gratified. As he entered the Hotel Metropolis the clerk, somewhat impressed, said: "Say, Mr. Hicks, there's been a reporter for the Leader round here all the afternoon looking for you."

"Is that so?" asked Hicks easily. "I am sorry I missed him. If he returns I shall be in my room."

Then he went upstairs, after buying several copies of the Globe, cut out his interview and mailed one of the clippings to Senator Paxton with no comment. Two days later he received a telegram from the senator which said: "Congratulations. Apparently your face is turned toward the morning."

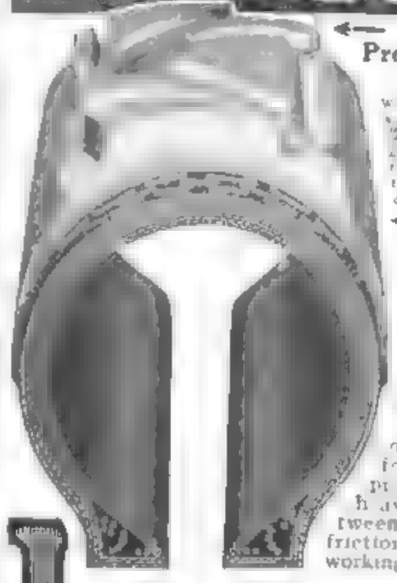
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Outshining the Sun

LIGHTS that will outshine sunlight are now being tried for daylight signals on railroads and elevated roads in the belief that they can be made to give a clearer signal than semaphores, which give their orders by the raising or lowering of oscillating arms. A gaslight or an electric lamp does not make much of a showing in the sunlight. When street lights of a thousand candle power each are tested in the daytime a passer-by would never know it unless he watched for it carefully.

Glass lenses, however, have been so developed in the last few years that for signal purposes lamps can be made to defeat daylight. Daylight varies greatly, from bright sunlight to smoky murkiness, and it is this variation of daylight that gives the most trouble; yet daylight lamp signals are now being used on the new lines of one elevated railroad, and they are being tested for railroad use.

Lee PUNCTURE-PROOF Pneumatic Tires



Smile at Miles

Before you think of starting on that tour, equip with "the tire that put the *sure* in pleasure."

Lee Puncture-Proof Pneumatic Tires *are* puncture-proof. You cannot lose—these added-service pneumatic tires are sold under a

money-back guarantee

which assures a cash refund if any tire fails to make good.

Furnished in regular tread or the **Lee "Zig-Zag" Non-Skid**—effective protection against slippery, slimy roads. Made of the live, extra dense, doubly tough

"Vanadium" Rubber

(used only in the Lee factory) which assures longer life, greater resiliency and comparative freedom from all rotting

Pamphlet No. 10, "Real Relief for Auto Owners," is free. Details the experience of many users, explains construction, states the guarantee in full.

Write for it today, or get it from the local Lee dealer

LEE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
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Sold in every leading city. Look up LEE TIRES in your 'phone book.

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9 East 40th Street New York City
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
Works Stamford, Conn. St. Catharines Ont.

You Need Good Bearings
At These Points in Your Car

Where weight of car and load come pounding down through axle-spindles in the wheels.

Where side pressure focuses as you steer to right or left. Where bevel gears turn the power toward the wheels.

Where shocks and vibration are constant and severe. Where friction must be held down. Where shafts must *stay* in line and gears in perfect mesh for greatest efficiency as your car grows old.

There good bearings are essential to *continued satisfaction* in the use of your car.

Look to the Points of Severest Service

At axle ends in all four wheels, in steering-knuckle heads, each side of the differential, on the pinion-shaft, in the transmission—to get full economy of power and lowest upkeep cost—you need bearings that resist wear and tear to the uttermost.

Timken Bearings resist load and shocks and wear along the entire length of their rollers—not at mere points. They resist end-pressure that often exceeds down-pressure because their rollers are tapered and revolve at an angle to the shaft.

Because pressure is distributed over sufficient surface the wear is almost nothing. Yet when slight wear does ultimately come it is not necessary to throw a Timken Bearing away and buy a new one.

All effects of the slight wear are entirely eliminated by a simple adjustment. Merely advancing the cone and rollers a little farther into the cup brings all parts into the same relations that existed when the bearing was new.

Know What Bearings You Have at These Points in Your Car

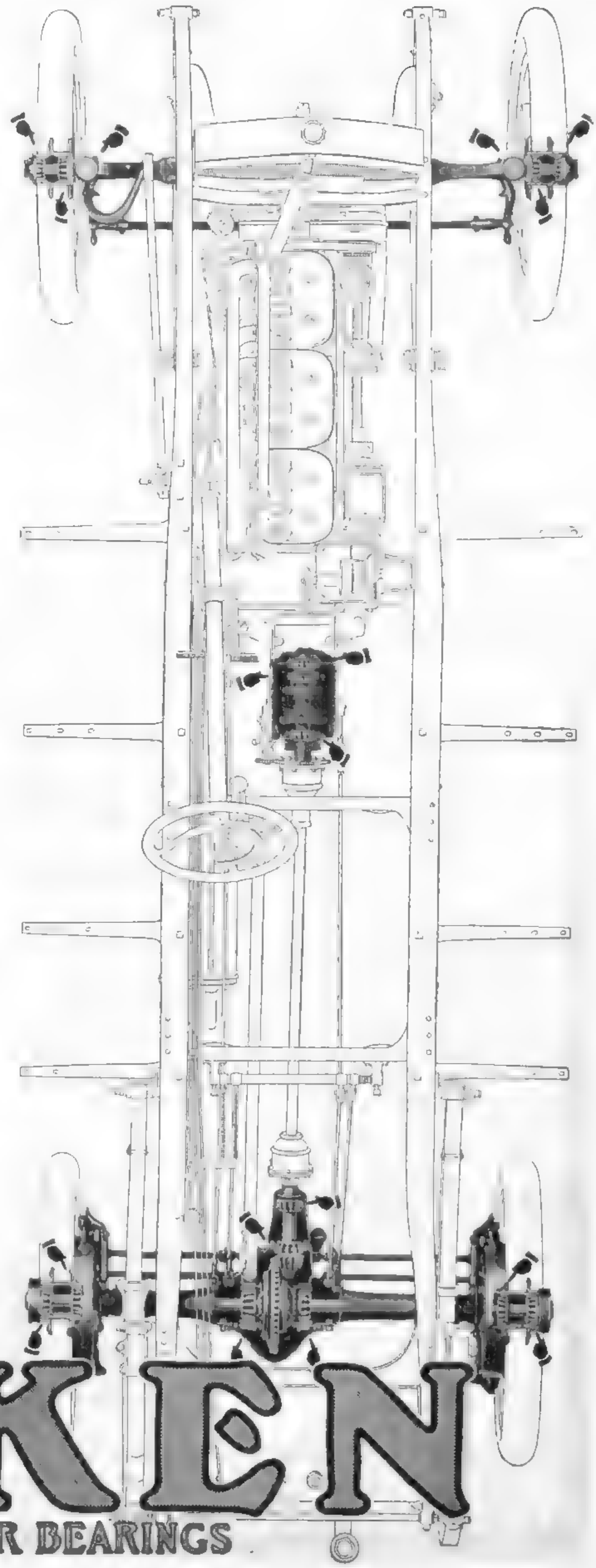
Ask the maker, his sales agent or your garage man what bearings are used in your car and where. At the severe service points—you should find Timkens—in front and rear wheels, in steering-knuckle heads, at the differential, on the pinion-shaft, in the transmission.

Then talk with men who ride on Timkens and talk with repair men who know the inside of all makes of cars. Find out what *any* man who has had experience knows about the service Timken Bearings are giving.

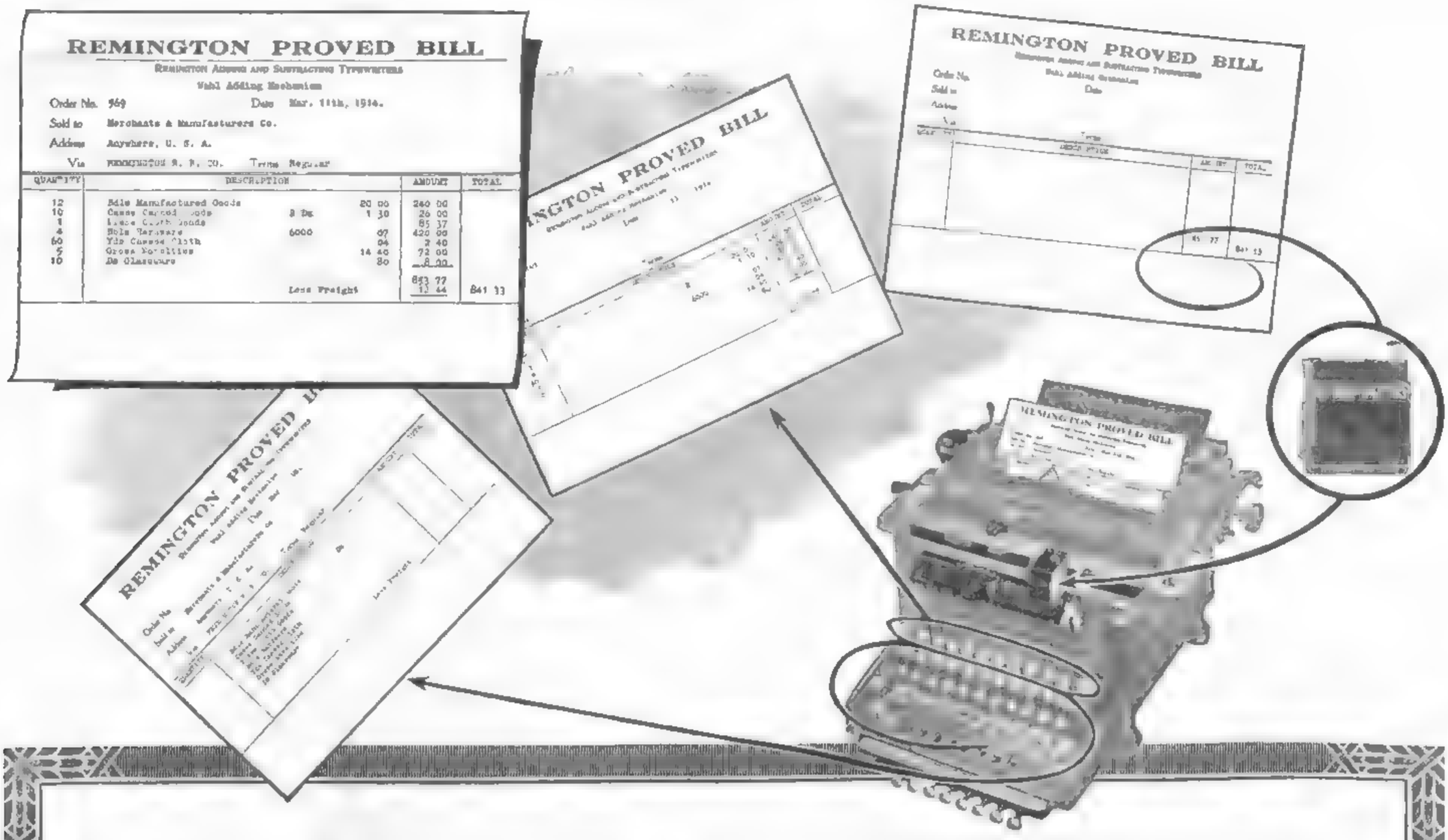
You'll appreciate, too, the engineering "reasons" that are given in non-technical language in the Timken Primer "On Bearings." Write at once for this Primer, another "On Axles" and the "Users' List" that tells where Timken Bearings and Axles are located in each model of Timken-equipped cars. Address Dept. A-1, either Timken Company.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan



TIMKEN
TAPERED ROLLER BEARINGS


REMINGTON PROVED BILL
Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriters
Wahl Adding Mechanism
Order No. 569 Date Mar. 11th, 1914.
Sold to Merchants & Manufacturers Co.
Address Anywhere, U. S. A.
Via REMINGTON R. R. CO. Terms Regular
QUANTITY DESCRIPTION AMOUNT TOTAL
12 Adie Manufactured Goods 20 00 240 00
10 Canes Carved Goods 2 Dz 1 30 26 00
1 Lace Cloth Goods 85 37
4 Bolt Tarnware 6000 67 420 00
60 Yds Canvas Cloth 04 2 40
5 Gross Novelties 14 40 72 00
10 De Glassware 80 8 00
853 77
Less Freight 12 44 841 13

Three acts in one. This correspondence typewriter types, totals and proves *simultaneously*

"Through-express" speed in billing

BILLING no longer means prove, prove, prove. It means *im*prove. Install the Adding and Subtracting Typewriter.

It totals automatically. It proves instantly.

After it types your bill there is only one thing to add—the postage stamp.

This saves 20% to 70% of the time now spent on billing.

More. It insures absolutely-accurate totals on every bill which leaves your office.

This machine will soon be as standard as the typewriter itself. Stopping to foot bills will soon be as abnormal as writing business letters by hand.

Thousands of banks, business offices and retail stores (large or small) now use it daily—insuring absolutely-accurate footings and a marked time-saving.

Your typist can learn to use the Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter within an hour. It does your work *your* way.

You owe yourself an early investigation of this remarkable machine. Our new illustrated folder, "The Story of a Day's Work," makes investigation easy.

This folder, which explains in brief form how important savings of time and money can be instituted in practically every business—*large or small*—is of dollars-and-cents interest to every employer of clerical or stenographic help.

When you have read it, we will gladly demonstrate how the Remington Adding & Subtracting machine will help you with *your own* billing and statement work. You can see it in actual operation—in your own office.

REMINGTON
Adding and Subtracting
TYPEWRITER

A few words to your stenographer *today* will insure your receiving promptly "The Story of a Day's Work." While you think of it—why not have her send for it *at once?* It's a folder you really ought to read.

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For clear, clean typewriter results, use Remtico brand letter paper, carbon paper and ribbons. Write to our nearest office.

Real time-keepers—not just jewelry

Make sure that the Wristlet Watch you buy is a real time keeper as well as a beautiful piece of jewelry. *Look first* for a standardized name on the watch itself.

GRUEN

Wristlet Watches

are made with all that skill in small watch [illegible]

No. W 3—[illegible]

No W 11—special $50 model. Case and bracelet 14 Kt gold, Gruen Adjusted works. Same, Gruen Precision works, $65. Same gold filled bracelet and 15 [illegible]

Other models, $15 to $350. Highest perfection attainable in grades marked "Precision." Write for beautifully illustrated folder of styles and name of the Gruen agency nearest you.

The Gruen Watch Mfg. Co.

Makers of the [illegible]

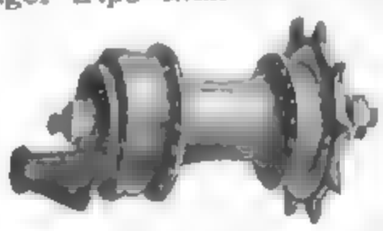
31 Fountain Square, Cincinnati, O., U. S. A.

Equip your Bicycle with

The CORBIN Duplex

Coaster Brake

You'll get much more fun out of cycling. You'll be able to take longer trips than ever before.



You can coast at will and thus save your energy.

You can stop your wheel gradually or instantly if the occasion demands.

"Corbin Control Means Safety Assured"

Sold and equipped by bicycle and hardware dealers.

When you buy a new bicycle, be sure to specify the Corbin Brake.

Write for new 1914 Catalog

THE CORBIN SCREW CORPORATION

The American Hardware Corporation, *Successor*

217 HIGH ST. New Britain Conn.

CROOKS ALL

(Continued from Page 12)

made a mistake in matters like this. Just be good enough to bring me the nippers from my bag in there; then you will take my card up to the captain and say that I desire his presence here at once.'

"Well, sir, at that the old boy shoves up both hands and says:

"'I beg you, gentlemen, let me have one word with you—just a word!'

"'One moment, Doctor!' says Eddie. 'But it's no good, my man—you'd better take it gracefully; and remember anything you say will be used against you.'

"The little guy puts his head down in his hands and begins to cry—he just cries. Say, it darn near made me sick.

"'I might have known!' he says. 'Oh, I might have known! But, officer,' he says, looking up to Eddie, 'you'll listen to reason, won't you? Oh, surely you'll listen to reason—I'll make it well worth your while.'

"'Where is it?' says Eddie quick.

"'It's in my trunk in the hold,' he says, 'every cent; and to-morrow in London you'll have half of it if you'll just listen to reason.'

"'Doctor,' says Eddie to me, 'I ask you to make a note that this unspeakable scoundrel tried to bribe us. Are you aware, my man, that this infamy will only make it worse for you in the end? And besides,' he goes on, 'it may be in your trunk in the hold, and then again it may not be.'

"'Oh, it is! I swear it is!' he says; and in a second he's down on his knees, with both his arms wrapped round Eddie's legs, begging and screeching for us to be reasonable. 'If you have any heart in you,' he says, 'I'll divide it fair and square. Show a little mercy when you see a man in the gates of hell!' he says.

"Well, at that it flashed over me what Eddie's whole play had been; I don't have to have an office building fall on me.

"'Get up!' says Eddie, and lifted him by the collar back on to the seat. 'Doctor,' he says to me, 'I confess that in all my twenty-years career I have never come so near to sympathizing with a wrongdoer. Something in this man has touched me to the quick. I am sorry we ever took the case. I tell you frankly that if I saw any honorable way to manage it I should return and report failure to our employers and leave this poor wretch to enjoy his ill-gotten gains.'

"'Half his ill-gotten gains,' I put in quick; and I was going on to say some more, but Eddie kicks me on the ankle.

"'The other half,' he goes on, 'we could make restitution of to the rightful owners, and leave this poor creature to his torment when repentance comes, as I am confident it will come. His own conscience will punish him more effectively than man-made laws.'

"At this the old boy goes dippy again, telling Eddie Heaven will repay him for his tender-hearted mercy, and a lot of stuff like that, Eddie being greatly touched by it. But someway I have a hunch we ought to get action right there. I says, 'What's the matter with having the trunk up now and saving time?' But the old boy won't have it. He says he's in a nervous collapse, and though he feels moved to trust us, still we might play him false and arrest him anyway after we'd got the half that belonged to us. He wants it done on land, where he'll have a fair show. He's trusting us, he says, and why shouldn't we trust him?

"And Eddie's feeling so good over his work that he sides in with him and says it will be all right to-morrow. But that hunch of mine keeps working. They was something about this lad's eyes I didn't like from the start. So I comes back and says he must have some of it there in the room, and what's the matter with kicking in with a little of it right now?

"'That's true,' he says, 'I have some of it here; and to show you gentlemen that I trust you I'll make a partial payment at once.'

"So he unbuttons his vest and throws it open, and there across the top was the two safety-pins like I'd said. Then he takes out some bills, and what do you think he done? Well, sir, he hands us each a twenty.

"Say, you could have knocked Eddie over with a match! He even lost his voice for a minute. How would you have felt? How would any man have felt? I says:

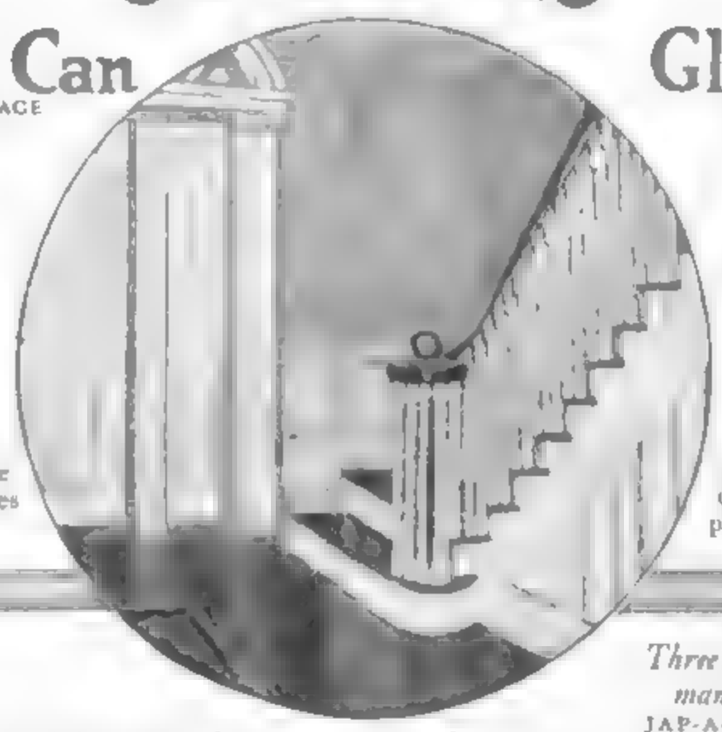
"'Say, you must have us sized up for a couple of cheap crooks! What do you mean by it? This ain't no time to kid!'

Three Things to Remember

JAP-A-LAC THE NAME

Green Can THE PACKAGE

Glidden THE MAKER



From the entrance hall and throughout every room in your home there are many uses for Jap-a-lac.

And there is a particular Jap-a-lac especially manufactured for each particular use.

PERHAPS you have not yet begun to realize the broad scope of Jap-a-lac. Possibly you've only used it for renewing old or scarred furniture. Do the *big* things with Jap-a-lac, too—floors, woodwork, radiators, picture moldings. It's just as much pleasure and satisfaction—the results are just as marvelous.

But for true Jap-a-lac results be sure to *get* Jap-a-lac—in a Green Can and made by Glidden.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY

Quality Varnish Makers

10610 Madison Avenue, N.W., Cleveland, Ohio

FACTORIES: CLEVELAND, TORONTO

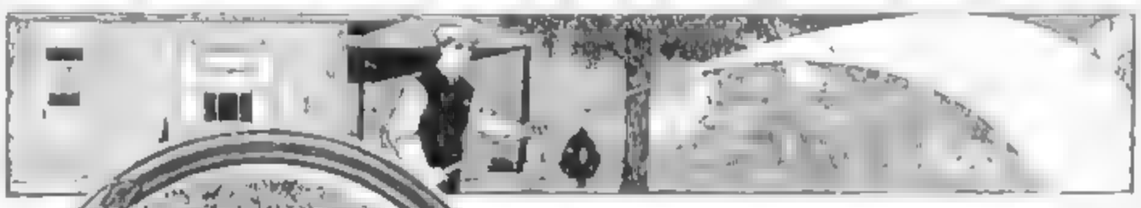
Three groups—many colors

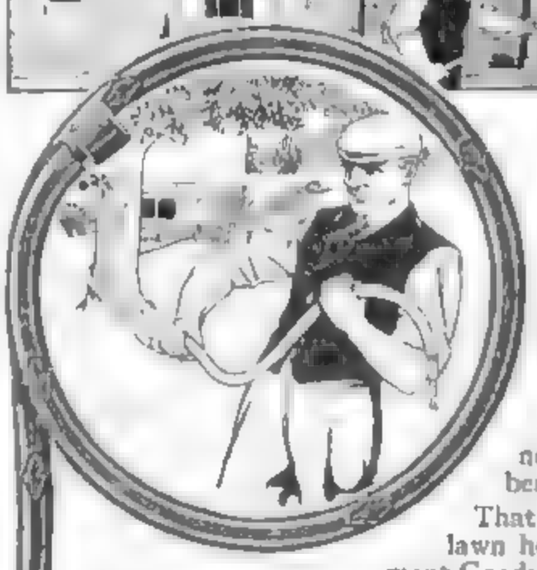
JAP-A-LAC *transparent* colored finishes [illegible] ures)—color but allow the grain of the wood to show through. Also Floor and Interior Varnish. Natural

JAP-A-LAC *enamel* colors—[illegible] colors, including white. In [illegible] and the [illegible] Both give color and cover the grain of the wood.

JAP-A-LAC Gold or Aluminum [illegible] dressing a true gold leaf or aluminum effect

You will find Jap-a-lac at quality stores. The Jap-a-lac booklet gives complete instructions—the color card shows all colors—they are yours free on request.





The Hose that Stands the "Grief"

Lawn hose is the "dog" of the household implement family. In spite of all good intentions you *will* abuse it. You'll leave it "on tap" from spring to fall—you'll yank it around sharp corners, over rough ground, through shrubbery and around trees.

That sort of thing's not good for the average lawn hose. But that's the very kind of treatment Goodyear Lawn Hose is made to stand—year in and year out. There are many Goodyear reasons for it. Read them—then buy your lawn hose *knowingly*.

GOODYEAR AKRON, OHIO

Lawn Hose

See the Ribs

Goodyear Lawn Hose is *more* than mere corrugated hose. It has six heavy rubber ribs that run its full length. These prevent all "kinking"—give a *smoother* and *greater* wearing surface as the hose *glides* over the ground or is pulled around trees, posts and corners. They reduce the friction immensely.

The Construction

Goodyear Lawn Hose has five distinct layers. The inner rubber tube, then a jacket of braided cotton, then another rubber layer, still another braided jacket, then the outer rubber cover—*all absolutely seamless*—all "cured" to one solid, weather-proof, knock proof, *water proof*, wear proof unit that will give years of service.

Every foot bears the Goodyear "Wing foot" brand—every foot is "Goodyear." You know how *much* you're getting as well as *what* you're getting.

Buy This Way

Buy lawn hose wisely. Say "Goodyear." That insures years of service—and *better* service. If your dealer happens to be out of Goodyear Lawn Hose, just send us his name. We will see that you are supplied immediately, by express, prepaid. Hose in 50 foot lengths: [illegible] 20c a foot; [illegible] 19c a foot; [illegible] 18c a foot.

We recommend the [illegible] and its size and weight best for average use.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. Lawn Hose Department **Akron, O.**

One hundred thousand Booklets—

How many will be read?

ALL the best things—best clothes, best automobiles, best paper—command instant attention. They stand out from the commonplace. So, in a booklet on CAMEO, you get a sense of distinction before reading a word. The reading matter and the pictures suggest quality.

CAMEO PAPER

A Warren Standard

has the distinction that attracts instant notice. Its velvety, dull coated surface brings to halftones the beautiful depth of photogravures, giving you the uttermost value of money spent on engravings. Its quality of depth does wonders for all sorts of plates and type matter.

Send for Printed Specimens

and prove to yourself what Cameo can do in printing one or more colors. If you wish, we will send specimens of all Warren Standard Papers which are suited to every requirement of booklet work. You will find in them valuable suggestions for color, typography and new possibilities of paper-effects.

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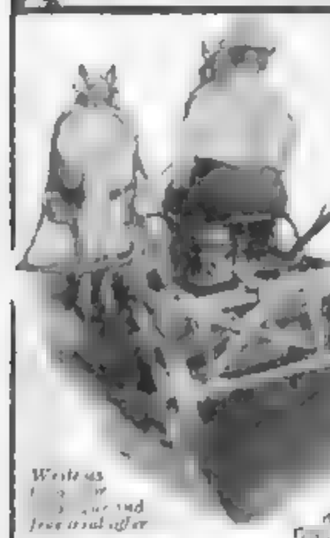
162 Devonshire Street Boston, Mass.

Manufacturers of the best in staple lines of Coated and Uncoated Book Papers

"The General Utility Implement"

THE GLIDE



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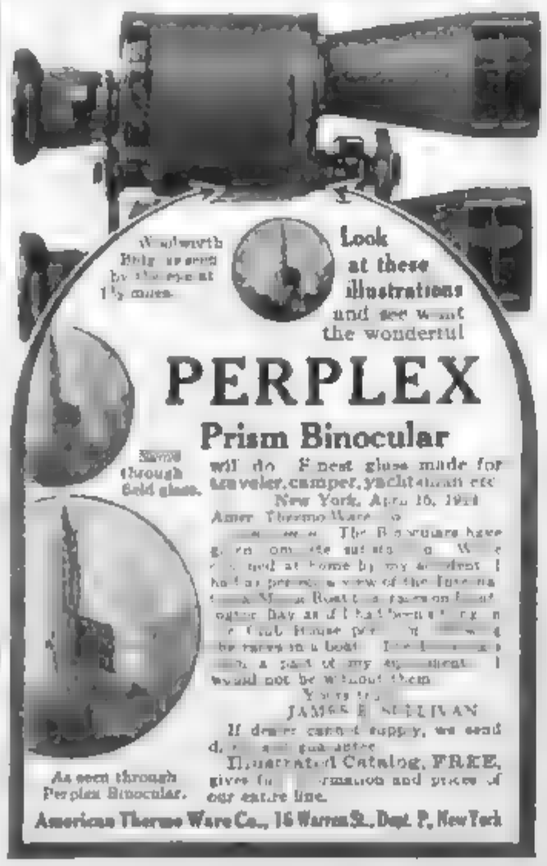
Made in 2 sizes { No. 1. Weight 750 lbs. / No. 2. Weight 1300 lbs.

Buy Glide Adjustable Steel Road Drags. Very strong and durable. Three sizes.

GLIDE ROAD MACHINE CO.

Offices and Factory, 576 Huron St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Quick delivery from nearest warehouse



Look at these illustrations and see what the wonderful

PERPLEX

Prism Binocular

will do. Finest glass made for traveler, camper, yachtsman etc.

New York, April 15, 1914

American Thermo Ware Co.

Gentlemen: The Binoculars have given complete satisfaction. While at home by my window I had a perfect view of the Interborough Rapid Transit Road's racing on Memorial Day as if I had been in the grand stand. On Flag Day as I had been on the Grant House perfectly satisfied. I have been in a boat [illegible] and would not be without them.

Yours truly,

JAMES E. SULLIVAN

If dealer cannot supply, we send direct, postpaid.

Illustrated Catalog, FREE, gives full information and prices of our entire line.

As seen through Perplex Binocular.

American Thermo Ware Co., 16 Warren St., Dept. P, New York

Protect Yourself

At Soda Fountains

Ask for

ORIGINAL GENUINE

The Food-Drink for All Ages

Nourishing Delicious Digestible

Others are Imitations

"And he just says: 'Why it's part of the money; I'm relying on your honor and giving it to you now, and I trust you to deduct it from your half in the morning.'

"Well, I was going up in the air at that, but Eddie just grabs me and says: 'Come on!'

"I took the two twenties just the same, and I says to him: 'You do any of this four-flushing with us tomorrow and you'll have your name in the papers!'

"Back to the smoking room for me and Eddie, him looking foolish and me feeling pretty hot to think all our work was going for little or nothing.

"'You can kick me, Doc,' Eddie says, 'only you got to give me good on my system. I shot straight enough, but I got a mudhen 'stead of a canvasback. That old yap had all the earmarks of making a big getaway. I doped his physiology right, but not his caliber. I sized him for a cashier at the lowest, and here he's some cheap bookkeeper who's likely grabbed off three thousand dollars at the most! I never saw such a blow-up.' Of course I had to give Eddie good for working it up like he done, and I said so. 'And it'll serve the thief right,' I adds, 'if we take the whole three thousand for ours.'

"'Oh, I'm too disgusted!' says Eddie. 'We'll be straight with him as long as he's been straight with us. It probably ain't his fault he didn't grab off more.' And right then I feel my hunch again. 'He may be square,' I says, 'but I don't like his looks a little bit.'

"It took me the longest time to get to sleep, account of this hunch of mine. 'Maybe it's only three or four thousand,' I says to myself; 'but, at that, he'd do us out of our half of it if he had the chance.' I ain't pertending to be any physiologist, understand, but he looks crooked to me. The last thing Eddie says is that he couldn't ask the guy how much he'd took, because we was supposed to know all about it; and that it couldn't be anything decent or he wouldn't have offered us only two twenties, which was the straight physiology of it and can't be wrong if you've studied it much, like Eddie had.

"Well, we're up bright and early to land at Plymouth, and soon's we get dressed we're in to help our man. He only had half his clothes on and was all gone flooey. His empty suitcase was lying on the bench, his clothes and things all over the place; and he was blubbering round that he had ought to shave off his whiskers. But Eddie says: 'Wait till you get to London; they might notice it on the boat.' So he says he will; but won't we help him pack his bag—him being so nervous and helpless.

"Eddie soothes him down and we both wedge the stuff into his bag while he dresses. And you can bet I saw they wasn't anything in that suitcase he could hold out on us, either, nor in his clothes, which I takes pains to hand to him. We got all his shirts and things in and put his shaving things on top, like he asked us. Eddie was just fastening the bag when he looks up to the top shelf of the little cupboard and sees a bundle.

"'What's that?' says Eddie.

"'Oh, that,' says the lad, 'that's just some old worn-out underwear I won't need any more; so I thought I'd leave it. But my initials is on it—will that do any harm?'

"'Sure!' says Eddie. 'They might trace you by it. You better let us pack it,' he says. So we squeeze this bundle of flannels into the bag, too, which shows you how we was befriending the little dub.

"Then we went down and had some coffee, and was out on the tender. We made the old boy pick out his trunk when it come down over the side and we stayed right by it, you bet!

"'It's in a secret bottom I had made,' he says; 'and, dear me, I'll have to shave off my whiskers the minute we get in.' He kind of chirked up, thinking about that. 'It'll make a different man of me,' he says; and we told him it would sure change him a whole lot.

"He was so pitiful that we kept throwing the good cheer into him like he was a sick colt. Just the same, that hunch of mine kept working, and I made a stiff bet with myself that he'd never get that trunk out of my sight till we'd got our money out of it.

"The customs lads didn't keep us more than a minute or two, and there we was in a compartment for London, the old boy saying over and over that he'll feel safe the minute he's shaved. We get in all right, and, say, he was that scared going out of the station we had to hold him up between us—looking for the hand on his shoulder, understand.

"We go to a quiet little hotel where Eddie and I always stop, and get the trunk inside. I stay by that while Eddie gets a room. Then the old boy grabs his bag and says:

"'Now it's all right for me to shave, ain't it?'

"And Eddie says:

"'Yes, for Heaven's sake go shave and get it off your mind!'

"So he says: 'Will you come with me or watch the trunk till they can bring that up?'

"And I says: 'We'll watch the trunk, if it's just the same to you.'

"'I think it's much better you do,' he says; 'you can't tell who might be about.'

"And off he goes to the room to shave, while we waited for the porter that took his bag to come back and get the trunk.

"'It won't be much,' says Eddie—'cakes and coffee for a week; but it was better than nothing.'

"So we chin back and forth there for about ten minutes, till I says:

"'How about that porter coming back to get this trunk up?' So Eddie grabs another porter and tells him to wrestle the trunk, and you bet I follow him right along.

"Eddie's waiting at the door of the room when we get there. 'He can't be in here,' he says, 'because I've knocked!' So the porter with the trunk opened the door with a key and, sure enough, no one is there. Just then along comes the first porter and says our friend changed his mind and went out the side entrance and off in a taxi with his bag about fifteen minutes before. We was surprised at that naturally; but gee, I felt good we had our trunk there! I knew he hadn't anything in his old suitcase. So the porter puts the trunk inside and we go in and lock the door and just look at each other.

"'I got it,' I says—'he was too nervous to shave himself, so he went to a barber.'

"'More likely,' says Eddie, 'he saw some one he knew and ducked out quick to another hotel. Poor little devil!—and left all the stuff here. But we'll be square with him. If he don't communicate we'll take our bit out and leave the rest in the trunk here for him.'

"'Well,' I says, like you or any man would, 'I ain't greedy so long as I get all I want and what's fair and decent; but I don't see how he wins a whole half of it after he's left us here to do all the work. Anyway,' I says, 'let's see how much we split and do the splitting afterward.'

"At that we pry the lock loose with a poker and pull the stuff out of the trunk to get down to this here secret bottom."

Doc paused. Life died from his face as color goes from the tropic sunset. He stared gloomily into the boulevard's ebbing tide.

"Well?" I said gently, for I saw that he was stricken.

"Garsawng, porty moy ung other pot of tea!" he commanded in his best French. Then he turned weary eyes on me.

"You guessed the answer. There wasn't any secret bottom; nothing but cheap clothes and things, and a few odds and ends of paper that showed Eddie had been right at first. He was cashier of a bank in one of them milltowns—and what do you think he'd left with? Only a hundred thousand dollars—that's all! In big bills! How'd we know? Oh, we read it in the papers that same day. After fifty years of strict integerty, the paper said. It also said the Burns people was hot on his trail and hourly expecting to nab him at New Orleans when he took the boat for Honduras or Tonsilitis, or one them places.

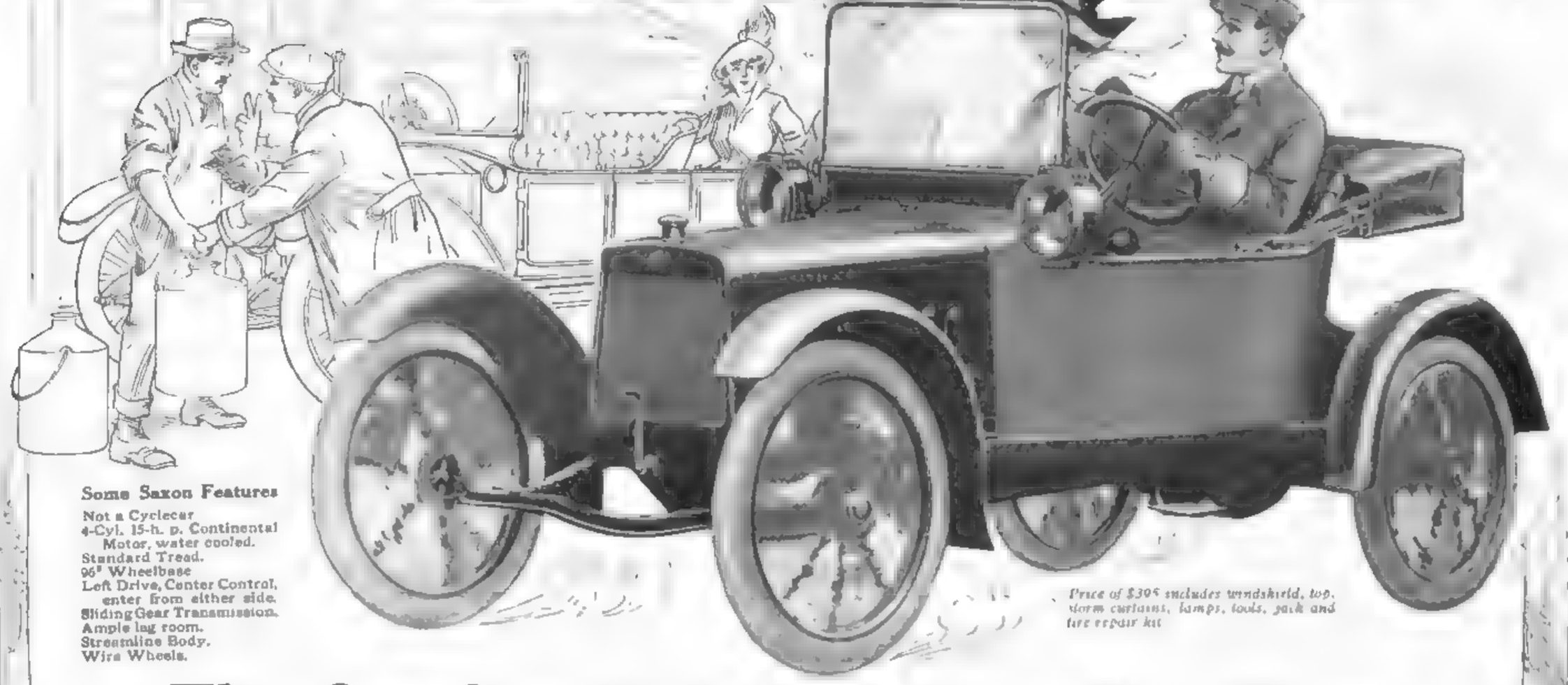
"You better believe I talked a few words over in that room; but Eddie never said but one thing—he says: 'That underwear he wanted to leave on the boat ought to keep him warm through several hard winters if he's careful with it, and I think he will be. He seemed like a careful man.'

"So Eddie's back there, hoping he hasn't got out yet, and I'm here waiting for him. But something tells me I won't see him. Serves us dead right for being easy with him. We trusted him and stood by him, and he ducks out with about every cent we had. How a guy can expect to get along without no more principle than that ——"

The gay multitude flowed on by us on its heedless way. How callously it brushed this gothic monument of woe!

"Yes, sir," muttered Doc; "if I once catch him here what I'll say to him ain't anything you'd care to tell round the evening lamp. A crook, is he? Why, that guy's so crooked he couldn't walk without stepping all over his own shadow!"

SAXON $395



Some Saxon Features

Not a Cyclecar
4-Cyl. 15-h. p. Continental Motor, water cooled.
Standard Tread.
96" Wheelbase
Left Drive, Center Control, enter from either side.
Sliding Gear Transmission.
Ample leg room.
Streamline Body.
Wire Wheels.

Price of $395 includes windshield, top, storm curtains, lamps, tools, jack and tire repair kit

The Gasoline Toll Gate Does Not Stop You in a SAXON

Saxon owners are saved the annoyance and expense of frequent stops to pay toll at the gasoline stations. The occupants of the light but sturdy Saxon drive by in comfort while many a touring party in a big, heavy car is held up for fuel replenishment.

Thousands of owners daily find the sturdy Saxon the most economical car they ever drove; they consider it the most economical car of standard design in the world—to buy and to run.

The first economy of the Saxon is in buying it. It is what you get for your money that counts; in other words, value. Experts have told us that the Saxon represents the greatest dollar for dollar value of any motor car.

It gives you, for $395, a genuine automobile, of standard design and construction, made of materials equal to those in any car, carefully built, thoroughly tested.

A Year's Service in a Month Proves Saxon Economy

And the Saxon saves you money every day you drive it. Here are some economy records from a test just made in Detroit—representing the equivalent of a year's service. Note them carefully:

135 miles a day for 30 days.
30 miles to the gallon of gasoline.
200 miles to the quart of oil.
Half a cent a mile for fuel; one-fourth of a cent per mile per passenger.
All the original tires good for from 2,000 to 5,000 miles more of service.

In this test one of our standard cars completed a run of 135 miles a day for 30 consecutive days. Rain or shine, warm or cold, over rough streets and paved boulevards, this sturdy car, under official observation, adhered rigidly to its schedule, totalling in one month's steady driving 4,050 miles—as far as the average owner drives in a year. And all without being laid up a single minute for repairs or replacement.

This Saxon was not a special car, tuned up for an economy test on one measured gallon of high grade gasoline. It was a stock car driven under the same conditions under which the average owner would use his car.

Similar records of gasoline and tire economy are reported to us by owners and dealers all over the country. No wonder Saxon owners say: "It's cheaper to drive a Saxon than to use street cars—especially when you consider the time saved."

The 135-mile-a-day car is now making a trip across the continent, over the Lincoln Highway, from New York to San Francisco—the first car of its size and price to attempt such a feat.

Business Men: Let the Saxon Save You Time and Money

Not only does the Saxon give pleasure and health at moderate expense—to those who don't want to pay an extravagant price for a car; to those who already own a big car; to those who need a car for summer vacation use. Its wonderful economy is a reason also for using it in business.

Salesmen, contractors, real estate men find the Saxon a saving in time and money. So do grocers, hardware men, carpenters, plumbers, painters and many others. Public service corporations are buying Saxons for their employes. Physicians find that in a Saxon they can make more calls in less time and with less fatigue than in any other way. For all whose business requires covering much ground, the Saxon makes two minutes grow where one grew before.

Saxon economy comes from lightness—and good balance. These qualities make this car sparing of fuel and tire expense. Though light, however, the Saxon is neither under-powered nor flimsy.

Our engineers' tests—and service in 3,000 owners' hands—have proved that it would be unwise to build the Saxon any heavier for the work it has to do: carrying two passengers and covering the ground quickly and economically. The Saxon has as high a factor of safety as the high priced cars.

That's why Saxons the nation over are standing up and winning friends. That's why they are climbing steep grades in hilly cities, such as Pittsburg, Seattle, Cincinnati, mastering rough country roads in Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Texas—everywhere.

Over 3,000 Saxons Are Now in Use

More than 3,000 Saxons have been delivered and they are universally making good—on the steepest hills, the finest paved boulevards, the roughest country roads; short trips, long trips; in all kinds of weather.

Saxon cars stand up. The recent 135-mile-a-day test in Detroit demonstrated more than Saxon economy. It answered the question, "How will the Saxon stand up after a year's service?" Careful examination showed that, at the end of the run, the Saxon was in as good condition as the day it started. Except for tightening the brakes no adjustments were required. Motor, clutch, transmission, axles, steering gear—all were in perfect condition.

So you see the Saxon proves economical in repair cost as well as in fuel cost. It is built to last and it does last.

Good and good-looking, satisfying to the eye and the pocketbook, a saver of time and a saver of money—the Saxon commends itself to everyone who can use an automobile for business or pleasure.

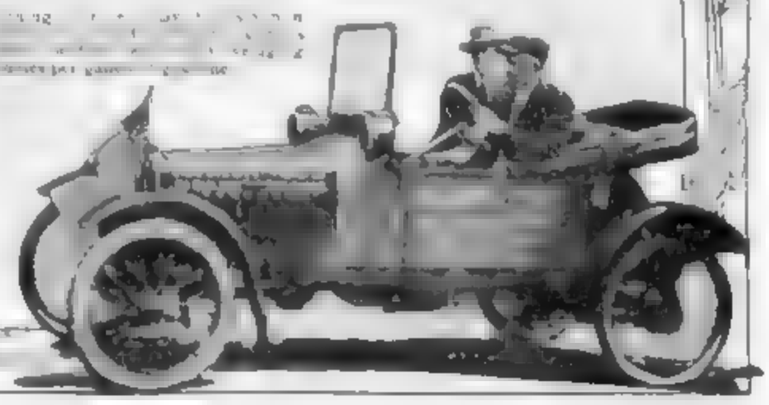
Order Your Saxon Now

Saxons are selling fast—faster than we even dreamed they would. We have reached our maximum rate of production until new additions to the plant—now planned—have been completed. People want more Saxons than we can build this year. It must be a case of first come, first served. So the only way to avoid being one of the disappointed is to see your dealer and order now.

Catalog and dealer's name on request.

SAXON
A Good Low Priced Car

Saxon Motor Company
Dept. C **Detroit, Mich.**



Sixty Miles an Hour and No Stops-Or

DELCO

ELECTRIC CRANKING LIGHTING IGNITION

Why are Delco Equipped Cars So Eagerly Sought After by Intelligent Automobile Buyers?

Why is it that before the end of the season Delco Equipped Cars are almost invariably oversold?

Why is it that Delco factories, in spite of their constantly increasing output, have never been able to supply the demand made upon them?

Frankly—it is because more than 115,000 car owners have so emphatically demonstrated Delco efficiency—

Because—owing to the fundamentally correct principles upon which Delco engineering is based, the owner of a Delco Equipped Car is practically certain of perfect cranking, lighting and ignition no matter whether he drives his car sixty miles an hour with few stops or fifteen miles an hour with many stops.

There are three underlying principles of successful electrical equipment for a gas car—

First—Its ability to maintain a fully charged battery no matter how fast, or how slow the car is driven.

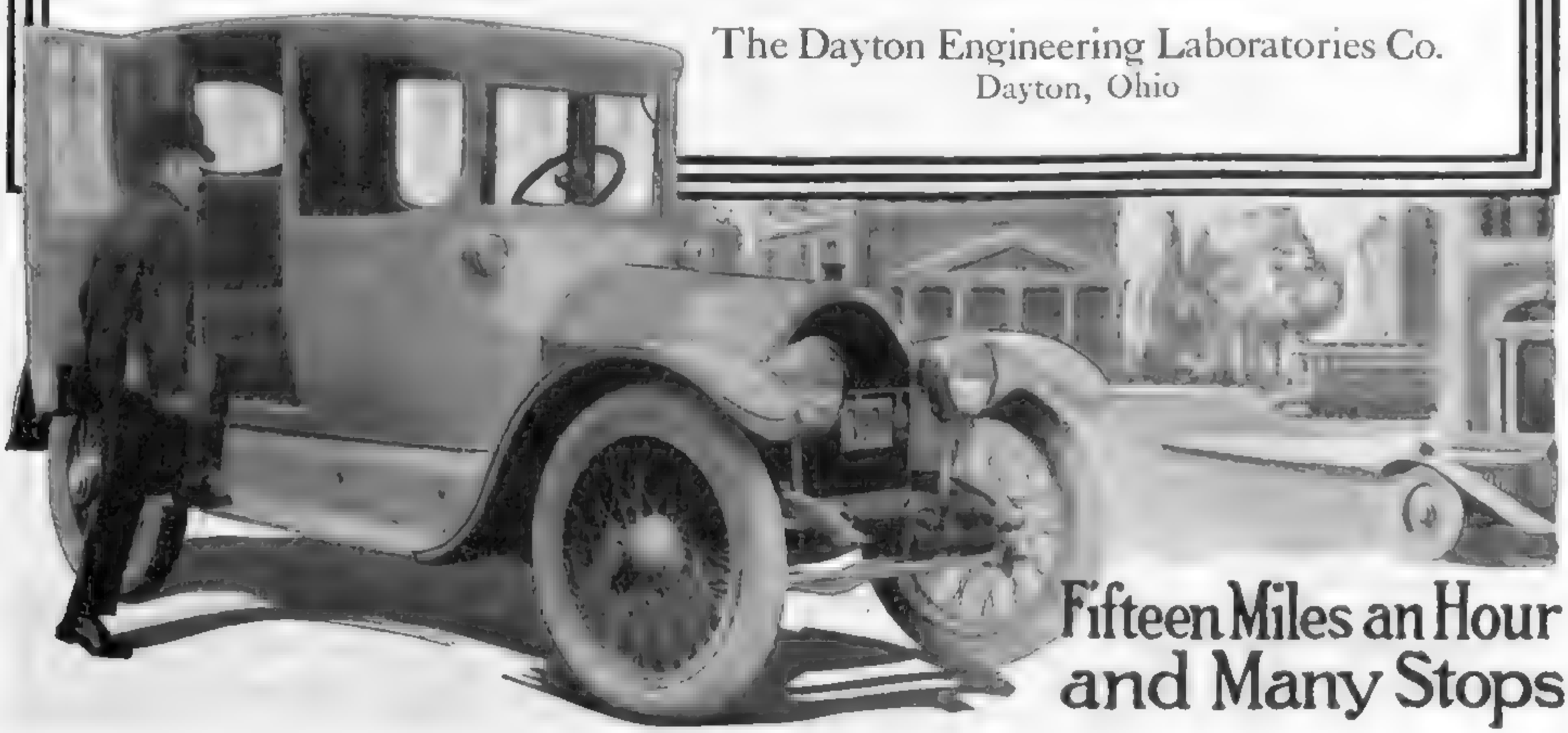
Second—Its ability to stand up under the excessive strains and stresses of hard driving.

Third—Its adaptability to the particular car upon which it is used.

The simplicity and correctness of Delco design—the almost unbreakable character of Delco construction and the wide range of Delco efficiency have back of them the testimony of three years of actual service on the very highest type of American cars, and the experience of more than 115,000 thoroughly satisfied owners.

That is why this season, as in former seasons, the demand for Delco Equipped cars is greater than the factories can supply.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Co.
Dayton, Ohio



Fifteen Miles an Hour and Many Stops

"We're Having The Time of Our Lives"

"Every day we're enjoying thousands of new boating pleasures, with our Caille Portable Boat Motor. We go everywhere and anywhere regardless of distance. We never have to take turns at the oars. Nobody is tired out—we're all simply 'full of the old Nick' and having the time of our lives with our

Portable CAILLE Boat Motor

and a common row boat." It attaches to any row boat by simply turning two thumb screws. Generates 2 H.P. and runs 7 to 9 miles an hour or slow enough to troll. It is adjustable to any angle or depth of stern and steers without our

Patented Folding Rudder

which passes over weeds, obstructions and then drops back into place again. It is so easy to operate, it is almost impossible to injure motor or propeller. If the propeller is protected by a skeg or the motor is tilted, when striking bottom or other obstructions, they are forced up or to one side and we will furnish our

Underwater Exhaust Without Extra Charge

Send for beautiful catalog. Get the details. A postal brings it. Sold by Leading Sporting Goods and Hardware Dealers.

We Also Build marine motors from 2 to 30 H. P. If interested, ask for our Marine Motor Blue Book.

The Caille Perfection Motor Co.
World's Largest Builders of Two Cycle Marine Motors.
1401 Caille St., Detroit, Michigan.

DAY TIRE VALVE

does away forever with tire valve troubles. It has no springs or other delicate parts to become deranged. The Day Valve has but three parts—**only one working part**—as against seven complicated parts in old style valves.

It outlasts other valves because of its simple and heavy construction—is absolutely leakproof—is interchangeable without danger of affecting the working part—can be removed for inflation in 1/10 the time required by old style valves.

With the Day Valve you can pump the biggest tire with a foot pump in ½ the time and with ½ the number of strokes. Its air passage is 3 times as large and you don't have to overcome the 30-pound back pressure of the spring resistance in old style valves. All your effort goes to sending air into the tire.

Get a set today at your dealers or direct. Price, 50 cents for a set of 5 valves. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

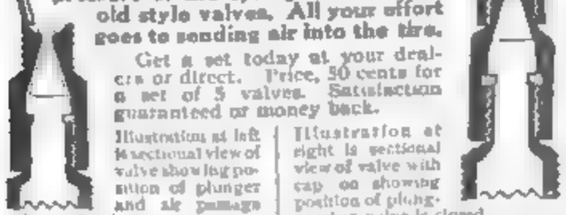


Illustration at left is sectional view of valve showing position of plunger and air passage when valve is open. Illustration at right is sectional view of valve with cap on showing position of plunger when valve is closed.

ATLAS AUTO SUPPLY CO., 2362 W. Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

Used by U. S. Signal Corps

GENEVA $15. Superior Binocular

Express Paid

Our handsome book "The Near Distance" sent FREE on request

Its magnifying power, field view and clearness of definition are seldom equaled. Send $15 and express paid it is yours. Examine it carefully and if not entirely satisfied return your money. Also at dealers.

Geneva Optical Co. 36 Linden St. Geneva, N. Y.

Also for sale by

S. Galeski Optical Co., Richmond, Norfolk and Roanoke, Va. Globe Optical Co., Boston, Mass. Geneva Optical Co., Chicago, Ill. Chas. H. Wood, 1305 Washington St., Oakland, Cal. J. Weiss & Sons, Montgomery, Ala.

THE FLOATING LABORER

(Continued from Page 9)

live in; the vermin nearly ate me up!" "The food was so bad that I got sick with it!" "The camp was filthy; I couldn't stand the smell!" "The meat was rotten! I was afraid to eat it. They told me the company paid for good meat, but the boss was taking his bit out of the contract."

And here is a passage from the experience of a young Hungarian immigrant. He had been a cooper in the old country, but found American methods so different that he would have to learn the trade over again before he could get work. He had lived by peddling, odd jobs, and the like, for a year, when he saw this sign in the window of an employment office: "Wanted, fifty men; free shipment; two and a half dollars a day." The story proceeds as follows:

"He applied at once and paid two dollars in advance for the job. He was shipped to a Southern coal mine, where he worked outside shoveling ground ten hours a day. He slept in the company shanty. He was not charged for the shanty, but paid two dollars a week for the bedding. He prepared his own meals, securing provisions from the commissary store of the company. He had to buy from the company. . . . On pay day he discovered he was receiving only one dollar and forty cents a day. The charges for the employment office and for the bedding were taken out, and the remainder just covered his commissary-store debts. He did not know whether this job was a strike-breaking job or not—only the boss would not allow the men to go away; he threatened to kill them if they went. So during the night he ran away and walked to Washington, and then finally to New York. He slept in fields or in empty barns. His meals he earned by taking odd jobs on farms."

From the threat of the boss it is easy to see that this, as the Hungarian suspected, was a strike-breaking job.

Being a Russian, with a Russian's temperament and talent for subtleties, Speek believes strongly in what he calls the psychological background. He questions these men and gets from them sincere answers on points the ordinary investigator ignores. He finds, for example, that few if any of them are married—at least in the full sense of the term.

Ambitious Americans

Some married in youth, but deserted their families. Most have hoped at some time for that experience, which is the right of any normal man; most admit having known in youth some girl whom they wished to marry. They gave over that hope long ago. Homeless, lacking all opportunity to meet decent women, they take what feminine association they can get; and that association they find in and about saloons, which represent in their lives what his club, his lodge, his sitting room or his dancing class represents to the man of better luck or better abilities.

Speek has found, also, the psychological background for that drink habit we have lightly supposed to be the seat of all misery in the American laborer. The American is by tradition and environment rather than by nature ambitious. To the European peasant the order of society seems forever arranged by a superior power; that he should rise to a higher and more affluent social class is usually beyond his imagination. The American, on the contrary, has lived in the land of opportunity.

The notion that any man may rise to the highest position by his own efforts has been dinned into him from the beginning of his education. As time goes on and he fails to rise, as starvation period follows starvation period, he drinks in order to revive this imagination of success that life has almost killed in him; and the fact that his loafing place, his only expression of social life, is the saloon, does not help him to cure the habit.

And this casual laborer of the type I have been trying to sketch figures in all our primitive industries. He furnishes the raw, human material for farming. The day has gone when the American farm hand was a stout young fellow who expected, after he had saved a little money, to stake out a quarter section of his own. The quarter

ARROW SHIRTS

Silk—Exquisite colors and patterns in durable washable silks *$3.00 to $10.00*

Madras and other desirable shirtings in specially attractive designs, in authentic styles suitable for town and country wear *$1.50, $2.00, $2.50 and up*

Cluett Peabody & Co. Inc., Makers, Troy, N.Y.

What Men Know of Motorcycle Tires

In Four Years One Has Out-Distanced All

In 1910 the first Goodyear Motorcycle tires were sold. In 1911 the output multiplied itself by 32. In 1912 sales were 139 times greater than in 1910. The 1910 figures were multiplied by 183 in 1913.

And this year, three out of every four new motorcycles sold will carry Goodyears. For this tremendous gain there is but one answer—super-service proved by these thousands of tires.

115,000 Motorcycles This Year

That is the number of motorcycles that will be Goodyear-equipped in 1914. What better evidence could there be of the superiority by which men have come to know and prefer Goodyears?

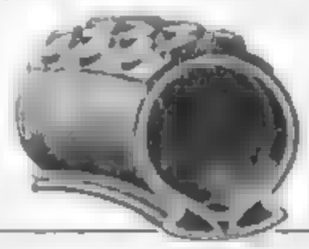
Remember, too, that Goodyear Motorcycle tires have won and held every world's record for speed and durability. It is not enough simply to make a good tire. There must also be the Goodyear knowledge by which these tires can excel under every road condition.

Rival makers say "Just as good as Goodyears." But the evidence gives you the facts.

Goodyear leadership has been won in the realm of automobile tires. These men meter their mileage. And the same successful factors of leadership now come to you in these Goodyear Motorcycle tires.

What motorcycle tire, then, offers you more than Goodyears? What man can make a better motorcycle tire than Goodyear—based on actual records?

And when you consider that Goodyears cost you no more than other standard makes, why should you take chances?



Made with a thick, anti-skid tread. Made with a special fabric to prevent tread separation. Made to hold forever the place they hold today.

There is a Goodyear dealer in your town. Ask him for our new book, which pictures and describes the making of Goodyear motorcycle tires—or write us today.

GOODYEAR AKRON, OHIO Motorcycle Tires

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, O.

Toronto, Canada London, England Mexico City, Mexico

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities *Dealers Everywhere* Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

LOOK FIRST!

Look for the actual Chalmers "Porosknit" LABEL. It means the genuine's Quality.

YOU will like Chalmers "Porosknit" for its *coolness*—its comfort—elasticity. More than that, for the real quality—the *wear*.

But don't buy underwear just because of *mere holes*. There are many imitations of Chalmers "Porosknit."

Insist that the *actual* label, as shown here, be sewn in the garment. In no other way can you be sure of getting the genuine.

No-Limit Guarantee

Chalmers "Porosknit" is guaranteed unconditionally (a bond with every garment) as follows:

"If any garment bearing the Chalmers 'Porosknit' label, and not stamped 'Seconds' or 'Imperfect' across the label, fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage."

Chalmers "Porosknit" is made in *all* styles—for man, for boy.

This Label on Every Garment

CHALMERS TRADE MARK "Porosknit" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. GUARANTEED

FABRIC PAT. DEC. 19 1905 DESIGN PAT. DEC. 19 1905

FOR MEN	Any Style	FOR BOYS
50c	Shirts and Drawers per garment	25c
FOR MEN	Union Suits Any Style	FOR BOYS
$1.00		50c

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CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY, 1 Bridge Street, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Rapid Fireless Cooker

Get My 1914 Special Price Offer

A big saving in food bills, fuel, work—and food tastes better.

30 Days Free Trial

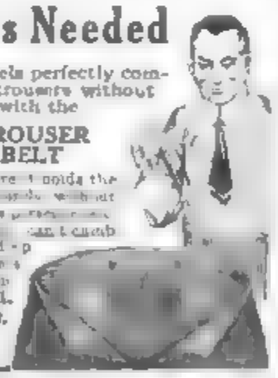
Complete outfit aluminum utensils free. Covers and cooking compartments lined with pure aluminum. Dust proof, odorless. Write for Free Book and direct-from-factory prices.

Wm. Campbell Co., Dept. 14, Detroit, Mich.

No Suspenders Needed

Loosen your belt till it feels perfectly comfortable. Support your trousers without strain, pull or discomfort with the

Invisible TROUSER BELT



Worn inside the trousers where it holds the [illegible] Ask your dealer. Silk $1. Lisle 50c. Prepaid. Order today.

KOKOMO BELT CO
102 Main St. Kokomo, Ind.

Every purchasing agent of a railroad, corporation, factory, department store and hotel ought to buy his yearly paper towel supply on the absorbent test. It is the only economical way of buying paper towels—it is the only way you can tell whether you are paying paper towel prices for paper *only* or whether you are buying *absorbent* paper. What is the primary purpose of a paper towel if it isn't to absorb water?

Scot Tissue Towels

Absorb More And Absorb Quicker, Therefore Cost Less

Make the test for yourself. The illustration shows a Scot Tissue folded around a pencil and placed in a glass of water. When you make the test judge for *quick* absorption and *quantity* absorbed.

[illegible] the substantial saving Scot Tissue Towels will effect for any buyer, let our service department show you in how many different ways they can save you money. Just Paper and Paper Towels, plain and [illegible] we will send you prepaid 900 Scot Tissue assortment towels. Economical value $1.00 extra.

SCOTT PAPER CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Originators of the Absorbent Paper Towel.

sections are all taken up. The farm hand is now a casual laborer, working hard during the plowing and planting seasons, tramping or resting until harvest time, working at bonanza wages for a few weeks during the harvest—and, when that is done, living as best he can during the winter.

Of like habits are the men who construct our railroads, dig our big irrigation ditches, cut our timber, load and unload our freight at the lake ports. No one can venture a guess at their number, but it must run into the millions; and of these millions few, if any, ever hold steady employment.

This is an American problem. Europeans, it is true, know the casual laborer; but he cuts no such figure in their society as in ours. Conditions there are settled; society has shaken itself together. Though they have periods of prosperity and depression, the variation is not so wide as in America. Then, too, they have broken and harnessed all their industrial resources.

When an American railroad suddenly decides to double-track an overland line; when the Government or a corporation undertakes a new irrigation system; when an era of building in our pioneer cities booms the lumber market—we have a mighty shift of labor, such as never occurs in Europe. When the double track or the irrigation system is finished, when a cessation of building causes a drop in the demand for lumber, we suddenly throw back whole battalions of labor into the army of the unemployed.

Again, the psychological aspects of the problem trouble the closer-living European but little. The German, the English or the French laborer does not tend to wander. He sticks to his county, canton or department. In that district dwell the few less competent men who represent casual labor. They lose their places when work is slack—they are the first to be laid off when hard times arrive; but somehow, with the help of relatives and mates, they tide over the seasons of unemployment.

Better Conditions in Europe

The district is home to them; they have those normal relations with women and family that keep a man sweet on life. They manage even to marry. They have, in short, some social ties other than those furnished by the saloon and the scarlet woman. Their curve of life does not necessarily run downward; though Europe knows the man who, by dint of irregular living and periods of loafing, goes from unemployment to unemployability, that man is not typical there. So far as we can learn, he is typical with us.

The problem, it is true, includes conditions we cannot wholly escape. We still figure as an agricultural country; we are still engaged in developing our resources. Agricultural labor and such other primitive labor as ditchdigging, tracklaying and building need an open season. Our seasonal manufacturers, though they proceed most busily in winter, still cannot begin to absorb the army of outdoor laborers made idle by winter. Slack seasons have always been and always will be.

What we can escape is the appalling loss of time in the busy season caused by our grievous and characteristically American failure in industrial teamwork. The Californian fruit crop is rotting on the trees for want of pickers at the very time when the agricultural laborers of Kansas and Nebraska are resting between planting and harvest. Often the wheat of Kansas and Nebraska is dropping from the standing stalks at the very time when a decline in the lumber market has thrown an army of Northern lumbermen out of work.

Along a certain railroad, which connects Philadelphia and New York, lies a district of passably good agricultural land, unbroken or abandoned. Why, in the slack spring or autumn, are not our unemployed laborers clearing that land?

And what is our society doing that it permits the headless rush of labor to unprofitable fields? Ford, the automobile man, announced last autumn his famous profit-sharing plan. He remarked, in passing, that he expected soon to enlarge his factory. The news spread through the West; ten thousand laborers, most of them without mechanical training, rushed into Detroit and settled on the town for the winter. San Francisco has been advertising her Exposition. The impression got abroad that there would be much work in San Francisco. For weeks the westbound brake beams and blind baggages were crowded; before the movement ended, the charity organizations

for Summer Motoring Comfort

THIS STYLE, V 4020, $2.50 PER PAIR

ALSO MADE WITHOUT CUFF

Grinnell Gloves

—best for every purpose

See those holes—they are cunningly perforated in the leather so that cool air rushes in to keep your hands free from perspiration—*yet no dust can enter!*

This is the exclusive Grinnell Ventilated Back feature—send for a pair of these special summer gloves today.

These gloves [illegible] summer motoring [illegible] complete enjoyment [illegible] with the discomfort of [illegible]

[illegible] the great feature in Grinnell [illegible] Reinforced [illegible] Wear-well [illegible] Keeping the [illegible] Keeping cuff [illegible] of the steering wheel and [illegible] wear.

Grinnell Gloves are made of the finest selected Reindeer and Coltskin—soft as velvet—wear like iron. They are washable in soap and water or gasoline—dry out soft and pliable as new.

Best gloves for every purpose—for dress—motoring—sports—work

Get a pair on approval Ask your dealer for Grinnell Gloves, prices $1.75 to $5.00 per pair. If he does not carry them, send us his name and your size. We will send the style you select on approval. Style book and samples of leather sent free on request. Write for them today.

Morrison-Ricker Mfg. Co.

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Use the Imperial, the oldest and best Self-Heating Flat Iron. Saves time, steps, health and produces elegant finish. The

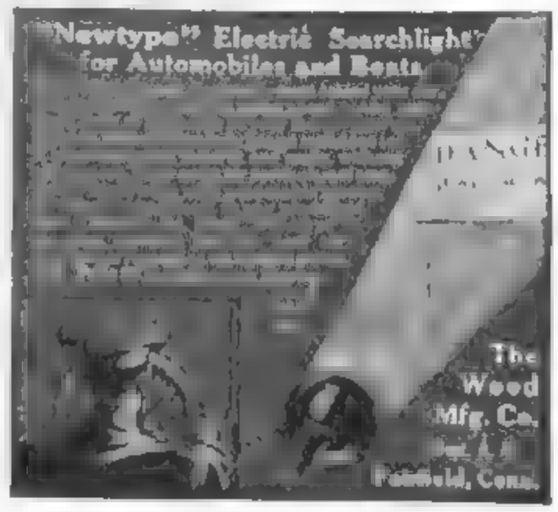
IMPERIAL SELF-HEATING FLAT IRON

generates its own even heat from gasoline or denatured alcohol. Burns gasoline 5 hours for one cent. No wasted heat. Use indoors or out. No wires or cords to bother. One woman user says: "I have used your iron for seven years with perfect satisfaction." Low price. Liberal guarantee. Write for free [illegible] "*Ironing Comfort*" and 10 Day Free Trial Offer.

Imperial Brass Mfg. Co.

1210 W. Harrison St. Dept. 536 Chicago, Ill.

"Newtype" Electric Searchlight for Automobiles and Boats



The Wood Mfg. Co. [illegible] Penfield, Conn.

LOOK FOR NAME IN SHOE

The Elite—Velvet Calf—tan or black—Skeleton Lined for "keep cool" comfort

READY to wear. No "breaking in." There's comfort from the start if you wear Florsheims. High or low toe models—all made over "Natural Shape" lasts. Priced at $5—and up to $7.

The Florsheim dealer will show you the season's correct styles.

Free on Request
"THE SIGN of CORRECT STYLES"

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U.S.A.

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

The First 6,000 Are a Year Old and Still in Service—

THE MASTER SPARK PLUG

PERFECTED in March, 1913, after months of expensive experiment.

The first 6,000 produced were placed in manufacturers' test cars, motor trucks and in private automobiles free of charge

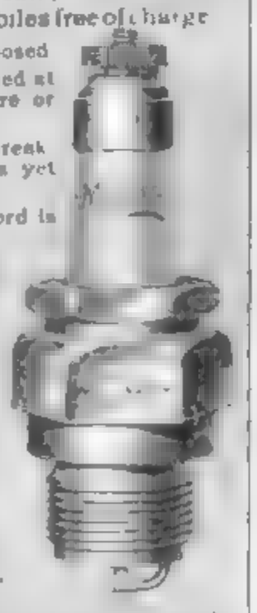
One condition was imposed

We were to be notified at once in case of failure or breakage.

Not a single failure or breakage of any kind has as yet been reported

This remarkable record is the result of

1) The use of the best materials obtainable—regardless of cost
2) An extremely heavy insulating core which withstands the severest strains.
3) A wide well-cushioned seat for insulator which allows ample room for contraction and expansion



The Master Spark Plug is easily taken apart, cleaned and reassembled. It is absolutely gas tight

If your dealer cannot supply you, send $4.00 for set of four, prepaid.

Guarantee After using Master Spark Plugs for 60 days if you are not entirely satisfied with your purchase money will be refunded, if returned or return of plugs where purchased

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476 Capitol Ave., *Est 1877* Hartford, Conn.

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Wanted New Ideas Send for list of PATENT BUYERS Manufacturers

Main Office, VICTOR J EVANS & CO Washington, D C

of San Francisco were sending out warnings to their Eastern correspondents.

Only last year, at a season when work was plentiful, a railroad wanted a large force for a fortnight's rush work. By promise or hint of a steady job all winter it lured thousands of laborers away from the more profitable harvest—and discharged them all when the fortnight had passed.

The case of John Smith, the floating common laborer, doomed by social forces greater than himself to industrial ruin and premature old age, should appeal, I suppose, to the philanthropy in us; but Christianity is still far from a working theorem in dealing with social forces. And the feeling to which we must appeal in trying to improve the lot of John Smith is enlightened self-interest. He is worn-out and useless for production at thirty-five; yet he has, on a normal expectation, fifteen or twenty more years of consumption left to him.

In some way or other society must support him until the end. Further, half his working days up to thirty-five have been lost, not only to himself but to the world; and a lost day's work, as our copy books used to inform us, is the most complete waste we can imagine. If John Smith does not need those working days, industry as a whole certainly does.

The old-fashioned social moralist, incapable of seeing more than the individual, would have said that the trouble with John Smith was a flaw in his education. Let us teach him a trade; let us establish craft schools. But the trades will absorb only so many men; if John Smith had learned a trade and prospered thereby he would merely have pushed Jim Brown back into unorganized casual labor. We need common laborers just as much as we need plumbers, electricians and paper hangers.

No; it is a matter of teamwork. Europe, with a far less pressing need than our own, has already put that teamwork on foot. In this, as in many other problems of modern industry, we are far behind those Europeans whose monarchic institutions we were taught in our youth to despise. Let us see, in another article, what Europe has done, and what we can do.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Will Irwin. The third will appear in an early issue.

Rain by Wireless

WEATHER control—rain ordered for midnight, day after to-morrow—may be a wireless victory in the next generation. Now it is weird and visionary; but Sir Oliver Lodge, who is in the top rank of living scientists, thinks it not improbable, and is now calling on his fellows to begin wireless studies with this purpose in mind. The more there is discovered about the way wireless telegraphy works, the more it is evident that weather and wireless waves are tangled with each other.

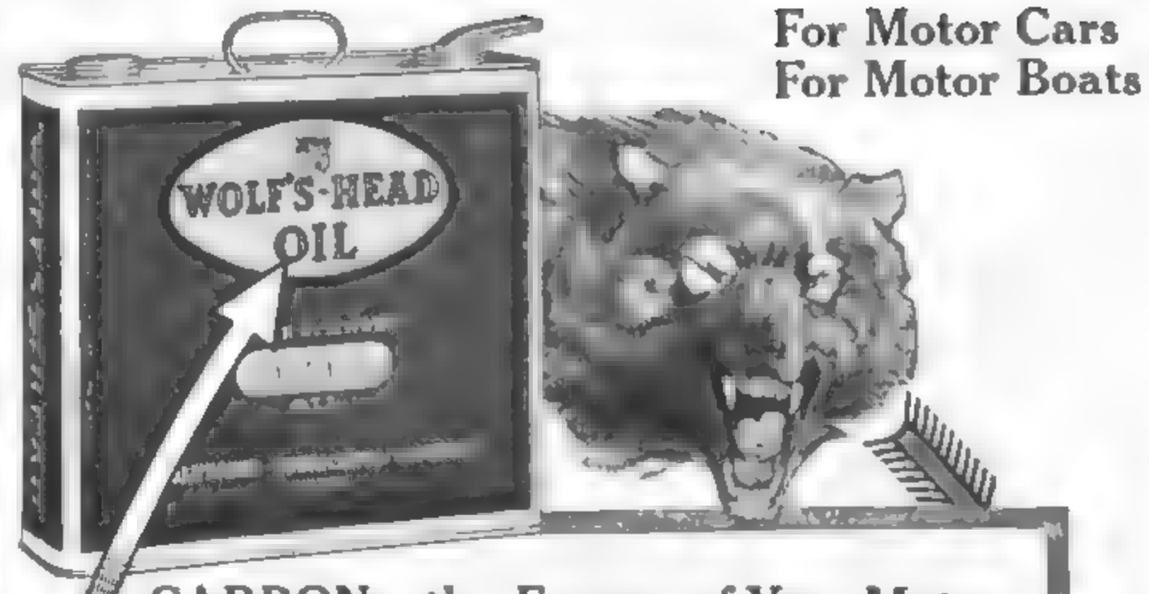
Almost every one knows that wireless telegraphy works better by night than by day and has peculiar jumps of efficiency at sunset. A wireless operator on shipboard in the far North found that during a display of the aurora borealis the northern lights were widely disturbed when he sent out wireless signals from his ship.

The growing theory concerning the way wireless waves follow the curve of the earth is, in simple language, that the upper layers of the air form a sort of magnetic cushion against which the wireless waves can bound along. Sir Oliver wishes to have experiments made by discharging very powerful wireless waves from kites under all kinds of weather conditions, in order to ascertain whether the waves will, under any conditions, make clouds condense into rain, or prevent them from condensing.

It is not to be expected, of course, that rain could be obtained from a dry sky, but normal conditions of the air would leave much opportunity for weather control if the theory should prove workable.

The total eclipse of the sun on a path from Greenland to Persia next August is to be made the occasion for elaborate wireless experiments. Wireless signals will be sent out from within the path of shadow and across the shadow, and the effect of the shadow on these signals should give more clews to the whole problem.

For Motor Cars
For Motor Boats



CARBON—the Enemy of Your Motor

The excess carbon in poor cylinder oil means sooted plugs, lost power, pre-ignition, frequent cleaning, rapid deterioration of your motor. There is no saving by using such oils—they cost as much as the best.

WOLF'S-HEAD OIL

prevents such injury to motors because it is free from excess carbon and maintains its lubricating body under heat.

Why not accept the opinion of these foremost manufacturers who have tested and endorsed Wolf's-Head Oil?

Overland, Hudson, Oldsmobile, Lozier, Federal Truck, Mitchell, Interstate, Franchimi, Paige-Detroit, Gray Motor Co., Ever Motor Co., Standard Engine Co., Van Blerck Motor Co., Scripps Motor Co., Gas Engine & Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Cons., Reliance Motor Boat Co., Winkler-Fauber, Motor vehicles

Write for Valuable Booklet on Lubrication
which also contains these motor manufacturers' letters.

Wolf's-Head Oil is made in bodies to suit every motor.

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A BICYCLE RIDER writes:
"The trial sample convinced me"

When *you* have torn apart that sample you will know the name of at least one good tire. How can you tell?

You will pull away the inner tube and note that it is extra heavy, pure rubber, as elastic and live as a rubber band. You will find two thicknesses of motorcycle tire fabric woven of triply twisted Vitalic thread—fabric layers so firmly welded together with rubber that it is almost impossible to separate them.

Finally, the thickness, toughness and resiliency of the heavy tread will impress you. Five minutes' work on that sample will convince *you* that Vitalic Tires are good for months and months of hard, grinding service.

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TRADE MARK
Bicycles—Motorcycles

Send 4c for Mud Guard Splasher

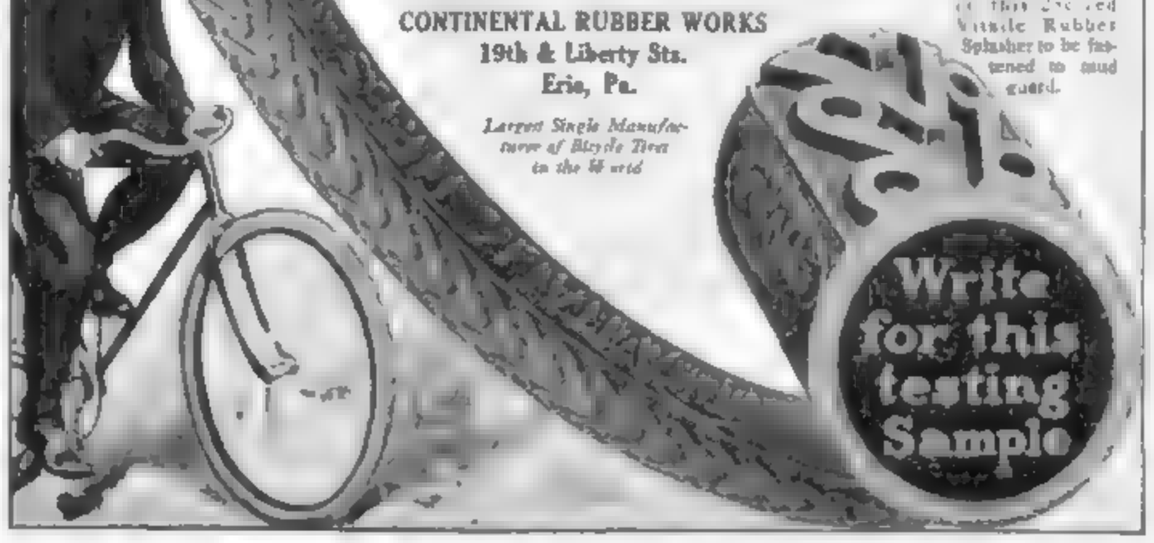
Just to be sure you will write before you forget, we will send the 25c red Vitalic Mud Guard Splasher, shown on the right, for 4c to pay mailing expense.

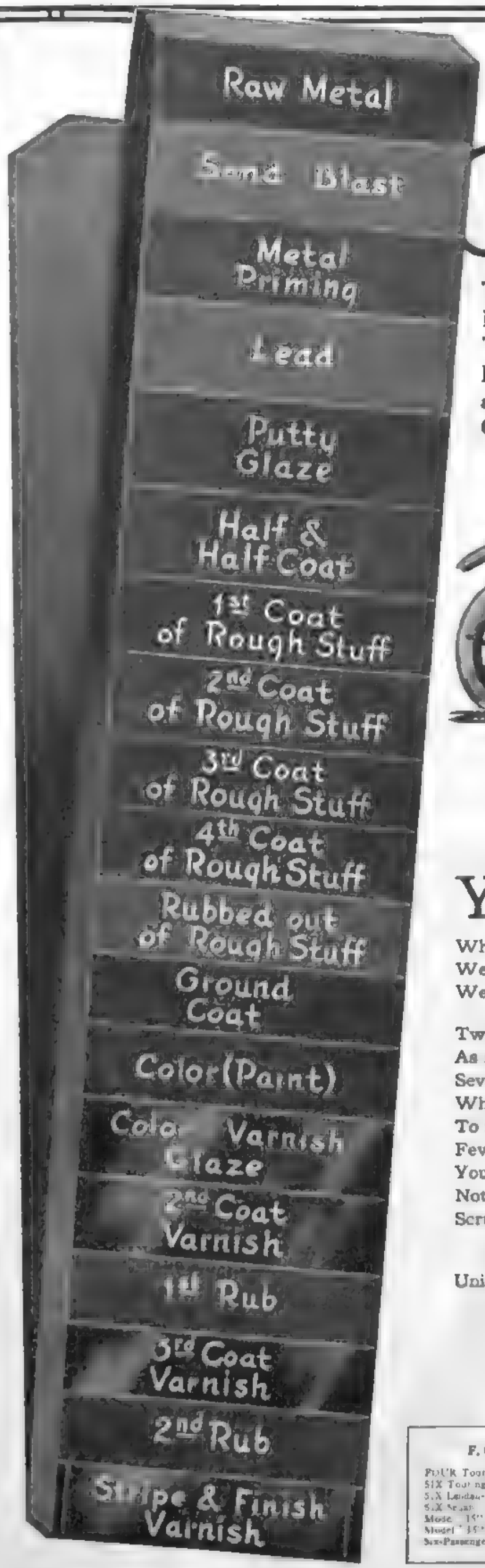
Free Book and Sample Send for this sample and for our book, "The Truth from Tube to Tread," an interesting explanation of tire quality.

CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS
19th & Liberty Sts.
Erie, Pa.

Largest Single Manufacturer of Bicycle Tires in the World

Send 4c for mailing expense of this 25c red Vitalic Rubber Splasher to be fastened to mud guard.





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Full Equipment of
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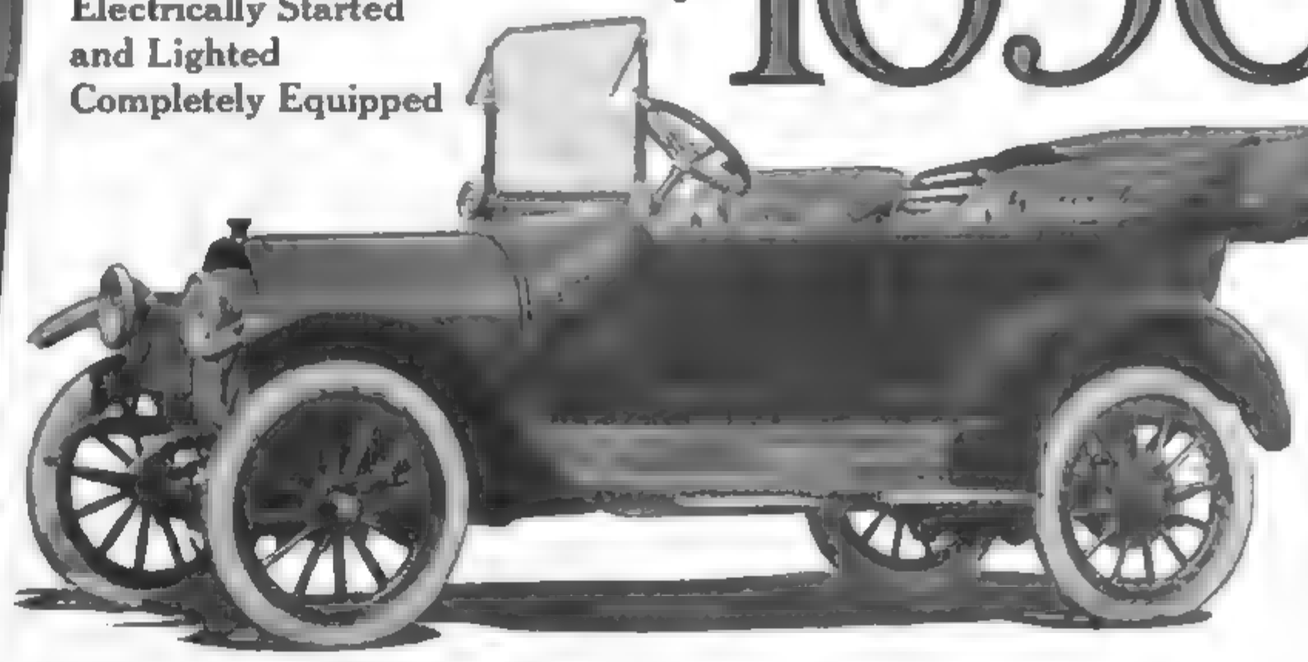
Electrically Started
and Lighted
Completely Equipped



Finish

YOU'VE observed, haven't you, that the Studebaker FOUR finish looks as bright and clean and fine after a year's hard use as in the beginning?

That kind of finish fights off depreciation.

What do we mean by that?

We mean it adds actual cash value when you sell the car and buy another.

We emphasize this finish because it typifies a score of operations on this FOUR in which Studebaker exactness goes far, far beyond ordinary practice.

Twenty-four operations produce this finish.

As many, and as finely and thoroughly done, as on the costliest cars.

Seventeen of them are painting operations—with a sand blast first.

Why the sand blast?

To remove every impurity and make it impossible for the paint to flake.

Few cars—even among the highest priced—use this precaution.

You couldn't buy a better finish, no matter what price you pay.

Not only extra-zeal in painting characterizes this FOUR.

Scrupulous exactness in every process, excess-caution in designing, steel-testing, heat-treating, case-hardening; special-care in stamping, drilling, machining, assembling, inspecting.

Unite all these and you begin to understand why we feel justified in pronouncing this FOUR the best value in the world at $1050.

The Studebaker Proof Book describes and pictures the scientific precision of Studebaker manufacturing operations. Send for it.

Studebaker

Detroit

Seventeen painting operations—count them in the illustration—are required for the finish of every Studebaker body.

F. O. B. Detroit

FOUR Touring Car	$1050
SIX Touring Car	1575
SIX Landau-Roadster	1800
SIX Sedan	2250
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Six-Passenger "SIX"	1550

F. O. B. Walkerville, Can.

FOUR Touring Car	$1575
SIX Touring Car	2075
SIX Landau-Roadster	2350
SIX Sedan	2950

Canadian Factories:
Walkerville, Ont.

Buy It Because It's a Studebaker

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

(Continued from Page 15)

"Behold, m'sieur! We are now approaching a wine shop on the left. You were most gracious and kind in the matter of luncheon. Kindly permit me to do the honors now. It is a very good wine shop—I know it well. Shall we stop for a glass together, eh?"

It was the first time since we landed at Calais that a native-born person had offered to buy anything, and, being ever desirous to assist in the celebration of any truly notable occasion, I accepted and the car was stopped. We were at the portal of the wine shop when he plucked at my sleeve offering another suggestion:

"The chauffeur now—he is a worthy fellow, that chauffeur. Shall we not invite the chauffeur to join us?"

I was agreeable to that too. So he called the chauffeur and the chauffeur disentangled his whiskers from the steering gear and came and joined us. The chauffeur and I each had a small glass of light wine, but the general took brandy. Then ensued a spirited dialogue between him and the woman who kept the shop. Assuming that I had no interest in the matter, I studied the pictures behind the bar. Presently, having reduced the woman to a state of comparative silence, he approached me.

"M'sieur," he said, "I regret that this has happened. Because you are a foreigner and because you know not our language, that woman would make an overcharge; but she forgot she had me to deal with. I am on guard! See her! She is now quelled! I have given her a lesson she will not soon forget. M'sieur, the correct amount of the bill is two-francs-ten. Give it to her and let us begone!"

I still have that guide's name and address in my possession. At parting he pressed his card on me and asked me to keep it; and I did keep it. I shall be glad to loan it to any American who may be thinking of going to Paris. With the card in his pocket he will know exactly where this guide lives; and then, when he is in need of a guide, he can carefully go elsewhere and hire another guide.

I almost failed to mention that before we parted he tried to induce us to buy something. He took us miles out of our way to a pottery and urged us to invest in its wares. This is the main purpose of every guide—to see that you buy something and afterward to collect his commission from the shopkeeper for having brought you to the shop. If you engage your guide through the porter at your hotel you will find that he steers you to the shops the hotel people have already recommended to you; but if you break the porter's heart by hiring your guide outside, independently, the guide steers you to the shops that are on his own private list.

A Transaction in Gaiters

Only once I saw a guide temporarily stumped, and that was in Venice. The skies were leaky that day and the weather was raw; and one of the ladies of the party wore pumps and silk stockings. For the protection of her ankles she decided to buy a pair of cloth gaiters; and, stating her intention, she started to go into a shop that dealt in those articles. The guide hesitated a moment only, then threw himself in her path. The shops hereabout were not to be trusted—the proprietors, without exception, were rogues and extortioners. If madame would have patience for a few brief moments he would guarantee that she got what she wanted at an honest price. He seemed so desirous of protecting her that she consented to wait.

In a minute, on a pretext, he excused himself and dived into one of the crooked ways that thread through all parts of Venice and make it possible for one who knows their windings to reach any part of the city without using the canals. Two of us secretly followed him. Beyond the first turning he dived into a shoe shop. Emerging after a while he hurried back and led the lady to that same shop, and stood by, smiling softly, while she was fitted with gaiters. Until now evidently gaiters had not been on his list, but he had taken steps to remedy this; and though his commission on a pair of sixty-cent gaiters could not have been very large, yet, as some philosopher has so truly said, every little bit added to what you have makes just a modicum more.

Indeed, the guide never overlooks the smallest bet. His whole mentality is focused on getting you inside a shop. Once you are there, he stations himself close behind you, reënforcing the combined importunities of the shopkeeper and his assembled staff with gentle suggestions. The depths of self-abasement to which a shopkeeper in Europe will descend in an effort to sell his goods surpasses the power of description. The London tradesman goes pretty far in this direction—often he goes as far as the sidewalk, clinging to the hem of your garment and begging you to return for one more look; but the Continentals are still worse.

A Parisian shopkeeper would sell you the bones of his revered grandmother if you wanted them and he had them in stock; and he would have them in stock too, because, as I have stated once before, a true Parisian never throws away anything he can save. I heard of just one single instance where a customer desirous of having an article and willing to pay the price failed to get it; and that, I would say, stands without a parallel in the annals of commerce and barter.

An American lady visiting her daughter, an art student in the Latin Quarter, was walking alone when she saw in a shop window a lace blouse she fancied. She went inside and by signs, since she knew no French, indicated that she wished to look at that blouse. The woman in charge shook her head, declining even to take the garment out of the window. Convinced now, womanlike, that this particular blouse was the blouse she desired above all other blouses the American woman opened her purse and indicated that she was prepared to buy at the shopwoman's own valuation, without the privilege of examination. The shopwoman showed deep pain at having to refuse the proposition, but refuse it she did; and the would-be buyer went home angry and perplexed and told her daughter what had happened.

Where Desdemona Never Lived

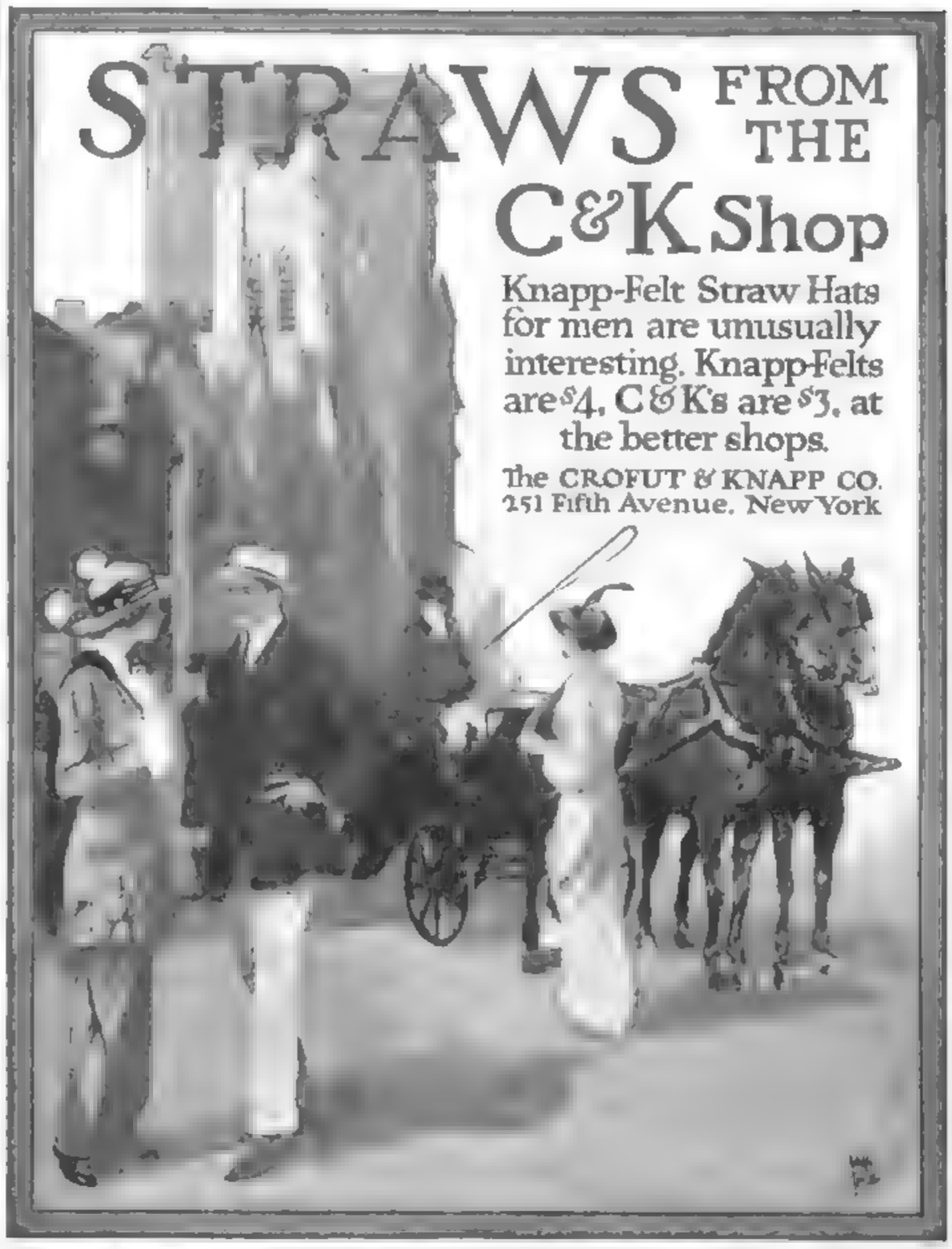
"It certainly is strange," the daughter said. "I thought everything in Paris, except possibly Napoleon's tomb, was for sale! This thing will repay investigation. Wait until I pin my hat on. Does my nose need powdering?"

Her mother led her back to the shop of the blouse and then the puzzle was revealed—for it was the shop of a dry cleanser and the blouse belonged to some patron and was being displayed as a sample of the work done inside; but undoubtedly such a thing never before happened in Paris and probably never will happen again.

In Venice not only the guides and the hotel clerks and porters but even the simple gondoliers have a secret understanding with all branches of the retail trade. You get into a long, snaky, black gondola and fee the beggar who pushes you off, and all the other beggars who have assisted in the pushing off or have merely contributed to the success of the operation by being present, and you tell your gondolier in your best Italian or your worst pidgin English where you wish to go.

It may be you are bound for the Rialto; or for the Bridge of Sighs, which is chiefly distinguished from all the other bridges by being the only covered one in the lot; or for the house of Desdemona. The lady Desdemona never lived there or anywhere else, but the house where she would have lived, had she lived, is on exhibition daily from nine to five; admission one lira. Or perchance you want to visit one of the ducal palaces that are so numerous in Venice. These palaces are still tenanted by the descendants of the original proprietors; one family has perhaps been living in one palace three or four hundred years. But now the family inhabits the top floor, doing light housekeeping up there, and the lower floor, where the art treasures, the tapestries and the family relics are, is in charge of a caretaker, who collects at the door and then leads you through.

Having given the boatman explicit directions you settle back in your cushioned seat to enjoy the trip. You marvel how he, standing at the stern, with his single oar fitted into a shallow notch of his steering post, propels the craft so swiftly and guides it so surely by those short, twisting strokes of his. Really, you reflect, it is rowing by shorthand. You are feasting your eyes on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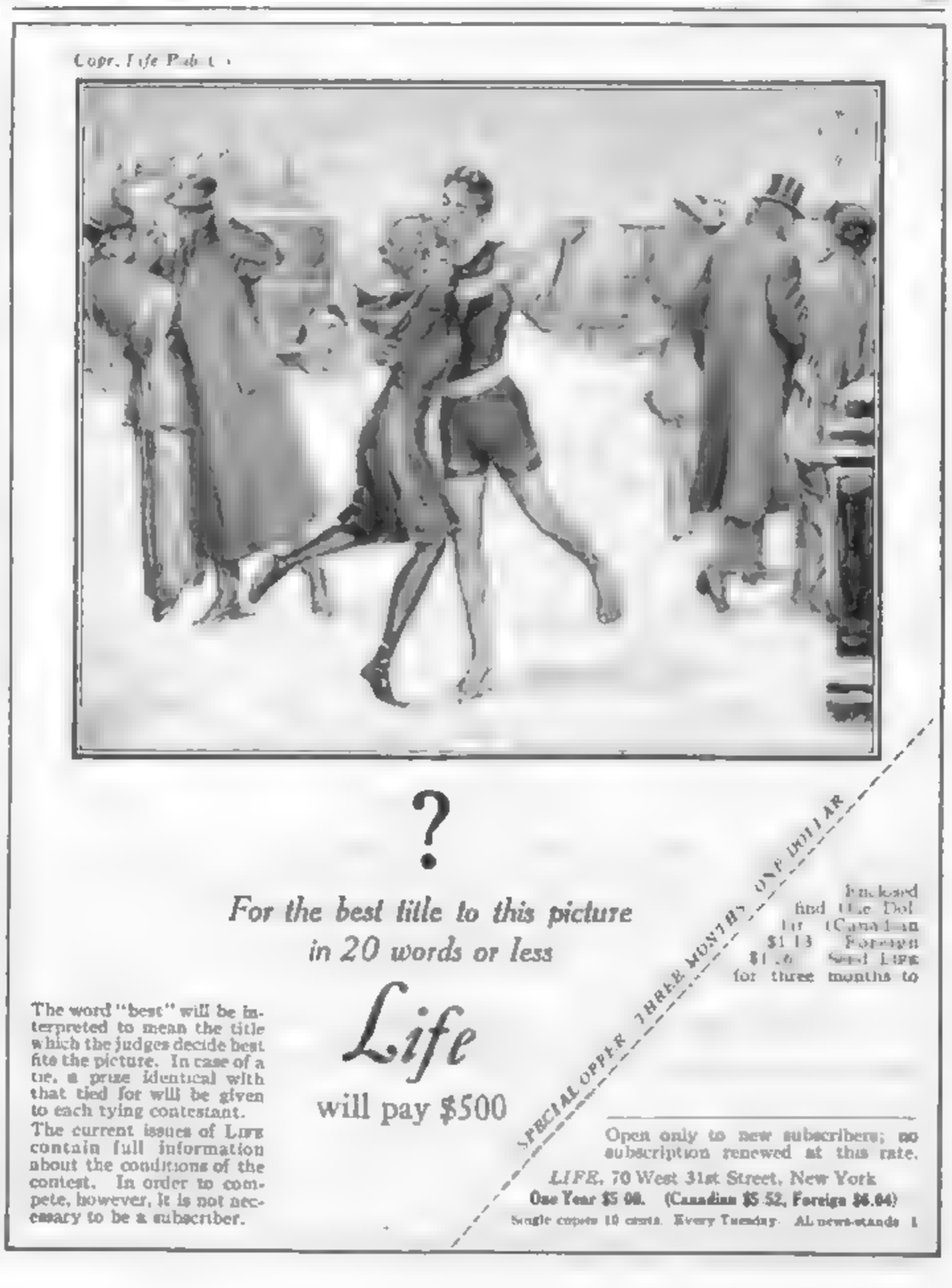
Knapp-Felt Straw Hats for men are unusually interesting. Knapp-Felts are $4, C&K's are $3, at the better shops.
The CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
251 Fifth Avenue, New York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a square yard of ground
raises Tomatoes.
The Man who beats all
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this year will be the Man
who reads

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The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

the wonderful color effects and the groupings that so enthuse the artist, and which he generally manages to botch and boggle when he seeks to commit them to canvas; and betweenwhiles you are wondering why all the despondent cats in Venice should have picked out the Grand Canal as the most suitable place in which to commit suicide, when—bump!—your gondola swings up against the landing piles in front of a glass factory and the entire force of helpers rush out and seize you by your arms—or by your legs, if handier—and try to drag you inside, while the affable and accommodating gondolier boosts you from behind.

You fight them off, declaring passionately that you are not in the market for colored glass at this time. The hired hands protest; and the gondolier, cheated out of his commission, sorrows greatly, but obeys your command—at least he pretends to obey it; but a minute later he brings you up broadside at the water-level doors of a shop dealing in antiques, known appropriately as *antichitas*, or at a mosaic shop or a curio shop. If ever you do succeed in reaching your destination it is by the exercise of much profanity and great firmness of will.

The most insistent and pesky shopkeepers of all are those who hive in the ground floors of the professedly converted palaces that face on three sides of the Square of Saint Mark's. You dare not hesitate for the smallest fractional part of a second in front of a shop here. Lurking inside the open door is a husky puller-in; and he dashes out and grabs hold of you and will not let go, begging you in spaghettified English to come in and examine his unapproachable assortment of bargains. You are not compelled to buy, he tells you; he only wants you to gaze on his beautiful things. Believe him not! Venture inside and then decline to purchase and he will think up new and subtle Italian forms of insult and insolence to visit on you. They will have brass bands out for you if you invest and brass knuckles if you do not.

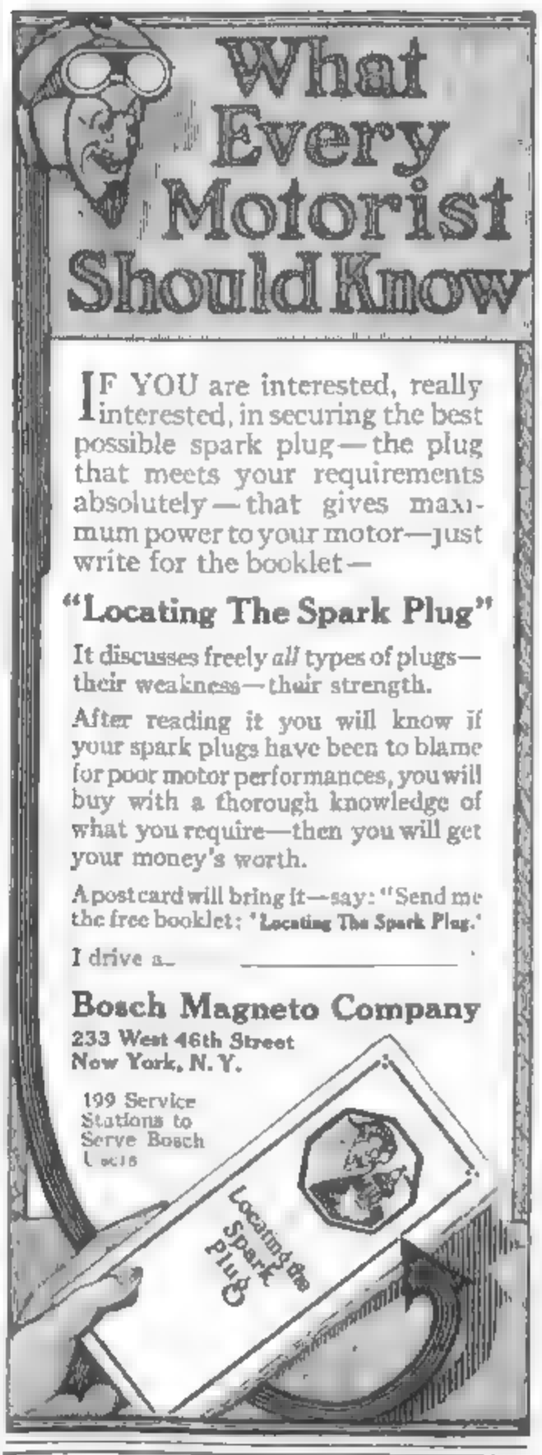
The Aristocrats of Venice

There is but one way of escape from their everlasting persecutions, and that is to flee to the center of the square and enjoy the company of the pigeons and the photographers. They—the pigeons, I mean—belong to the oldest family in Venice; their lineage is of the purest and the most undefiled. For upward of seven hundred years the authorities of the city have been feeding and protecting the pigeons, of which these countless blue-and-bronze flocks are the direct descendants. They are true aristocrats; and, like true aristocrats, they are content to live on the public funds and grow fat and sassy thereon, paying nothing in return.

No; I take that part back—they do pay something in return; a full measure. They pay by the beauty of their presence, and they are surely very beautiful, with their dainty mincing pink feet and the sheen on the proudly arched breast coverts of the cock birds; and they pay by giving you their trust and their friendship. To gobble the gifts of dried peas, which you buy in little cornucopias from convenient venders for distribution among them, they come wheeling in winged battalions, creaking and cooing, and alight on your head and shoulders in that perfect confidence which so delights humans when wild or half-wild creatures bestow it on us; though, at every opportunity, we do our level best to hunt and harry them to death.

At night, when the moon is up, is the time to visit this spot. Standing here, with the looming pile of the Doge's Palace bulked behind you, and the gorgeous but somewhat garish decorations of the great cathedral softened and soothed into perfection of outline and coloring by the half light, you can for the moment forget the fallen state of Venice, and your imagination peoples the splendid plaza for you with the ghosts of its dead and vanished greatnesses. You conceive of the place as it must have looked in those old, brave, wicked days, filled with knights, with red-robed cardinals and clanking men at arms, with fair ladies and grave senators, slinking bravos and hired assassins—and all so gay with silk and satin and glittering steel and spangling gems.

By the eye of your mind you see His Illuminated Excellency, the frosted Christmas card, as he bows low before His Eminence, the pink Easter egg; you see, half hidden behind the shadowed columns of the long portico, an illustrated Sunday supplement in six colors bargaining with a stick of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striped peppermint candy to have his best friend stabbed in the back before morning; you see giddy poster designs carrying on flirtations with hand-painted valentines; you catch the love-making, overhear the intriguing, and scent the plotting; you are an eyewitness to a slice out of the life of the most sinister, the most artistic and the most murderous period of Italian history.

But by day imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay, stops a hole to keep the wind away; and the wild ass of the ninety-day tour stamps his heedless hoofs over the spot where sleeps the dust of departed grandeur. By day the chug of the motor boat routs out old sleepy echoes from cracked and crannied ruins; the burnished golden frescoes of Saint Mark's blare at you as with brazen trumpets; every third medieval church has been turned into a moving-picture place; and the shop-keeping parasites buzz about you in vermin swarms and bore holes in your pocketbook until it is all one large, painful welt. The emblem of Venice is the winged lion. It should be the boll weevil.

In Rome it appears to be a standing rule that every authenticated guide shall be a violent Socialist and therefore rampantly anticlerical in all his views. We were in Rome during the season of pilgrimages. From all parts of Italy, from Bohemia and Hungary and Spain and Tyrol, and even from France, groups of peasants had come to Rome to worship in their mother church and to be blessed by the supreme pontiff of their faith. At all hours of the day they were passing through the streets, bound for Saint Peter's or the Vatican, the women with kerchiefs over their heads, the men in their Sunday best, and all with badges and tokens on their breasts.

At the head of each straggling procession would be a black-frocked village priest, at once proud and humble, nervous and exalted. A man might be of any religion or of no religion at all, and yet I fail to see how he could watch, unmoved, the uplifted faces of these people as they clumped over the cobbles of the Holy City, praying as they went. Some of them had been saving up all their lives, I imagine, against the coming of this great day; but our guide—and we tried three different ones—never beheld this sight that he did not sneer at it; and not once did he fail to point out that most of the pilgrims were middle-aged or old, taking this as proof of his claim that the Church no longer kept its hold on the younger people, even among the peasant classes.

The still more frequent spectacle of a marching line of students of one of the holy colleges, with each group wearing the distinctive insignia of its own country—purple robes or green sashes, or whatnot—would excite him to the verge of a spasm.

The Terrible Rollmops

Our guide in Vienna was the most stupid human being I ever saw. He was profoundly ignorant on a tremendously wide range of subjects; really, he had a most complete repertoire of ignorance. He must have spent years of study to store up so much interesting misinformation. This guide was much addicted to indulgence in a peculiar form of twisted English, and at odd moments given to the consumption of a delicacy of strictly Germanic origin, known in the language of the Teutons as a *Rollmops*. A *Rollmops* consists of a large dilled cucumber, with a pickled herring coiled round it ready to strike, in the design of the rattlesnake-and-pinetree flag of the Revolution, the motto in both instances being in effect: "Don't monkey with the buzz saw!" He carried his *Rollmops* in his pocket and frequently, in art galleries or elsewhere, would draw it out and nibble it, while disseminating inaccuracies touching on pictures and statues and things.

Among other places, he took us to the oldest church in Vienna. As I now recollect it was six hundred years old. No; on second thought I will say it must have been older than that. No church could possibly become so moldy and mangy looking as that church looked in only six hundred years. The object in this church that interested me most was contained in an ornate glass case placed near the altar and alongside the relics held to be sacred. It did not exactly please me to gaze at this article; but the thing had a fascination for me; I will not deny that.

It seems that a couple of centuries ago there was an officer in Vienna, a captain in rank and a Frenchman by birth, who, in the midst of disorders and licentiousness, lived so godly and so sanctified a life that his soldiers took it into their heads that he was really a saint, or at least had the making of a first-rate saint in him and, therefore, must lead a charmed life. So—thus runs the tale—some of them laid a wager with certain Doubting Thomases, also soldiers, that neither by fire nor water, neither by rope nor poison, could he take harm to himself. Finally they decided on fire for the test. So they waited until he slept—those simple, honest, chuckle-headed chaps—and then they slipped in with a light and touched him off. Well, sir, the joke certainly was on those soldiers. He burned up with all the spontaneous enthusiasm of a celluloid comb. For qualities of instantaneous combustion he must have been the equal of any small-town theater that ever was built—with one exit. He was practically a total loss and there was no insurance.

They still have him, or what is left of him, in that glass case. He did not exactly suffer martyrdom—though probably he personally did not notice any very great difference—and so he has not been canonized; nevertheless, they have him there in that church. In all Europe I saw only one sight to match him, and that was down in the crypt under the Church of the Capuchins, in Rome, where the dissected cadavers of four thousand dead—but not gone—monks are worked up into decorations. There are altars made of their skulls, and chandeliers made of their thigh bones; frescoes of their spines; mosaics of their teeth and dried muscles; cozy corners of femurs and pelvises and tibias. There are two classes of travelers I would strongly advise not to visit the crypt of the Capuchins' Church—those who are just about to have dinner and want to have it, and those who have just had dinner and want to keep on having it.

The Tragedy of Two Bound Hands

At the royal palace in Vienna we saw the finest, largest and gaudiest collection of crown jewels extant. That guide of ours seemed to think he had done his whole duty toward us and could call it a day and knock off when he led us up to the jewel collections, where each case was surrounded by pop-eyed American tourists taking on flesh at the sight of all those sparklers and figuring up the grand total.

The display of all those gems, however, did not especially excite me. There were too many of them and they were too large. A blue Kimberley in a hotel clerk's shirt-front or a pigeon-blood ruby on a faro dealer's little finger might hold my attention and win my admiration; but where jewels are piled up in heaps like anthracite in a coal bin they thrill me no more than the anthracite would.

A quart measure of diamonds of the average size of a big hailstone does not make me think of diamonds but of hailstones. I could remain as calm in their presence as I should in the presence of a quart of cracked ice; in fact, calmer than I should remain in the presence of a quart of cracked ice in Italy, say, where there is not that much ice, cracked or otherwise. In Italy a bucketful of ice would be worth traveling miles to see. You could sell tickets for it.

In one of the smaller rooms of the palace we came on a casket containing a necklace of great smoldering rubies and a pair of bracelets to match. They were as big as cranberries and as red as blood—as red as arterial blood. And when, on consulting the guidebook, we read the history of those rubies the sight of them brought a picture to our minds, for they had been a part of the wedding dowry of Marie Antoinette. Once on a time this necklace had spanned the slender white throat that was later to be sheared by the guillotine, and these bracelets had clasped the same white wrists that were roped together with an ell of hangman's hemp on the day the desolated queen rode, in her patched and shabby gown, to the Place de la Révolution.

I had seen paintings in plenty and read descriptions galore of that last ride of the Widow Capet, going to her death in the tumbril, with the priest at her side, and her poor, fettered arms twisted behind her, and her white face bared to the jeers of the mob; but the physical presence of those precious, useless baubles, which had cost so much and yet had bought so little for her, made more vivid to me than any picture or any story the most sublime tragedy of The Terror—the tragedy of those two bound hands.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth in a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The tenth will appear in an early number.

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The Cadillac State of Mind

Doubtless you know what we mean when we speak of the Cadillac state of mind.

We mean the way that everyone—everywhere—talks and thinks and feels about the Cadillac.

That state of mind is the same today as it was yesterday, a year ago yesterday, and ten years ago yesterday.

It will be the same tomorrow and, no doubt, a year from tomorrow, and ten years from tomorrow.

But what a wonderful thing it is when you come to analyze it—this country-wide, world-wide unanimity.

It seems almost incredible that so many millions of people, who differ and disagree on a myriad of other subjects, should so strikingly, startlingly concur concerning *one motorcar*.

This concurrence is not confined to the Cadillac clientele.

It is not confined to Cadillac owners nor to Cadillac dealers.

It is shared by owners of all kinds of cars, by dealers in all kinds of cars, and by makers of all kinds of cars.

And what is it they admit concerning the Cadillac?

They agree, unconsciously perhaps, in regarding the Cadillac as a car apart—a car not in any "class" excepting its own.

You must have had the evidence of this yourself, hundreds of times—in hundreds of different ways.

You must have heard a score of hot discussions concerning other cars stop short when some one said "Cadillac."

"Oh, well—of course—the Cadillac." You've heard that time and time again, haven't you?

Well, for every time you have heard it, the same admission of pre-eminence has been uttered a hundred thousand times.

In the face of such overwhelming tribute, how idle it would be for us to intrude our own modest praises of Cadillac characteristics.

How futile to enter our claims of supremacy which everyone concedes—which no one disputes.

How much better to refer you to your own city, to your friends—to yourself!

Even though you do not drive a Cadillac, you must know that you would surely not be the loser if you did.

You know beyond the shadow of a doubt that it is a good thing to be a Cadillac owner.

And some day, when you obey your innermost convictions, you surely will, if you can, become a Cadillac user.

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THE LANTESCANE ROSES

(Continued from Page 18)

Persis sat down helplessly on the cabin couch. She felt fairly unequal to facing Tom with these in evidence. He could not possibly suppose the steamship company was an Italian landlord.

"Take them away and put them on the table," she added after an instant's thought. As the man moved obediently to do her bidding she stopped him. "Wait a minute!" From the mass she chose a single flower. "That's all, thank you."

She waited until he had left the room before she opened her traveling bag, took out a volume of Browning, which she had been intending to read all the way, and carefully laid the rose within. Then she put the Browning back into her bag.

"That's the last of that nonsense!" she said to herself with great decision.

Even as she said it she felt a sudden rending of her heartstrings. All the whistles had stopped shrieking and she became aware of slow pulses beating in the soles of her feet. The ship was moving. She climbed hurriedly on the couch and gazed out through the porthole. The wash of a placid sea was the first thing she saw and, widening across it momently, a pier, a shore, Genoa, Italy itself, diminishing and slipping and fading from her view every minute, becoming faint, like the remembered perfume of a flower.

By another day the salt breath of the sea had driven even the last vestige of that perfume away. And by another week Persis had ceased to sigh for a remoter shore and saw her own native land—any land at all, indeed—looming in her dreams as an infinitely desirable though too-remote possibility; which is only a way of saying that they had the usual Christmas crossing and got in two days late, on Christmas Eve itself.

Persis, with feminine forethought, had laid in her store of gifts abroad and tied them all neatly in ribboned packages during what might be called days of convalescence; but Tom had put his trust in Providence—"So like a man!" said Persis disapprovingly. Wherefore it was agreed between them that Persis should go straight to their apartment, while Tom dashed down to the office and tipped everybody in sight, thereafter stopping all the way up Fifth Avenue to lay in presents for innumerable sisters, cousins and aunts.

"I'll be up for dinner anyhow," he said cheerfully, putting Persis carefully into their waiting car.

Then, beckoning a taxi, he piled himself in, with all Persis' beribboned gifts for distribution, and rolled away, a monument to American patience in the masculine and happy as only the returned American can be.

The warmth of their pretty and luxurious apartment, all glowing with color and comfort and with many ingenious electric contrivances for yet more comfort, cheered even Persis' heart. Tom's mother had been over and even the dinner was waiting, ready to be served. Secure in the undisturbed privacy of Christmas Eve, Persis made herself happy in a luxurious house gown; and while she waited for Tom she amused herself by reading the cards on the piles of boxes and packages heaped in heart-warming anticipation of their Christmas return.

There was a pile of letters, too, and she began sorting these. One was from Janet Seabury, with the San Carlo postmark; she laid it aside to read first of all, and as she put it down she had a curious obsession. It seemed to her the room was full of the perfume of roses, yet there were no roses about. Her cheeks grew warm. Was it possible the sight of an Italian postmark could call up associations so vividly as to make her smell imaginatively?

She sniffed again. There were roses in the room—she was sure of it! Her questing eyes fell with sudden relief on a long pasteboard box. That was it, of course! Somebody had sent her roses for Christmas; it happened every year. To make sure, she opened the box; and with the half-lifted cover in her hand she stopped to ask herself an absurd question: Would the roses be red? And then, as suddenly, she found herself supposing things. Suppose? And suppose? She lifted the cover, and stood gazing almost superstitiously at the contents of the box. The roses were red—and there was no card. She rang for the servant.

"When did these come?"

They had come sometime that morning, the maid did not know precisely when, from one of the florists; the maid did not know which. The bell had been ringing all day, but she had understood the boy to say it was an order from Europe. The maid asked whether she should put them on the table.

"No," said Persis. "Put them"—she hesitated a moment—"in the drawing room," she concluded.

She felt troubled and a little excited. Was this what the count had meant by his enigmatic "Perhaps not—who knows?" Nearby attentions might mean anything, but attentions across an ocean could mean but one thing.

It secretly excited and pleased her to think this thing might be, even though she determined that, of course, she must not let it be if it really was. She must take steps to end it at once.

Suddenly she remembered Janet's note. Janet was not a very perspicacious person, but she might accidentally drop some word. Persis sat down, looking very much as she had looked in the Lantescane gardens, and tore open the note. She read it hurriedly, passing over the "lovely hotel," the "quite too lovely view," and the "quaint atmosphere."

"She seems to have forgotten I have seen it," thought Persis with sarcasm—until she came to the "delightful terrace," when she began to read with intentness:

"We take all our breakfasts and luncheons on it, and at present have it all to ourselves except for one gentleman, a Count Lantescane"—here Persis turned a page and, hunting frantically for a context, finally chased to the fourth page—"whom I dare say you will remember, for he says he met you. I wonder you never mentioned him, as he is quite too charming, with the most speaking eyes"—Persis' lip curled slightly; "but perhaps," Janet soothingly offered, "you did not see so much of him as we do, for we are told he is very reserved with strangers. He has the most wonderful old villa and garden, which he took me all over the other day, and the most wonderful roses! They have been in his family hundreds of years. And he simply overpowered me with them, which was a great compliment, as he does not give them to everybody. He is going to show me the family portraits."

At this point Persis let the letter fall. The Lantescane roses at their proudest never boasted anything to equal those in Persis' cheeks. Her eyes were bright and hard, her lips were scornful. So, then, he had been nothing but a vulgar flirt, the vulgarest kind imaginable! No doubt he flirted with every American who came along. And her little Italian idyl had been the cheapest kind of incident.

She walked into the drawing room and glared at the roses. She should hate roses—red roses—as long as she lived! But the very force of her revolt caused it to spend itself quickly. Her anger suddenly failed her; she could have cried instead. She remembered the count's manner, always perfectly respectful, and that Janet was undeniably a forthputting person; she might have exaggerated. She might have foisted herself on him, she might even have hinted that she would like the roses—those roses not given to everybody! And there was Genoa, and the steamer; and here were the roses!

Everything in Persis struggled fiercely to maintain a hold on its Italian idyl. She was still struggling when the sound of Tom's latchkey sent her hurrying into the hall; she could not meet Tom in front of those roses! Tom must not see that anything had happened.

She need not have worried. Tom was in such a state of paradisaical bliss, having breathed again the air of Broadway, that he would have been incapable of noticing anything unless it had been thrown at him. He had actually come up in the subway for fun, to convince himself he was really here; and he kissed Persis thrice over and smiled his way through the whole dinner like a gay and handsome boy. He had found everybody busy with his and her Christmas tree, to every one of which Tom and Persis had been invited; and every one had sent love. Tom congratulated himself gleefully on their quiet first evening at home.

"I told them all we'd make the rounds tomorrow if they'd let us off tonight," he said.

Then he came round to kiss Persis again for the little jade seal ring from Florence

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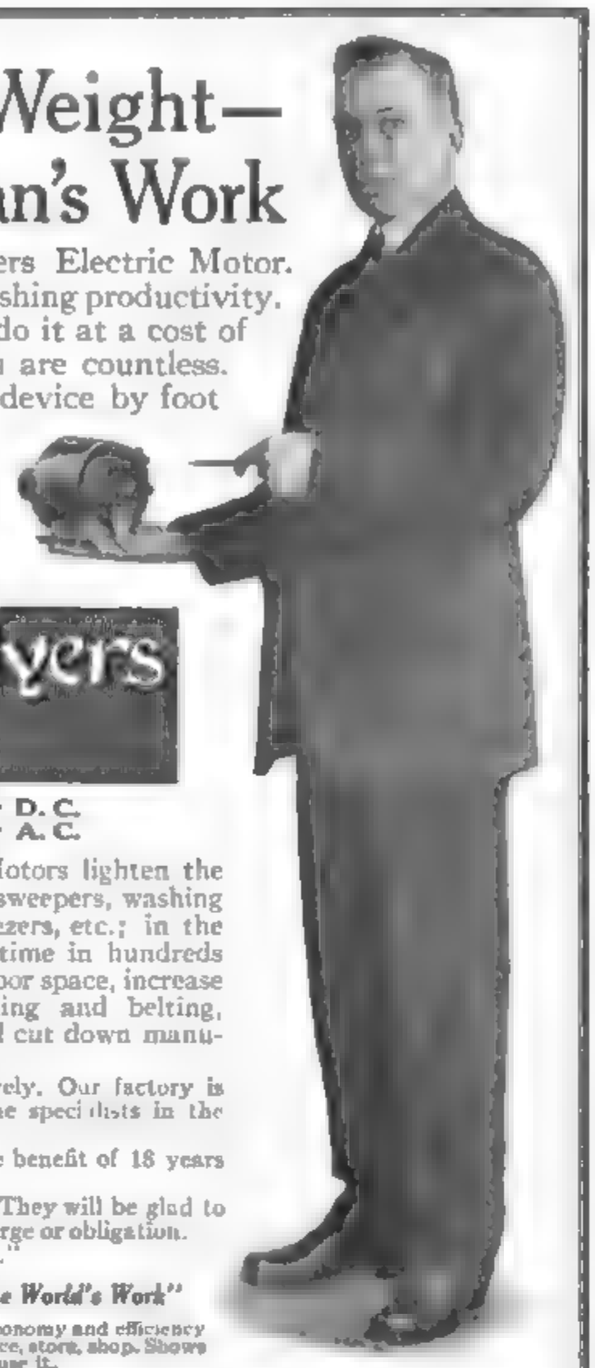

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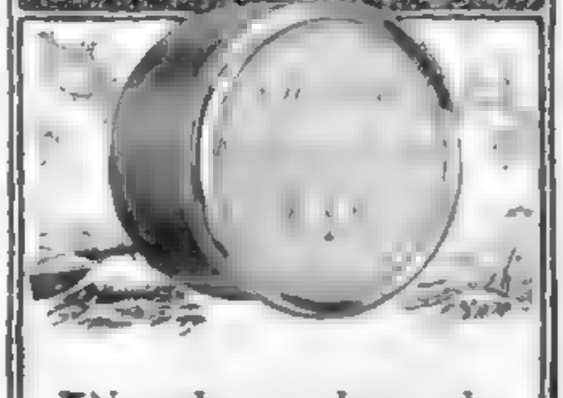

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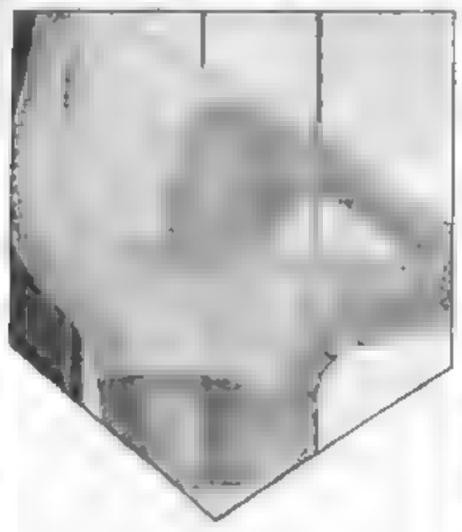

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and the silver-mounted tortoise-shell cigar case from Naples, and to lay beside her plate a small stamped and gilded leather case, the very sight of which brought up at once all the jewelry shops of Italy; and which, being opened, revealed a scarab necklace of beryl and cloudy amethyst.

"Oh, Tom!" exclaimed Persis.

He brought his heels together and made her an elaborate foreign bow.

"*Ricordo d'Italia!*" he said dramatically. "I learned that much Italian anyhow; it was plastered over every blessed thing in that country."

"It's wonderful!" said Persis of the necklace. "Tom, you extravagant boy, you shouldn't have!" Her tone was curiously remorseful.

"Oh, as for that, it's worth as many dollars here as francs there; I showed it to a jeweler," answered her husband lightly. "And you seemed to like it; I thought it would remind you of San Carlo."

It did! Persis sat looking at the beautiful jewel, and it flashed across her perverse mind that it was precisely the typical gift of the rich American husband. She shut the case and looked across at her husband. He was lighting his after-dinner cigarette with a vast sigh of content.

"My, but it's good to be back!" he said. His eyes went happily from his wife round the room and came back to the pretty table, with its shining lights, its silver and glass. "But isn't there something I'm missing?" His brows contracted in thought as he stared at the little ferny centerpiece. "I have it—it's the flowers! I knew there was something unnatural."

"The flowers!" Persis repressed the smallest start.

"Roses—red roses!" repeated her husband. "We've had them so long I feel quite lost without them. Besides, there ought to be some. I took particular pains——" With his usual promptitude of action he had already rung the bell. "Weren't there some flowers, Manton, from the florist?"

The footman would inquire; but Persis stopped him.

"Oh, you mean the roses? They are in the drawing room."

"They did come; then that's all right. But why didn't you have them on the table? Weren't they all right?"

"Oh, yes," said Persis. "They were beautiful!"

She rose and slipped quickly into the other room; by the time her husband had joined her she had herself thoroughly in hand. He contemplated the enormous hothouse beauties with satisfaction.

"Some rose!" was his laughing comment. "By Jove, I'd like to show them to His Highness, the Count! I used to tell that man they didn't know a rose over there. I don't think Italy can give us anything on roses. But," he added tolerantly, "it's only fair to remember that it's a matter of francs there—dollars here. You could buy out the count's whole garden with a few of these bunches."

"Francs and dollars!" repeated Persis mechanically. She was standing very straight and looking also very straight at her husband; there was a look of dawning intelligence about her. "And 'buy out the count's garden'! Do you—do you mean that you ever did—that you did buy roses at San Carlo?"

"Well, what did you suppose, my dear?" asked Tom in some surprise. "You seemed perfectly stuck on the count's; it was a very cheap way of making you happy, surely. I just gave him a standing order for roses that first night."

"He just gave him a standing order for roses that first night!" repeated Persis' brain to her dully. "For roses, those family roses the count said"—quite honestly, it now appeared—"they did not give to every one."

"You knew he sold flowers, didn't you?" said her husband amiably. "He's as poor as poverty, like most of those old families; so he sells his fruit and flowers. Very sensible of him too. I fancy I was one of his best customers this long while. Didn't you notice he seemed quite cast down when we came away? He supplies the hotel with vegetables in return for board, and sells his roses all through the Riviera, clear to Genoa."

"To Genoa!" said Persis. "Why, yes; so that's how——"

"Yes; that's how. I told him to supply them all the way, as far as he could. He's got a little vineyard, as he said, up there, and he shipped roses to our hotel too; that's how I was able to get them for you—and on the steamer too."

"I see!" said Persis. She did—at last.

"Unluckily," added Tom, smiling at her, "he couldn't whiff them over by wireless or cold-storage them across; so on this side it had to be hothousers. But I cabled the order so that you shouldn't miss your Italy too much at first."

There was a touch of unconscious wistfulness in the glance that sought his wife's face; that was what he had feared most—that she might miss her Italy. But she was looking fixedly at the roses.

"I don't see why you never told me," she said slowly.

"What? About the count? Why, I guess I just never thought of it," replied her husband. "You had the roses and you seemed to enjoy them—that was all that mattered, wasn't it?"

"You might have told me they were from you."

"Why, when you already knew it?"

"How do you know? How could you be sure I knew it?" persisted Persis.

"Why, you took them, didn't you? And wore them?" said her husband simply. Then a sudden illumination struck him. "You don't mean to say," he exclaimed with a laugh, "that you really thought the hotel furnished them free and fresh, right along!"

Persis was stricken through and through by an absolutely new sensation—that of shame. It turned her hot and cold together. She looked at her tall young husband, with his unsuspecting clear eyes, and veil after veil fell away from her own. She realized all at once that she had married a great gentleman—one not only incapable of imagining certain things, but who would not have believed them if they were told to him. In his world they simply did not exist.

And she had gone through Italy with him looking for—the count! That was what it came to; and, really, it was pathetic! Persis knew a wild pang of pity for her silly self—not for Tom; for nobody had been able to do him out of his Italy!

Together with this perception came an enduring one of the vast difference between empty heads and full ones. The foolish little confession with which she was preparing to salve her conscience became suddenly literally too foolish for words. The count had been the least, as he had also been the worst and was haply to be the last, of her subjects for contrition, as she saw it now.

Accordingly she did the wisest thing in her power: instead of confession she walked straight to absolution—in the arms which, as though by unconscious habit, curved to take her in their sheltering clasp.

"Never mind what I thought!" she said with a laugh that was fully half a sob. "I've been several kinds of an idiot; but it doesn't matter—it doesn't matter one bit!" She gave herself a moment for the triumphant realization of that fact, leaning close against the sheltering arms.

"But there's one thing I do want you to know—our three months haven't been entirely wasted!"

"Of course not! You're looking a lot better, Persis."

His wife glanced at him with a kind of admiring despair; then, to his intense astonishment, she buried her face in his waistcoat.

"Tom," she exclaimed in a voice suited to this unusual action, "you are too delightful!" A still more smothered voice added: "Tom, I—I didn't suppose you cared so much."

The arms about her tightened instinctively.

"You didn't suppose I cared!" her husband repeated, and looked down at the buried head in puzzled wonder. He asked himself whether this was the effect of climate and he had unwisely brought her back too soon. "You didn't suppose I cared!" he reiterated in growing amazement. "After all these years!"

"No—because of all these years!" came in a correctional murmur from the waistcoat; and Tom, even Tom, experienced a partial illumination.

The tiniest smile crept into his eyes and the corners of his mouth.

"What on earth," he asked dryly, "did you suppose I went on living with you for?"

"Oh, habit—custom—*les convenances*—any old reason!" Persis answered with an effort at lightness.

Her husband took her chin in his hand and lifted up her face, but her eyes refused to meet his; she had no intention that he should see the tears in them.

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"You little goose! Well, you want to get that particular idiocy out of your noddle without loss of time."

"I mean to," answered Persis meekly, "preliminary to getting a few other things in." Hastily she followed up this weird statement, which was as near as she ever came to confessing: "Only, one thing, Tom—please, for a while, don't send me any more red roses! I—I'm sick to death of them!" she blazed forth with sudden energy.

"Why, for mercy's sake, didn't you say so before!" gasped Tom. "You could have had any blooming thing you wanted—white, yellow, pink, blue! Just say the word. Anything to make you happy, Persis!"

He stopped bewildered. Persis was shaking—he thought, at first, with tears; but it was with laughter. Tom eyed this hysterical tendency sternly.

"I don't want even blue roses, thank you," she said. "I don't want anything—not anything but you—just you! Oh, Tom ——"

She stopped, because no word could express what she wanted to say, and because, also, she suddenly perceived there was no need to say it. The strength of that loyal arm about her, the twinkle in the blue eyes looking down at her, and the little laugh that ran through her husband's voice when he spoke—all told her that; and these things were more and more moving to her than a thousand romances, though all he said was:

"Anything to make you happy, Persis!"

OUR CONTINENTAL POLICY

(Concluded from Page 20)

European Powers undertook that control they would never withdraw from the island. Mr. Roosevelt explained it as follows:

"Our own Government has always refused to enforce such contractual obligations on behalf of its citizens by an appeal to arms. It is much to be wished that all foreign governments would take the same view. But they do not; and in consequence we are liable at any time to be brought face to face with disagreeable alternatives.

"On the one hand, this country would certainly decline to go to war to prevent a foreign government from collecting a just debt; on the other hand, it is very inadvisable to permit any foreign Power to take possession, even temporarily, of the custom houses of an American republic in order to enforce the payment of its obligations; for such temporary occupation might turn into a permanent occupation."

When citizens of a country are in danger or national honor requires it, however, a government must act swiftly and with firmness.

An insult to the flag may seem a slight thing to go to war about, but it must be remembered that the flag is the emblem of the nation's honor, and insults to it cannot be overlooked. A high and formal courtesy is insisted on by all nations claiming the respect of the world.

No matter what the final result of affairs in Mexico may be, it is certain that our relations with other nations, especially the Southern republics, will be in some degree affected. If our intercourse with these governments is ultimately to become more friendly, and if in the end some plan of efficient and permanent coöperation is likely to be evolved, it will be a distinct advance in diplomatic relations on this continent. Whatever the final result may be, however, we must in the end make our conception of the Monroe Doctrine, as an American policy, clearer and more definite.

It is, therefore, of the first importance that the people shall have a correct understanding of the exact limitations of this Doctrine. Governments are influenced by the pressure of public opinion, and this public opinion must be intelligent if the policy of the Administration is to be farsighted and wise.

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President Abbott Motor Car Company

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The purpose of this advertisement is to put before such men an exceptional opportunity for commercial and financial success.

My Unusual Plans

In November, 1913, I purchased a controlling interest in this company.

Prior to that time I was a retail dealer in automobiles. Thus I had first-hand knowledge of the dealer's problems. And I knew from experience that the success of any automobile concern is in direct proportion to the success of its agencies.

So I have set about to make sure of dealer efficiency. I have made extensive arrangements, for the benefit of Abbott dealers and users alike.

First and foremost, I demand that Abbott cars give good value. I insist on this, to make sure of a ready market.

Then, I accept no more dealers than I can give personal attention. Even with increased facilities, I only want 50 more now.

I give each agency sufficient territory in which to operate profitably. And I see to it that dealers have the co-operation of every department in this institution.

Efficiency Throughout

My organization is particularly well qualified to render able assistance. From every standpoint it is a strong organization.

This company has been in existence five years. During that time it has put out 6000 machines. It has gone slowly and cautiously. It has built no model without first making sure of its mechanical perfection.

To manufacture Abbott cars I operate a splendid plant, with machinery of latest design. Experts are in charge of every department, to insure strict maintenance of a systematic manufacturing policy.

The engineering ability behind Abbott cars is of the highest order. Our designer-in-chief is recognized by experts as one of the leaders in his profession.

This man has designed and built 1000-horsepower engines. He has designed and built motors, axles and electric starters. He has designed and built automobiles, power plants and machinery. Even our rivals concede his greatness.

Liberal Advertising

The Abbott publicity appropriation for the coming season will establish us in the front rank of advertised automobiles.

National mediums of wide circulation, such as *The Saturday Evening Post*, will be used. I shall personally supervise this campaign.

Then I shall employ large newspaper space in the territories where we are represented. Millions of folders, circulars and catalogs will be distributed. Dealers will have maximum assistance in the creation of Abbott demand.

Financial Strength

Our resources are sufficiently large to assure the future conduct of the business along broad-gauge lines. Sufficiently ample to guarantee permanent service.

Here is a factory run on a strictly economical basis. Cost figures are kept scientifically. Overhead is reduced to a minimum.

Here is a factory practically without debt. It owes no borrowed money. Against it there are no bonds, notes nor mortgages. No watered stock exacts its tribute of dividends. Our equipment is paid for and clear, and we are operating with a clean financial slate.

A Great Proposition

This organization has given to the Abbott line qualities which make for success. Scientific engineering, appearance, comfort—these are built into every car.

Financial strength, service, advertising—all are generously provided.

And now I offer a line of four-cylinder and six-cylinder models, ranging in price from $1785 to $2290, with which the right dealer can compete with other makes successfully.

No other line, I believe, affords greater attractions.

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If you are in the automobile business and are not satisfied with present arrangements—you have before you an opportunity to better yourself.

If you are not making financial headway in proportion to your efforts—this advertisement presents a chance to increase your profits.

If your line does not interest buyers and you find yourself losing sales—here are wonderful selling possibilities within your grasp.

Even if you are not an automobile dealer but are considering the business—it will pay you to investigate my proposition.

Our 1915 advertising campaign begins at once. So to get the full benefit it is necessary to act now. If possible arrange for a trip to Detroit and an inspection of our plant.

I invite correspondence from capable men. Please address me personally. I promise your inquiry immediate attention and careful consideration.

Edward F. Gerber, President

Abbott Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: If so be the President shall select Mr. Frederick W. Lehmann, of St. Louis, as one of the representatives for this country at the mediation proceedings—which, on the one hand, may have gone over Niagara Falls in a barrel by the time you get this, or, on the other hand, Blondined across those tempestuous waters on a tight rope—that selection will be a good thing and a kindly.

Mr. Lehmann put in a couple of years here as solicitor-general in the Taft Administration, though a nominal Democrat; and we watched him operate with exceeding joy. His specialty is getting in touch. In early life he decided he must lay in a large and assorted stock of information, and he laid it in. He first studied a few political almanacs, and then took up the encyclopedias and learned those from cover to cover.

It may be the President desired to have the mediation negotiations prolonged. If he did he chose wisely when he selected Lehmann, for, with the slightest encouragement, Lehmann will exude information and opinions twenty-four hours a day.

The boys up on the hill, who comprise our national association of lawmakers, are in a frightful stew about getting home to see how things are going in relation to their renominations. Various tentative dates have been set for the adjournment of Congress. A tentative date for the adjournment of Congress, James, is any date that is not O. K.'d by Mr. Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States. His date is the only genuine date, and no substitutes will be allowed or recognized. As yet, his sole response to the impassioned pleas for an adjournment has been the erection of a neat and commodious tent in the back yard of the White House, and the announcement that he thinks he can be quite comfortable therein during the heated term.

Tenting in the White House Grounds

Congress has no tent, albeit Congress could go on the road as a circus any time and increase the revenues maternally. Also, Congress has thirty-three senatorial reelection problems on its hands, and four hundred thirty-five similar problems pertaining to the House of Representatives. Congress has been in session practically since Mr. Taft made his justly celebrated reverse-English revision of the tariff away back yonder in the summer of 1909, and has been in session continuously since Mr. Wilson came in.

It is the aggregated opinion of the legislators that that man Wilson has no heart. He listens to their appeals for permission to adjourn and go home and get in touch with the boys and the girls—in the states where the girls vote—smiles in a surprised but interested manner, and asks softly:

"Why, is it possible you desire to go home before my program is completed? I certainly am astonished, especially as I have made my plans to remain in Washington until all my bills are laws. You do not want to go away before I do—now, do you?"

"Certainly not," they say, with forced gayety. "We do not want to go home a minute before to-morrow night."

So far as the appropriation bills are concerned, Congress can easily get away by July first, or earlier if occasion demands; but the appropriation bills are not the only ones. There is that little question of the repeal of canal tolls in the Senate, where there is no cloture, and where nearly every senator has a large gob of passionate protest or of dignified declaration on his chest. And just three paces to the rear is that collection of antitrust bills, which has been so maltreated by patriots with ideas—and without the same—that the collection now looks, reads, proposes or proclaims about as much like the original drafts as it looks and reads like a textbook on meteorology.

Various other little matters are pending, to say nothing of our Mexican muss; and every time the boys are brightened by the hope that an agreement for a get-away day may be reached they are immediately depressed by the knowledge that that tent is there in the back yard of the White House, and that the President can keep quite cool in it, and will—until he passes his bills.

It is a serious and perplexing problem with the legislators. They think they have done enough. They are willing the Senate should take its time, as it will, over the canal-tolls fight; but they do not think they should be required to stay here and fuss round with antitrust legislation, especially as there is a fairly good supply of that on hand as it is—and especially, further, as candidates are springing up against them back home almost every day.

That is a curious phase of our politics—the constant cropping up of new candidates. It should be printed in every newspaper in every state all the time that the only way for a state, or any locality in a state, to secure adequate representation in Congress is to select good men, send them to Washington and keep them there. The new representative and the new senator gets nowhere. Experience and length of service are the only things that count in Congress.

Any state may secure a very important place in Congress by sending good men and keeping them there. There was a time when Iowa dominated the legislation of this country; and not so long ago Wyoming, with less total population than the apportionment law requires for the ordinary congressional district in a populous state, had one of its senators as chairman of the tremendously important Appropriations Committee, and the other as chairman of the great Judiciary Committee. Wyoming allowed her legislators to stay in office.

North Carolina's Position

We are about to have another example of this. North Carolina is soon to hold a commanding position. As it is now, in the Senate, Senator Simmons, from that state, is chairman of the Finance Committee, the committee of which Nelson W. Aldrich was chairman for so many years, and Senator Overman is ranking member and acting chairman of the Judiciary Committee.

Over in the House, when Oscar Underwood moves across to the Senate, as he will do next spring, Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina, will become chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and leader of the Democrats—provided, of course, the Democrats retain the House. In any event, in case the Democrats lose the House, Kitchin will be leader of the minority and ranking Democrat on the Ways and Means Committee. Also, owing to the appointment of Henry Clayton to the Federal bench in Alabama, Representative Webb, of North Carolina, becomes chairman of the big House Committee on Judiciary.

This proves two things: The first is that if a state continues her men in Congress they will eventually get to the top, provided they are men of even average worth, and thus attain the power that will be of inestimable benefit to the state. The second is that Congress offers a good field for serious and honest endeavor, provided the people give the endeavorer a chance to try.

All that is needed is attention to business and an opportunity to serve, and the rewards will come; which rewards, by the way, are greater for the constituents than for the constituted. The representative or the senator has to work, and work hard; and the state, owing to the position attained, gets the results of that labor. And those results invariably are greater in direct ratio to the length of service allowed.

However, the ambitious boys back home do not think of this, and they are cropping up everywhere, while the men who want to be reëlected are tied in Washington. The statesmen are sore. They want to go home. The only urbane person is the President. He assures them he has not the slightest objection to their going home—provided, of course, they will do a few little additional things for him that he desires to have done.

There was a dispatch in the papers the other day from London, which made a great hit in certain quarters in this city. It concerned a dinner or something, where Ambassador Page proposed a toast. That wasn't what made the hit, however. The joy-provoker was the last line of the dispatch, which said: "The toast was drunk in silence!"

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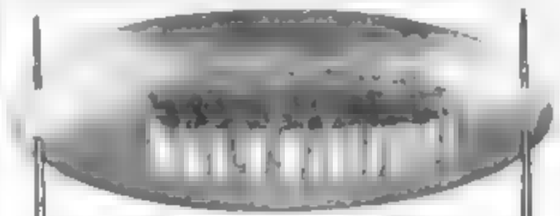

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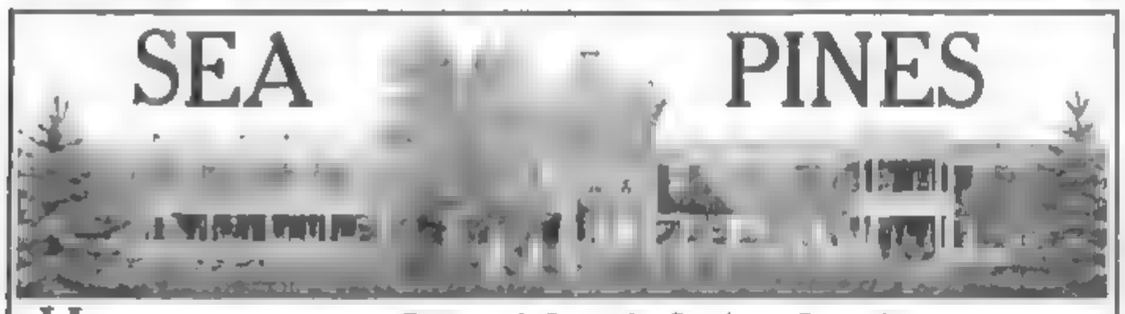

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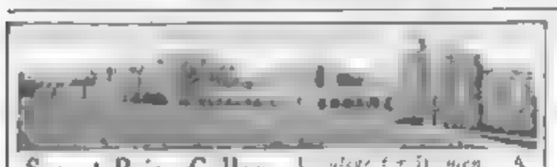

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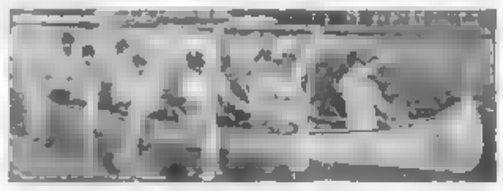

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THE NATURAL QUESTION NOT TO ASK

(Concluded from Page 27)

"And the crowd answers like a chorus, as though it was one of their revival meetings: 'Yas, suh!'—all except the big fellow, Roberts.

"'I'm gwine wif you, Mars Wee-yet!' he says.

"'No!' says Whitey Waite.

"'Mars Wee-yet!' yells Roberts—and I'm blest if he doesn't flop down on the ground and begin to bellow like a kid.

"'Go back to your work!' says Whitey; and that big buck gets up whimpering and goes back. I wonder why Whitey is going? He hasn't taking his wife, you know."

"You might ask him," I suggested.

"What?" Dunwiddie actually yelled at me. "Are you crazy?"

"I guess you're not!" I said mollifyingly.

"I guess not!" he emphatically agreed with me.

I left for New York two days later. The next year I went to the Isthmus—this time with an official party. On the dock at Cristobal I ran across Waite and Nettie. He nodded calmly and held out his left hand. With the other he held a small handbag such as women carry at times. Then I shook hands with Nettie—in silence!

"Well, how are you both?" I asked, with the cheerful imbecility of all writers, which makes so many people wonder who it is that really writes their articles for them.

"Fine!" he answered.

I looked at her.

"We came to see the secretary of war," she vouchsafed. "He's a friend o' his'n" And she nodded toward Whitey to show me whose friend the secretary was.

We moved out of the way of a rushing baggage truck. This parted Whitey and me from Nettie.

"When I left you last year you were going ——" I stopped because he nodded. I had to. It was what the nod was intended to do and I knew it. Moreover, I knew I could not help knowing it; and this powerlessness actually irritated me so that I asked bluntly: "Did you get him?"

For all reply he shifted the little handsatchel to his left hand and held up his right. I saw the thumb and the forefinger pointing upward.

The other three fingers were cut off at the first joint!

"Then ——" I began, and suddenly saw him watching me with that unblinking ophidian stare which made me think of paralyzed eyelids and also of ice-cold thoughts concerning me somewhere behind the inscrutable pale-blue eyes.

He nodded, took the bag in his maimed right hand and rejoined Nettie.

I felt as though there were a dozen congealed spots within me. These kept my curiosity in cold storage until hours after I left them.

It was the right hand—his pistol hand. The fingers were not chopped off or bitten off. They were sliced off. Perhaps George's murderer tried cold steel. Whitey might have seized the sharp blade with his right hand and shot with the left—or perhaps Whitey himself used cold steel.

But he got his man. I knew he would.

But I did not learn how. I knew I should not.

Do I still wish to know? More than ever; much more than you who read this, because, knowing Waite, I could dramatize so many picturesque ways of losing three fingers.

But I did not ask for details—I did not dare! And if you do not realize why I did not dare I have not made you see Whitey Waite as I knew him. And if I have not made you see him it does not matter, after all, how curious you may be.

GOOD MEN

THE Far West and the Far North have produced some pretty good men in their time. Well known in the old buffalo days of Saskatchewan was Joe Beaupré, famed a thousand miles as the biggest eater in the North. Joe was not six feet tall, but he was a broad, deep, thick sort of man, with a hand like a ham and a stomach like nothing else in the world. He would eat an entire boxful of apples at one sitting and think nothing of it.

Once, having encountered a gentleman who thought he was some eater, Joe consumed fifty-three pounds of buffalo meat in one day, and topped off with a raw turnip, a six-pound piece of pork, some lard and two loaves of bread. The best his competitor could do was thirty-seven pounds of meat.

Beaupré was so strong he never would fight any man for fear he should kill him. One day, while sledging on a narrow trail with an obstinate horse, he became angered, struck the horse on the head with his fist and killed it. He loosened the harness and threw the dead animal on one side of the trail. He never really knew how strong he was. Once he was taken captive by the Indians, but they were glad to set him free, warrior though he was, because he ate up everything they had. Beaupré died of rheumatism while still a young man.

A great many stories about big daily journeys done by dog drivers in the North are heard from time to time. As a matter of fact there are more days when the driver covers twenty-five miles than when he covers fifty; but very probably there are authenticated instances where half-breeds have run from seventy-five to eighty miles a day behind a dog team.

Some of these men are superb specimens of manhood, and perhaps their stories lose nothing in the telling.

The ability of the Northern Indians and half-breeds to pack heavy loads is well known. These men have rather narrow ambitions in life, and to be stronger than all his neighbors is fame for any one of them. It is well known that one half-breed, rather an old man, stood for ten minutes posing for some photographers, carrying on his back seven sacks of flour, each weighing a hundred pounds. His legs trembled under him, but he was game.

The usual load on a portage is two hundred pounds, if the going is at all good. Men often carry six hundred pounds for a short distance; and they will pack seventy-five pounds all day, six days at a stretch, for a dollar and a half a day.

Some of them will take on eighty-five pounds. The ordinary white man cannot carry forty pounds a day without great discomfort long before the close of the day. In all likelihood what is called a fifty-pound pack on the trail does not really weigh thirty pounds on the scale.

I have seen half-breeds, on a portage, play along with three or even four sacks of flour on their shoulders. Once a slender boy, not over seventeen years old, posed for his photograph. He had on his back three sacks of flour, and on them another half-breed, whom he had invited to climb on top of the load.

These men live hard lives. There are few doctors and no hospitals in the Far North, and the man who is injured has to take his chances. One man, now trying to make a living as a cobbler in a Northern town, while running his trapping lines seventy-five miles from the nearest house, shot a hole through his foot with a rifle. It was six days before he could get help. The strain proved very hard on his constitution.

Again, we saw a half-breed on Athabasca River roll back his shirt sleeve and try to dress a wounded arm. A rifle shot had taken off most of the forearm and damaged the elbow. Crippled though he was, this chap had been among a scow crew two days before any of us discovered that he had been injured.

On the same flotilla of scows was the transport master of a big fur company. He was a very angry man, because he had fallen from a cabin roof and broken his collar bone.

He had told his men how to bind it up as best he could, and was lying under an awning drinking gin and smoking—though he had to hold his pipe between his toes while he filled it with his good hand.

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THE Maxwell "25" is today the automobile sensation of the United States and all Europe.

To the automobile world the Maxwell "25" was an unlooked for achievement,—an epoch-making triumph.

The Maxwell "25" is a hundred times more than merely a car at $750—it is a superbly finished, big, roomy, graceful, powerful five-passenger automobile.

The Maxwell "25" has every essential quality, and every necessary feature found in the very highest-priced cars.

It is an automobile that stirs your enthusiasm, an automobile that anyone is distinctly proud to own.

The Maxwell "25" looks and acts like a high-priced car, because it is a high-priced car—sold at a popular price.

See the Maxwell dealer in your town at once, and look at this wonderful, complete car. If there is no Maxwell dealer near you, write for interesting, illustrated, descriptive catalogue.

Address Dept. B

Maxwell Motor Company, Inc., Detroit, Michigan

FULL $750 EQUIPMENT

"That beautiful stream-line Car"

Watch Next Week

For This Window Display by the Tire Dealers of Your Town. It Will Tell You Who Handles Goodyears

Thousands of men who want Goodyear tires are asking where to get them. Their dealers handle other tires, and do their best to sell them. But Goodyear tires at Goodyear prices—what dealers handle them?

The answer is: Almost any dealer will supply you Goodyear tires. They may push tires whose extra price allows a larger profit. But Goodyears are the largest-selling tires in the world. And most dealers will get them—from our nearest branch—if you say you want them.

A No-Rim-Cut Week

But next week is appointed, all over America, for Goodyear No-Rim-Cut displays. The leading Goodyear dealers everywhere will show these tires in their windows.

Mark where you see these exhibits. There Goodyear tires, in the various sizes, are always kept in stock.

There You Get These Four Features

There you get tires that can't rim-cut. The only tires which prevent this ruin in the ideal Goodyear way.

There you get the only tires which are given the extra "On-Air" cure.

This cure, under actual road conditions, is given to save the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. This one extra process costs us $450,000 yearly.

You get the only tires in which hundreds of large rubber rivets are formed to combat tread separation. We do this during vulcanizing, and it lessens by 60 per cent the danger of loose treads. And you get, if you wish it, our All-Weather tread. This is the tough, double-thick anti-skid. It is flat and smooth, so it runs like a plain tread; but it grasps wet roads with deep, sharp, resistless grips. There is no other anti-skid to compare with it.

You get these four great savings where No-Rim-Cut tires are sold. You get none of them anywhere else.

Lower Than 16 Others

You get in Goodyears the utmost in a tire—the tire which won in sales over every other after millions of mileage tests. Yet you pay for Goodyears a lower price than for 16 other makes. You get four Goodyears for the price which some makers ask for three.

This is due to mammoth output, to efficiency and to modest profit. We now have a capacity of 10,000 motor tires per day. Our average profit last year was 6½ per cent. That is why we undersell so many other tires.

In quality we give you the best that's known. The Goodyear prestige proves that. We give you four features which no other maker gives.

They are the four greatest trouble-savers ever known in tire making. And we save you from $5 to $15 per tire under many other makes.

Look for these Goodyear dealers. At Goodyear prices they will sell you the tires that rule Tiredom—because they deserve to rule. The demand for these tires, in the past year alone, has increased 55 per cent.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada — Dealers Everywhere

London, England — Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

Mexico City, Mexico — Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

(1573)

Fire in Missouri Athletic Club. 30 Lives Lost. A Grinnell Sprinkler System Would Have Saved Every Life—By Putting Out the Fire at its Start

Today is the End!

Thousands of Business Men Are Tempting Fate *When Fire-Safety Is Free*

IN spite of the warnings of a dozen holocausts, thirty business men perished in the Missouri Athletic Club fire.

In spite of the enormous number of businesses destroyed by fire each year, thousands of men everywhere are risking their steady going businesses on *a mere chance.*

They know that a Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler System in their buildings *will absolutely prohibit a serious fire.*

They know that such a system *will soon pay for itself,* through the sweeping insurance premium reductions it earns, and then pay them a handsome annual profit.

Further than this, many of them know that they can get this system through construction companies *without investment.* In such cases the cost is distributed over a number of years and met annually by the *insurance savings.*

Why don't these men jump at the chance to get a Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler System by one of these methods? Simply because they feel that fire in *their* buildings is as remote as Doomsday. They have never had a fire and think they never will. This feeling is almost a superstition with them. They can't *see* the fire hazards which they are told are the cause of high premiums. Therefore, they regard them as a myth.

But yesterday's score of fire victims know now that hazards are actually *sleeping fires,* which awake suddenly, no man knows when, to deal destruction.

You may know it tomorrow. But today you are still in the thraldom of your old superstition.

You think *you* are immune from fire. And yet at this very moment, some man, somewhere, is watching fire consume the business efforts of *his life-time.*

And his insurance policy will cover only a fraction of his real loss. It won't bring back his customers, his organization, his good will, his markets, or any of his future plans for business expansion. His *business tomorrow* will never dawn. Fire has made Today the end!

That fire in your building is only asleep. Don't let it awake and find no one on watch. The chance is too great! The delay too costly. Fill out this coupon *today,* so you will not blame yourself later.

When you find out how soon your Grinnell System will pay for itself, you will want us to hurry the installation.

REDUCES FIRE LOSS 96⅘%. REDUCES INSURANCE PREMIUMS 40 TO 90%.

GRINNELL
Automatic Sprinkler System

Made and Installed by the

16,918 FIRES EXTINGUISHED. AVERAGE LOSS PER FIRE ONLY $265.

GENERAL FIRE EXTINGUISHER COMPANY

Business offices in 25 leading cities of the U. S. and Canada

COUPON

Information given us will be held strictly confidential

Total floor area of buildings to be equipped (inc. basement and attic) _____

Insurance carried on building _____ *Rate* _____

Insurance carried on stock _____ *Rate* _____

Signed _____ *Address* _____

277 West Exchange St., Providence, R. I.

When Beauty Was Sacred

Seven vestal virgins tended the ever-burning sacred flame of Vesta in ancient Rome.

Absolute cleanliness was one of their religious obligations. Their house, which was maintained by the state, contained baths of surpassing beauty and luxury.

A most important feature of the toilet, as well as of every great Roman household, was the use of fine oils—apparently palm and olive.

The utter luxury of the Roman bath is today enjoyed by the more than two million women who use Palmolive Soap. In this delightful form, palm and olive oils are most perfectly blended.

Those who use Palmolive daily find there is nothing else quite like it for cleansing and soothing even the tenderest skin. It leaves the skin smooth, firm and white and protected against irritation.

Palm and Olive Oils alone give Palmolive its delicate color. Naught else is needed. The natural delightful fragrance is a veritable breath from the Orient. And the price is only 15c a cake.

Palmolive

In hard water or soft, hot water or cold, Palmolive lathers freely and quickly. It imparts a smooth, clear complexion, and adds that touch of charm unknown to ordinary toilet soap. It is very hard—does not waste.

Palmolive Shampoo —the Olive Oil Shampoo—makes the hair lustrous and healthy, and is excellent for the scalp. It rinses out easily and leaves the hair soft and tractable. Price 50 cents.

Palmolive Cream cleanses the pores of the skin and adds a delightful touch after the use of Palmolive Soap. Price 50 cents.

Threefold Sample Offer—Liberal cake of Palmolive, bottle of Shampoo and tube of Cream, packed in neat sample package, all mailed on receipt of five two-cent stamps.

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO., Inc., Milwaukee, Wis.

Canadian Factory: B. J. Johnson Soap Co., Ltd.
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